

THE HISTORY OF **ROCK**

1965



FROM THE ARCHIVES OF
NME & MELODY MAKER
THIS MONTH: **1965!**



STARRING...

THE BEATLES

"We're growing up!"

BOB DYLAN

ROLLING STONES

THE BYRDS

JOHN COLTRANE

WALKER BROTHERS

THE WHO

MARIANNE FAITHFULL

PLUS! YARDBIRDS | SONNY & CHER | KINKS | ANIMALS | BURT BACHARACH

1965

MONTH BY MONTH



Welcome to 1965

AS THE YEAR dawns, the personalities who will define much of the music of the next 50 years – be that The Beatles, Bob Dylan, or The Rolling Stones – are all still in their early twenties. They are already working at an extremely high level, producing classic work like *Help!*, *Highway 61* and “Satisfaction”. In their wake, a second wave of innovators are busy determining their own paths, inspired by the work of others (“they knocked us out” is a phrase you’ll read a lot) and their own unique visions.

The music writers of *New Musical Express* and *Melody Maker* were there with them all. These were not by any means the faintly dandyish figures of the following decades. Rather, these were diligent newspapermen with musical leanings; dedicated record “trade” professionals who uncovered pivotal detail by their fastidious reporting of music events. They skilfully captured the major personalities up close, at a time where music – and along with it, music writing – was undergoing rapid change.

This is the world of *The History Of Rock*, a new monthly magazine and ongoing project which reaps the benefits of this access for the reader decades later, one year at a time. In the pages of this first edition, dedicated to 1965, you will find verbatim articles from frontline staffers, compiled into long and illuminating reads. You will be present as enduring reputations (“the witty Beatles”; “the battling Kinks”) are formed, but also to discover fascinating byways off the main track.

You will recognise many of the names, faces and places here, but you’ve perhaps never quite seen them quite so innocently, or so intimately in their time. Here, Carnaby Street is still a fashionable destination. A Rickenbacker guitar, as advertised by John Lennon, will cost you 150 guineas. Andrew Loog Oldham seems to have a hand in everything. America? America is spoken of as an extremely remote place indeed, and a sense of spirited transatlantic competition thrives in the language of much of the reporting.

What may surprise the modern reader most is the access to, and the sheer volume of, material supplied by the artists who are now the giants of popular culture. Now, a combination of wealth, fear and lifestyle would conspire to keep reporters at a rather greater length from the lives of musicians.

At this stage, however, representatives from *New Musical Express* and *Melody Maker* are where it matters. At John Lennon’s dinner table. Being serenaded by John Coltrane in his hotel room. In a TV studio with The Rolling Stones.

Join them there. You’ll be knocked out!

1965

MONTH BY MONTH

Contents

6 News!

The Beatles trounce all comers in the *NME*'s stats round-up. Mick Jagger raves about James Brown. Dusty Springfield boycotts South Africa. PJ Proby's ripping yarns. John Lennon shares his thoughts on Ringo's marriage—as does Ringo, for that matter.

14 The Beatles in the studio

The band record songs for the forthcoming *Help!* album. "We're on the way out, me and John," says McCartney. "George is moving in—him and Ray Davies."

20 Pirate Radio

Ah-haaargh! Aboard the vessels starting a revolution in commercial radio. But where do they get their records?

24 The Animals

An audience with the unfailingly genial Eric Burdon and his band, hotfoot from New York.

28 Bill Evans

The former Miles Davis sideman reveals some of the strong currents running beneath the apparently placid order of his music.

32 Singles reviews

All the platter chatter that matters on releases from The Who, The Beach Boys, Dusty Springfield and more. Meanwhile, producer Mickie Most speculates on the future of the format.

34 The Rolling Stones

After "gassing" the Australians, and freaking out the Irish, the Stones return to blow British minds again.

41 Letters

Readers speak their minds. LP winner!

42 Bob Dylan

The Beatles are talking him up. But what will Britain make of him in the flesh? And who will triumph in his showdown with Donovan?

48 The Beatles

As work progresses on *Help!*, *Melody Maker* spends quality time with Lennon and McCartney, both on reflective form.

56 News!

Introducing Astrud Gilberto and Solomon Burke. Plus: the

Stones escape death, and the truth behind Dave Davies' head injuries.

58 The Yardbirds

When is a blues band not a blues band? Eric Clapton is the first casualty of The Yardbirds' ongoing evolution.

62 Donovan

The pop folkie reveals unexpected depths—and plays Newport, too!

66 Marianne Faithfull

Touring with Roy Orbison, attention welcome and not... Over lamb cutlets, Marianne tells all.

70 The Kinks

Producer Shel Talmy introduces UK's third best group, then they introduce themselves, one Kink at a time.

76 Burt Bacharach

The genius of the former "Happy Baxter" revealed by his mum, Tom Jones and the sports-mad tunesmith himself.

80 Singles reviews

A&R men—good or bad? Plus: the best new releases on the hit parade.

82 Live!

As The Supremes debate their "flop" UK visit, Lennon confesses nerves, while The Who "must be seen".

84 The Who

Pete Townshend talks a good game as "pop art" assumes rock'n'roll form.

88 News

Introducing Bert Jansch and Paul Simon. And a word with "Tears" hitmaker Ken Dodd.

90 Sonny & Cher

The strangely dressed, free-thinking duo instantly charm the UK.

94 The Byrds

Take-off, cruising altitude, and some turbulence as the

anticipated band prove too cool for British audiences.

100 Singles

Is "Like A Rolling Stone" a good thing? And finally... "Satisfaction" gets a UK release.

102 The Rolling Stones

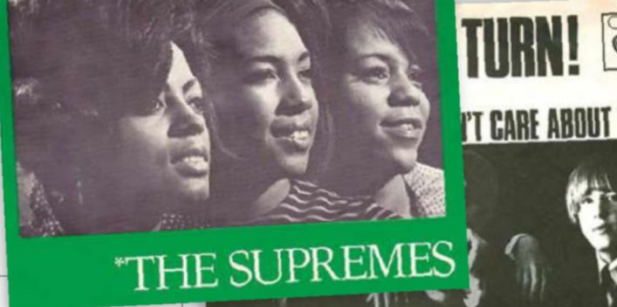
Mick Jagger surfs the wave of the band's biggest successes to date. Recording. Films. Future plans.

106 Beatles USA

The band play their biggest ever concerts, and cause traffic mayhem. Oh, and jam with Elvis Presley at his house.

114 John Coltrane

A private session with the saxophone visionary as he plans his next giant steps.



Sonny & Cher
—page 90



Ornette Coleman drops by the office, too.

118 News Charlie Watts lifts the lid on the band's latest sessions. Bob Dylan answers some questions.

120 The Who Hits. Arguments. Fights. Says Roger Daltrey: "This beat generation is moving so fast it's running out of ideas..."

124 News Introducing groovy East

Londoners the Small Faces.

Plus: what Macca thinks about the proliferation of "Yesterday". Which is the stars' favourite version: his, Matt Monroe's or Marianne's?

126 The Walker Brothers America's smoothest, strangest London residents introduce themselves. Got a cigarette?

132 The Yardbirds Gregorian chants... sitars. Damn right they haven't got the blues.

136 The Beatles A Christmas special. The band offer their thoughts on

the year, review the latest singles, and play live in London... Beatlemania lives!

144 Letters LP winner! Readers offer their opinion on the burning issues.

THE HISTORY OF ROCK

Time Inc. (UK) Ltd, 8th Floor, Blue Fin Building, 110 Southwark St, London SE1 0SU | **EDITOR** John Mulvey, whose favourite song from 1965 is *Turn!* *Turn!* by The Byrds **DEPUTY EDITOR** John Robinson *Outlaw Blues* by Bob Dylan **ART EDITOR** Lora Findlay *Stop! In The Name Of Love* by The Supremes **PRODUCTION EDITOR** Mike Johnson *Downtown* by Petula Clark **ART DIRECTOR** Marc Jones *I Can't Explain* by The Who **DESIGNER** Michael Chapman *Circles* by The Fleur De Lys **PICTURE EDITOR** Kimberly Kriete *Highway 61 Revisited* by Bob Dylan **COVER PHOTO** John Pedin/NY Daily News Archive via Getty Images **THANKS TO** Helen Spivak, Michael Bonner, Jo Smalley, Lucy Thompson, Sofia Gerganova **MARKETING** Charlotte Treadaway **SUBSCRIPTIONS** Sonja Zeven **PUBLISHING DIRECTOR** Ed Beale **MANAGING DIRECTOR** Paul Williams **COVERS PRINTED BY** Polestar Wheatons **TEXT PRINTED BY** Polestar Chantry | WWW.UNCUT.CO.UK

Time Inc.

recycle
Please use this symbol to help
the magazine please recycle it.

1965

JANUARY – MARCH

Beatles are chart champions – again!

NME JANUARY 1, 1965 As a new year begins, NME's stats guru assesses the charts of '64 and discovers The Beatles come out on top. But watch out – The Bachelors are running them a close second...

THE BEATLES HAVE pulled it off again! For the second year running they are Britain's top-selling attraction on record – and I don't suppose anyone will be at all surprised by their latest victory. But what may cause a few eyebrows to raise is the fact that The Bachelors have jumped into second place, less than 200 points behind the Liverpool lads – and to me this is the outstanding feat of this year's survey.

At one time, when The Beatles were absent from the charts during October and November, it looked as though The Bachelors might even overhaul them. All the same, The Bachelors have done remarkably well for a group seen by many as being somewhat “on the square” side. Their feat is proof that it's not just the DJs and rockers who buy their records. Even more remarkable is the fact that they've not had a No 1 hit.

And The Rolling Stones, who finished a mere 30 points behind the Irish lads and made a brave attempt to capture runner-up spot, were only topping the charts for two weeks this year. They've done mighty well though, for a group upon whom so much controversy always seems to be centred. And I shouldn't be surprised to see them give The Beatles an even closer run for their money in the 1965 table.

And so to the fantastic success of the late Jim Reeves. Jim's triumph can be attributed almost exclusively to two records – “I Love You Because”, which enjoyed most of its chart run before his untimely death, and “I Won't

Forget You”, which the fans turned to after the Reeves tragedy.

Immediately behind Jim in the race comes Roy Orbison – not really surprising, when one considers that he was the first American to score a No 1 hit in this country since 1962. And he did it twice in succession! Roy's immense popularity over here has been consolidated by his regular visits, and we applaud his high placing in this year's table – which shows an improvement of one position over last year.

This is the lowest Cliff Richard has been in the table since the outset of his career, but I'm sure he will not be disappointed by this drop, since he now regards himself in the role of a family entertainer.

FOR THE BEATLES 1964 was a testing year in which they started on top and came out on top, heaping new honours around them all the while.

Said John Lennon: “1964 has been a really fantastic year for all of us, both in this country and abroad, and we're all hoping like mad that 1965 is going to have some great moments as well.

“We hope to maintain our success on record, and of course we are looking forward to making our next film, which we start in February. *A Hard Day's Night* was a lot more successful than we'd ever dreamed, so it's very important that we keep up the standard we set in that.

“And personally I hope my next book proves as popular as *In His Own Write*. If that lot comes true we'll be laughin'!”

“We hope to maintain our success on record, and of course we are looking forward to our next film”

John Lennon

John Lennon leads The Beatles onstage during the NME Poll-Winners' All-Star Concert at the Empire Pool, Wembley, April 26, 1964



JANUARY—MARCH

MM MARCH 6 Folk star will visit British cities and film a TV show

This will be 24-year old Dylan's first real British tour. Last year he played only one concert at London's Festival Hall.

While here, Dylan will also tele record his own TV show. Exact dates for the tour are still being worked out.

His songs, all written by Dylan, are pungent social commentaries that have attracted enormous attention. He wrote "Blowin' In The Wind", an international hit for Peter, Paul And Mary.

Dylan is a close friend of The Beatles, whom he met in America last year. John Lennon returned from the States and said he was "knocked out" by Dylan's music.



MM JANUARY 9 The aborted tour of South Africa: readers write

Ignoring the lunatic fringe, there have been one or two letters from South Africa which deserve an answer.

**“She’s a name now
but I can assure
her that her
singing won’t live
up to that ‘name’”**

Just to put the facts straight – Miriam Makeba is South African; the Springfields broke up at the height of their success and shortly after winning the MM Poll; and Dusty is enormously successful, in Britain, America and Europe.

Mr Jordaan continues: "If a singer comes to South Africa he must abide with the policy and rules of that country, whether he likes it or not. Frank Ifield, Russ Conway, Vera Lynn and a host of other truly great entertainers and non-'rebels' didn't create trouble while they were over here."

Mr Jordaan goes on: "A singer like Helen Shapiro (a Jewess) was told a few months ago by Egypt and the Arabian countries that she's not welcome there and she won't dream of going there to defy their ruling."

The *MM*, Mr Jordaan, condemns all racial discrimination – whether anti-Semitism, Jim Crow or Crow Jim. It is, after all, only 20 years since the end of a war to destroy fascist ideas.

Mr Jordaan castigates Dusty for calling South Africa a "police state", adding: "If that's the case, then Britain is a state of long-haired, third-rate entertainers with herself as undisputed Queen Of The Mods. I think she should tell the person who put the

words ‘police state’ in her mouth to try to think out something more original – our country was called those centuries ago.”

MM FEBRUARY 6

THE ACTIONS OF Dusty Springfield and Adam Faith in quitting their recent South African tours over segregated audiences were attacked by Peter and Gordon when they flew into London from South Africa on Monday.

Peter Asher told the *MM*: "Our tour went very well but there has been considerable reaction to what Dusty and Adam did. Theatres which had, up until then, been multi-racial are now segregated. The trouble has started the Government being interested in the theatres."



**DYLAN MAKES POP 50,
CONCERTS SOLD OUT!**

BOB DYLAN was the most wanted and talked-about star in the pop music world this week, when American folk singer jumped into the hit lists with his first single, "The Times They Are A-Changin'." And, of course, the British



**DONOVAN SENDS
DYLAN A
CONGRATS CABLE**

DONOVAN, whose first single, "Catch The Wind", this week jumped to number 11 in the Pop 50, this week sent a telegram to Bob

MELODY **POP 50** MAKER

- 1 (3) IT'S NOT UNUSUAL Tom Jones, Decca
- 2 (1) I'LL NEVER FIND ANOTHER YOU Seekers, Columbia
- 3 (2) THE GAME OF LOVE Wayne Fontana and the Mindbenders, Fontana
- 4 (13) SILHOUETTES Herman's Hermits, Columbia
- 5 (4) DON'T LET ME BE MISUNDERSTOOD Animals, Columbia
- 6 (11) I MUST BE SEEING THINGS Gene Pitney, Stateside
- 7 (16) I'LL STOP AT NOTHING Sandie Shaw, Pye
- 8 (14) COME AND STAY WITH ME Marianne Faithfull, Decca
- 9 (7) FUNNY HOW LOVE CAN BE Ivy League, Piccadilly
- 10 (6) THE SPECIAL YEARS Val Doonican, Decca
- 11 (10) YES I WILL Hollies, Parlophone
- 12 (5) TIRED OF WAITING FOR YOU Kinks, Pye
- 13 (9) KEEP SEARCHIN' Del Shannon, Stateside
- 14 (8) YOU'VE LOST THAT LOVIN' FEELIN' Righteous Brothers, London
- 15 (15) GOODNIGHT Roy Orbison, London
- 16 (12) IT HURTS SO MUCH Jim Reeves, RCA
- 17 (—) THE LAST TIME Rolling Stones, Decca
- 18 (19) MARY ANNE Shadows, Columbia
- 19 (27) I APOLOGISE P. J. Proby, Liberty
- 20 (36) HONEY I NEED Pretty Things, Fontana
- 21 (17) COME TOMORROW Manfred Mann, HMV
- 22 (26) GOLDEN LIGHTS Twinkle, Decca
- 23 (24) WINDMILL IN OLD AMSTERDAM Ronnie Hilton, HMV
- 24 (18) CAST YOUR FATE TO THE WINDS Sounds Orchestral, Piccadilly
- 25 (—) IN THE MEANTIME Georgie Fame, Columbia
- 26 (20) GO NOW Moody Blues, Decca
- 27 (—) CONCRETE AND CLAY Unit Four + 2, Decca
- 28 (23) STOP FEELING SORRY FOR YOURSELF Adam Faith, Parlophone
- 29 (21) LEADER OF THE PACK Shangri-Las, Red Bird
- 30 (45) I CAN'T EXPLAIN The Who, Brunswick
- 31 (—) THE "IN" CROWD Dobie Gray, London
- 32 (—) CAN'T YOU HEAR MY HEART BEAT Goldie and the Gingerbreads, Decca
- 33 (32) TELL HER NO Zombies, Decca
- 34 (22) BABY PLEASE DON'T GO Them, Decca
- 35 (37) PAPER TIGER Sue Thompson, Hickory
- 36 (—) GOODBYE MY LOVE Searchers, Pye
- 37 (47) HAWAII TATTOO Waikikis, Pye
- 38 (25) YOU'VE LOST THAT LOVIN' FEELIN' Cilla Black, Parlophone
- 39 (30) I'M LOST WITHOUT YOU Billy Fury, Decca
- 40 (31) WHAT IN THE WORLD'S COME OVER YOU? Rockin' Berries, Piccadilly
- 41 (—) I KNOW A PLACE Petula Clark, Pye
- 42 (28) FERRY CROSS THE MERSEY Gerry and the Pacemakers, Columbia
- 43 (48) DO WHAT YOU DO DO WELL Ned Miller, London
- 44 (35) YOUR HURTIN' KINDA LOVE Dusty Springfield, Philips
- 45 (—) EVERY LITTLE BIT HURTS Spencer Davis, Fontana
- 46 (—) I DON'T WANT TO GO ON WITHOUT YOU Moody Blues, Decca
- 47 (—) I BELONG Kathy Kirby, Decca
- 48 (29) TERRY Twinkle, Decca
- 49 (39) I'LL TAKE YOU HOME Cliff Bennett and the Rebel Rousers, Parlophone
- 50 (43) COME SEE ABOUT ME Supremes, Stateside

© GO MAGAZINE LTD., 1965

Brown and Jagger at the TAMI Show, Santa Monica, October 1964



"Cor — he's a knockout"

MM JANUARY 23 Mick Jagger reveals why he rates James Brown

THE CURRENT RAVE of the beat groups is James Brown, one of America's most extraordinary showbusiness personalities. Mick Jagger rates him the most exciting star he has ever seen, and has every record Brown has made. Jagger and the rest of The Rolling Stones met Brown in New York when they toured the States last year.

In America, Brown is one of the highest-paid hit parade artists. He employs a private hairdresser, a valet, a vocal trio to support him when he sings, a bodyguard, personal tailor, secretary, two chauffeurs, and, of course, a publicist.

He transports this army around America in a £14,000 luxury coach.

James Brown is a star. It is not advisable to say you do not like James' work if Jagger is nearby. "Cor—he's a knockout," Mickerupted. "It might not seem that great on his records—but I like them too. But if you see him on stage, you've got to admit he's marvellous. He does so much, works up such a lot of excitement, and cavorts about the stage like a madman. We all think he's a knockout, but I like him more than anyone."

Other British groups, including The Animals, admire Brown's act. One of its key assets is Brown's ability to lure audiences into participation. He is billed as "Mr Dynamite". While Brown has not made a major impact here, he could happen in a big way one day—especially if a lot of musicians have their way.

James Brown and The Famous Flames have had several LPs issued in Britain, and many singles. The most recent singles, the ultra-catchy "Out Of Sight" and "Night Train", have done a lot to spread the gospel.

In group dressing rooms, Brown LPs are popular—and it is worth recalling that the same sort of thing was happening with Ray Charles long before he made a big impression on the hit parade and became internationally famous. Adam Faith was naming Charles his favourite long before "Hit The Road Jack".

The same could happen with James Brown, a very "in" name right now. If he does become dynamite, Jagger and company will be in the front line waving him on.

JANUARY—MARCH

1965

► The Beatles have mixed feelings about their *Beatles For Sale* album sleeve—the most flamboyant, talked-about LP cover to be issued in Britain. Says George Harrison: "It's very nice but we weren't pleased with the colouring and the shading. We told George Martin this and he fixed up to have it reprinted after 200,000 had been run off. We hope they'll look even better then." "Raver" NME MARCH 13



► Eric Clapton, lead guitarist with The Yardbirds, has left the group because he says: "They are going too commercial". He has been replaced by Jeff Beck and leader Keith Relf told the MM: "It's very sad because we were all friends. There was no bad feeling at all but Eric did not get on well with the business. He does not like commercialisation. "He loves the blues so much I suppose he did not like it being played badly by a white shower like us! Eric did not like our new record "For Your Love". He should have been featured but he did not want to sing or anything and only did that boogie bit in the middle.

"His leaving is bound to be a blow to the group's image at first because Eric was very popular. Jeff Beck, who is very good, was recommended by Jimmy Page, who is the guv'nor."

MM MARCH 13

WENN, GETTY IMAGES

WB
WARNER BROS
1590



PETULA CLARK
DOWN TOWN
AN ORIGINAL VOGUE RECORDING

1965

JANUARY - MARCH

A folk explosion?

MM FEBRUARY 13 Folk is on the rise, but an authenticity debate flares

HOW STRONG IS the swing to folk music? The question has bothered observers of the British music scene for the last couple of years. There has been talk of a folk boom which might reach hit parade proportions. In the clubs that have given voice to folk music throughout the country, they have preferred to view it differently. "There never has been and there never will be a folk boom," say some. "But right now there is real growth."

Growth is the operative word, and there can be no doubting its accuracy. The folk scene is buoyant. Record companies release more discs in the belief that folk is the new "in thing". Audiences are booming in the clubs. Musical activity is bigger. And some important things have happened in recent months to accelerate the trend to folk. Bob Dylan, whom many recognise as the most important artist to emerge in years, has now reached much wider recognition than merely inside a folk club. The Beatles collect all his records and have publicly saluted his work. John Lennon particularly - adopting Dylan harmonica tactics and writing and singing songs like him - has done Dylan and folk music a lot of good in terms of publicity.

Peter, Paul And Mary have become one of the biggest pop-folk record sellers in America and Britain, and from this country, The Seekers and Val Doonican are having hit parade success. Folk music enthusiasts who call themselves "ethnics" gasp with horror when such names as these are bracketed with less successful folk artists. Thousands of folk fans are sceptical of commercial gain. So they flatly refuse to embrace such acts as Peter, Paul And

Mary or The Kingston Trio - even though they have helped to spread the folk gospel.

The word of the folk follower has always been fraught with friction. Immediately the folk record reaches the best seller and gets mass exposure, purists often insist it is not "real folk music" but a watered-down version of a great original. While this controversy has been going on, there is a sign of plenty happening in the British folk world. New clubs are mushrooming. Clubs are able to pay bigger fees to singers.

There are an estimated 300 folk clubs in Britain - active ones, where live music is being performed. About 150 of these are affiliated to a central body, the English Folk Dance & Song Society. These 300 are registered clubs. The figure does not include the many purely amateur groups of folk enthusiasts who gather regularly to play and talk - fans who just regard the music as a hobby.

Roy Guest, of the EFDSS in London, says there are roughly 40 established folk clubs in London, Greater London and the home counties. London can claim about 20 professional folk artists and 100 semi-professionals.

"The folk scene in this country," says Guest firmly, "is definitely building. The clubs are fuller. It is happening slowly - and it is a very real growth. You can liken it to an elephant moving through a jungle - each step is positive."

Britain has its accepted giants of folk. Robin Hall and Jimmie MacGregor, Steve Benbow, Nadia Cattouse, Rory McEwen, Peggy Seeger and the Ian Campbell Folk Group are among the established names on the folk circuit.

Roy Coleman

"You can liken it to an elephant moving through a jungle - each step is positive"



Twinkle to join the "tremendous all-star cast" at Wembley on April 11

"The greatest show on Earth"

NME JANUARY 22 Top stars for poll-winners concert announced

HERE IS THE exciting news thousands of readers have been waiting to hear! The NME Poll-Winners concert will take place at Wembley's Empire Pool - on Sunday afternoon, April 11.

Executive Director Maurice Kinn has assembled a tremendous all-star cast for this event, which promises to be the greatest show on Earth. Here are the artists taking part - named in alphabetical order:

The Animals
Bachelors
The Beatles
Cilla Black
Georgie Fame
Keith Fordyce
Freddie & The Dreamers
Gerry & The Pacemakers

The Kinks
Moody Blues
PJ Proby
The Rockin' Berries
Jimmy Savile
The Searchers
Sounds Incorporated
Dusty Springfield
Them
Twinkle

We are also negotiating to get The Rolling Stones, Cliff Richard and The Shadows, and other attractions. More news regarding these will be printed in the NME shortly.

The concert on April 11 commences at 2pm. Prices of seats are 30s, 25s, 15s, 10s, 6d and 7s, 6d. Tickets are obtainable only by completing the coupon in the first column of page 8. And it is essential to enclose a stamped addressed envelope, together with an alternative price - in the event of seats not being available at your first choice.

In fairness to all readers who apply, we are placing all envelopes in a huge drum at the end of next week; they will then be allocated in rotation as each application is drawn out. In the past, provincial readers have complained that London applicants have an advantage in getting their requests in earlier - hence this new system.

It is virtually certain that demand will far exceed the 10,000 capacity at Wembley, so readers are advised to waste no time in getting their letters in at the earliest opportunity.

locus on Folk

CAN THERE EVER BE A BOOM IN FOLK?

How strong is the swing to folk music? The question has bothered observers of the British music scene for the last few years. There has been talk of a folk boom which might reach hit parade proportions. In the clubs that have given voice to folk music throughout the country, they have preferred to view it differently. "There never has been and there never will be a folk boom," say some. "But right now there's real growth."

Growth is the operative word, and there can be no doubting its accuracy. The folk scene is buoyant. Record companies release more discs in the belief that folk is the new "in thing". Audiences are booming in the clubs. Musical activity is bigger. And some important things have happened in recent months to accelerate the trend to folk. Bob Dylan, whom many recognise as the most important artist to emerge in years, has now reached much wider recognition than merely inside a folk club. The Beatles collect all his records and have publicly saluted his work. John Lennon particularly - adopting Dylan harmonica tactics and writing and singing songs like him - has done Dylan and folk music a lot of good in terms of publicity.

Peter, Paul And Mary have become one of the biggest pop-folk record sellers in America and Britain, and from this country, The Seekers and Val Doonican are having hit parade success. Folk music enthusiasts who call themselves "ethnics" gasp with horror when such names as these are bracketed with less successful folk artists. Thousands of folk fans are sceptical of commercial gain. So they flatly refuse to embrace such acts as Peter, Paul And

FINDING FOLK



STEVE BENBOW (left) is one of the finest guitarists on the folk scene, with a vast range of songs. SHIRLEY COLLINS is one of the few traditional singers who can fill a hall almost everywhere in the country. IAN CAMPBELL leads what has for years been accepted as Britain's top folk group.

folk clubs in Britain - active ones, where live music is being performed. About 150 of these are affiliated to a central body, the English Folk Dance and Song Society. These 300 are registered clubs. The figure does not include the many purely amateur groups of folk enthusiasts who gather regularly to play and talk - fans who just regard the music as a hobby.

Interest in folk in BRITAIN has soared by 50 per cent in the last year. There are four major clubs. The leading one, the Ballads and Blues, has regular attendance of 100-200.

Folk has been stimulated by radio and TV. But this is only part of the reason for the growth. The standard of resident singers has gone up. Average age now is in the early 30s. When we started, it was four years younger.

BIG TIME

GLASGOW and its suburbs have ten clubs playing to packed houses twice weekly - approximately one a fortnight.

Donny Kyle, promoter of last year's Folk Festival at Irvine, Ayrshire, meets every Thursday with 500 members, and there are groups of enthusiasts meeting at the University of Wales.



Proby's curtain call

NME FEBRUARY 5 Why PJ Proby's seam-splitting stage act is unacceptable to the managers of Britain's cinema chains

THE BATTLE OF Luton will long be talked about in showbusiness circles. It was there that an ABC Cinemas chief pulled the curtain on PJ Proby after one number on Monday night and gave the audience their money back. It was as a result of Luton that Proby was banned from appearing in almost every cinema in Britain on the third night of his first British tour.

And the following day it gave rise to an unusual press conference at which the American claimed his career had been ruined without being given a chance. But Luton was by no means the beginning of the saga. I saw his performances on the two previous nights and wrote the following before the battle calls were heard, before Mr PJ Proby even had a chauffeur to take him to Northampton. On Friday I saw the most incredible stage performance by a pop star that I have ever witnessed.

So incredible was it that the following night I went back to see it again to make sure my eyes had not deceived me. The performance was by PJ Proby and this, as much as I dare describe it, is what happened.

Proby, dressed in a blue velvet outfit with very tight trousers, leapt on stage singing "I Feel Alright". He got a tremendous reception from the audience, which had had to watch

an empty spotlight for a full two minutes before he entered it. Next he sang "What Is The Price Of Happiness" and this he followed with a big beat version of the ballad "I Believe".

The effect of his act so far was tremendous. This was something entirely new - the big sound of the 10-piece band

behind him combined with Proby's hold-nothing-back voice made me think for a minute that here was the world's new top singing star.

Could he not, I asked myself, fill the gap Elvis Presley's now recluse-like career had created and which The Beatles - because there are four

of them - had never replaced?

But from here on PJ Proby's act became increasingly embarrassing by virtue of its vulgarity. As he writhed through "Hold Me", his trousers split at the knees. Yet this seemed not sufficient. Instead of taking it easy on the weakened pants, he seemed to step up the movements until the trousers were practically in shreds.

Ironically, they split more during "Together" and by the time he reached "Dancing In The Street" what had started out as a tremendous act had degenerated to little more than a male striptease. After the show, ABC's booking controller Graham Stephenson had some strong things to say to the tour promoter about Proby's act, and I heard him warn that if it happened again at Luton, Proby would certainly be banned. On Saturday night at Walthamstow Granada, Proby's trousers tumbled down and two songs later so did the curtain when Granada's chief John Arm decided he had seen too much. *Chris Hutchins*

"Instead of taking it easy on the weakened pants, he seemed to step up the movements"

The Big O:
"terrified" that
news of split
would reach sons

A man alone

NME MARCH 26 Roy Orbison reveals his touring heartaches

ROY ORBISON HAD just ended a month-long, agonising tour of Britain. Agonising because he is heartbroken at the ending, last November, of his eight-year-old marriage to Claudette, the girl he wrote a song about for The Everly Brothers to sing into the world's charts. The heartache has shown through. Roy has played his string of British concerts looking pale and terribly thin; he has appeared on television looking haggard and drawn. But he was unable to explain how unhappy he was feeling.

On Monday, when he left Britain, I took the plane with him to Paris. On the way he talked for the first time about the misery which has dogged him. Although Roy's marriage ended last November, only close friends and relatives knew until recently. He explained: "I wasn't trying to hide anything. I just didn't intend to broadcast it. But I must admit that it was a hard secret to keep, especially as I was feeling so bad."

"Then I came to Britain for the tour, and when people asked me what was wrong, I just shrugged. It was on the day of my appearance on *Sunday Night At The London Palladium* that reporters burst into my dressing room to say they had learned of the whole story."

"Now I was terrified that it had come out while I was in Britain, because I knew that within hours the story would be wired around the world, and my two sons, Roy and Anthony, were unaware that their mother and father had parted. They were staying with my mother back in Houston, and I just wanted to be there so that I could explain things."

But there may yet be a happy ending to this sad story that has stricken America's best-selling record star. He told me that he and Claudette miss each other so much they may remarry. And he revealed that he had phoned her in America several times during his stay in Britain. Until such a time he remains the sad star his records have always reflected. A sensitive man who is easily hurt.

I witnessed one of his saddest moments as we entered his suite at the hotel in Paris and saw on the dressing table a large bouquet labelled: "For Roy Orbison, from a kind person who didn't know..." *Chris Hutchins*



1965

JANUARY – MARCH



"One this way, please": Ringo and Maureen face the press during their honeymoon in Hove

"Yes, he'll make a good husband"

NME FEBRUARY 19 John Lennon ponders Ringo Starr's marriage; NME heads to the south coast in hot pursuit

NO, I WASN'T amazed, shocked or anything like that when I heard Ringo was going to get married – I was surprised he hadn't done it before. He's the marrying kind, a sort of family man. In fact, on his wedding day he said to me: "I wish I had done it when you did, John."

The wedding had been planned for about two weeks beforehand but we've been away so Cyn and I didn't know until we got back from our ski-ing holiday, only a few days before the wedding. I was surprised I hadn't known about it sooner.

Not that I can grumble. When Ringo joined the group I never told him I was married. At the time I didn't want it to get around and I didn't know how well I could trust him to keep it secret. But it came out one day when we Beatles went to an accountant's office and he asked: "Do you have any dependants?" and I said: "Yes, I've got a wife."

No, I didn't learn about Ringo's marriage-to-

be from him. The day after I got back from Switzerland I was with a photographer planning the last stages of my next book *Spaniard In The Works* (that's a plug by the way) when this fellow said: "Of course, you know about Ringo?"

I said: "No, go on," and he blurted it out. The following day George and I had a meeting with film producer Walter Shenson and after it Brian Epstein 'officially' told us in his car. George was amazed; he said something like ... well, anyway, he was amazed! Then he said, "Hee hee, more fans for me!"

Paul was on holiday in North Africa and we hadn't planned to tell him until he got back, which would be after the event. But I had visions of newspaper reporters out there asking him for his comments and he-

thinking it was just another Beatle marriage rumour – he'd have laughed it off.

We didn't get Ringo any wedding presents. There wasn't time. I suppose we could have brought him a couple of spoons and taken them along to the ceremony but he would have had to carry them down to Hove, so what was the point? We'll get them something

good when they've got a house.

There wasn't a wedding breakfast either. As soon as it was all over they dashed away.

Even most of the 'wedding' photographs were taken the previous night.

I haven't a clue where they're going to live because Ringo has got to get out of his mews flat. Their home will have to be in London because he works there. Of course they are going to have a family. There

"George was amazed. Then he said: 'Hee hee, more fans for me!'"

isn't much point in getting married otherwise.

Yes, he'll make a good husband. He's basically kind and there's no side to him. Marriage won't stop him going in nightclubs because Maureen's almost always gone with him anyway.

I don't think Ringo's marriage will do the group any harm because he's accepted for what he is, as I was... a sort of comedy character. Not so much a sex symbol, more a programme sort of thing.

He'll lose a few fans but he will gain some new ones, also as I did. I suppose Ringo and I will have sort of joint fans now. I don't think the group will lose fans. Those who leave Ringo will switch over to the other two. Anyway, right now Ringo is too wrapped up in being married to worry about fan reprisals.

Any more Beatles marriages on the way? No, I don't think so. If Paul is going to marry Jane and George to marry Pattie, then look at it this way—those girls have careers of their own and they're not ready to settle down yet as Maureen was.

There is no question of Ringo leaving the group; there never has been. Even when this is all over we'll still be four people together. It isn't like losing touch with your best mates when you leave school. We'll probably all be in business together one day. *John Lennon*

NME FEBRUARY 19

"I'M STILL LOOKING for the fella who found out where we were hiding," menaced Mr Starkey, as Mrs Starkey revolved helplessly to requests from a battery of photographers for "One this way, please".

"C'mon, who was it?" mocked Ringo. "I thought even the press would respect a honeymoon." The only reply in the back garden of 2, Princes Crescent, Hove last weekend was the relentless camera clicking.

The reception had been Ringo's idea. After a newspaper had given the whereabouts of his honeymoon hideaway, he decided that a full-scale free-for-all was preferable to a lengthy press pursuit.

We reporters spilled into the back garden through the garage, where the composed newlyweds stood arm in arm awaiting the onslaught.

Maureen was just trying to achieve the impossible by smiling in two directions at once. Her husband took charge with an air of someone who has been photographed before and with his wife he took up a position in the centre of the crescent formed by photographers. He worked on a basis of a 45-degree turn from left to right and everyone was pictorially satisfied.

He commented with strained good humour: "After twenty-five hours of married life, I can honestly say I believe in it... I want 11 children for a football team... Maureen can't cook, neither can I... I haven't received presents from the others yet, although Brian has given me a one-plate preview of a Wedgwood dinner set he intends to give us... My wedding ring belonged to my

"Paul didn't know I was married. He's on holiday somewhere"

grandfather, John Starr... Maureen's belongs to her.

"Have you heard from Paul yet?" I asked. "Oh, it's you," said Ringo with a grin, raising himself on one foot to confirm his suspicions. "How are you?" he added.

"Paul didn't know I was married," Ringo went on. "He's still on holiday abroad somewhere. Don't ask me where because I'm not wrecking HIS holiday."

Ringo talked freely about Maureen to me. "I met her in the Cavern Club about four weeks after I had joined the Beatles," he said. "It wasn't until last September that I thought seriously about marriage and then it took me until January to propose in the Ad Lib Club. It was about two o'clock in the morning. I don't know what I would have done if she had turned me down."

Questions from other journalists were soon being hurled from all sides.

"I see your Jag is not parked outside," commented an ill-informed reporter.

"That's because I don't have a Jag," replied Ringo.

"Do you intend to live in your present house," asked another.

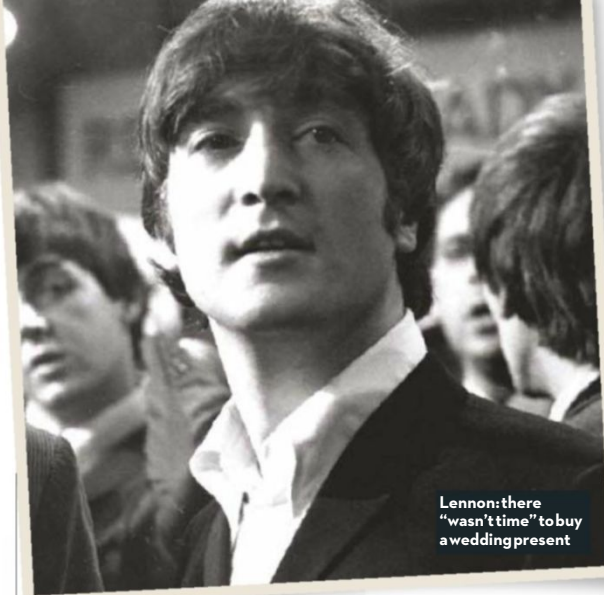
"I intend to live in my present flat," returned Ringo.

"Is there anywhere left now where you will not be recognised?" I asked.

"Vietnam," suggested Ringo.

During all these proceedings Maureen remained very quiet and simply shook her head or answered "yes" or "no". "No," she did not care where they lived. "No," she would not be going on location with Ringo to the Bahamas for the film. "Yes," she did want a family. "No," she could not cook. But it was "yes" to "Are you enjoying your honeymoon?" Ringo added: "Up to now."

It's true we were intruding. So I simply wished Ringo and Maureen good luck on their new life from the *NME* and its readers and pushed off. They deserve all the peace they can get. *Keith Altham*



JANUARY - MARCH
1965

➤ Rolling Stones drummer Charlie Watts' *Ode To A Highflying Bird* (Beat Publications, 7s) is a short work—nearly 30 pages—that pays tribute to Charlie Parker, the pioneer modern jazzman. It's mainly drawings with hand-drawn captions, and the drawings are wittier than Charlie's writing. He wrote it years ago, and was "knocked out" when somebody asked if they could publish it. Naturally, people will compare it with the published literary work of Beatle John Lennon, but they shouldn't. For one thing, Charlie isn't trying to write anything, he is just captioning the drawings. The drawings themselves are less way-out than Lennon's—in fact, they show Charlie's earlier grounding in the commercial art world.

NME JANUARY 22

My tribute to the music of Charlie "Bird" Parker



➤ John Lennon passed his driving test first time this week, and can now drive his three cars unaccompanied. **NME FEBRUARY 19**

➤ John Barry has signed a three-year contract with CBS Records as both an artist and producer. In the latter capacity he will be recording many new artists signed to the label, which this week becomes the first American company to begin operations here on its own. **NME MARCH 5**

A MARRIED MAN

—By JOHN LENNON

in an interview with
CHRIS HUTCHINS

I haven't a clue where they're going to live because Ringo has got to get out of his mews flat. Their home will have to be in London because he works there. Of course they're going to have a family. There isn't much point in getting married otherwise.

Yes, he'll make a good husband. He's basically kind and there's no side to him. Marriage won't stop him going to night clubs because Maureen's almost always gone with him anyway.

I don't think Ringo's marriage will do the group any harm because he's accepted for what he is, as I was... a sort of comedy character. Not so much a sex symbol, more a programme sort of thing.

Anyway, right now Ringo is too wrapped up in being married to worry about fan reprisals.

Any more Beatles marriages on the way? No, I don't think so. If Paul is going to marry Jane, and George to marry Pattie, then look at it this way—those girls have careers of their own and they're not ready to settle down yet as Maureen was.

1965

JANUARY—MARCH

“Who wants to talk about retiring now?”

John Lennon and Paul McCartney aren't going anywhere. As THE BEATLES record *Help!*, they discuss future plans: silver apples, sheds and “a girl singer with the looks of Bardot and the voice of Dionne Warwick”. Meanwhile, BRIAN EPSTEIN reports back from the band's trip to Nassau.

— MELODY MAKER FEBRUARY 27 —

FEW POP STARS think beyond their latest hit. But John Lennon does. He is the mastermind of The Beatles. A born cynic with built-in scepticism when things appear to be going smoothly. There is an indestructible bond of friendship and ambition between John, Paul, George and Ringo. But 24-year-old Lennon is the deepest thinker, the most pungent wit, and the Beatle with plans for the future. He is a millionaire. But you would never know it. He carries little money, is always scrounging cigarettes, and uses matches instead of a flashy lighter. He is more interested in poking fun or administering the verbal knife than in physical flamboyance. But above all, John is deeply interested in his music.

Ironically, it was at last week's Beatles recording session in London that Lennon spoke of his plans to become an independent recording manager. While Paul played the electric piano during a lull and George and Ringo danced to a playback of a song The Beatles had taped, John »

AP





Acting naturally: The Beatles with leading lady Eleanor Bron during the filming of *Help!* in Nassau, Bahamas, February 1965

1965

JANUARY – MARCH



Listening to a playback of "You're Going To Lose That Girl", February 19, 1965

sat and answered questions about the future of The Beatles and his personal plans.

Some say The Beatles have now "done everything" to such a degree that there is nothing left. Was the day approaching when The Beatles would no longer be pop stars? With their second film starting this week and a third already titled, would they now be abdicating from the hit parade?

John's reply was immediate. "No. We'll still be pop stars as long as we continue making records. And we intend to go on doing that."

Did they treat filming as a serious business and an important new field, or did they regard it as an excursion into light relief?

"Yes, we regard filming as a bit of a giggle. We regard recording as a bit of a giggle as well. So we're film stars and pop stars. We hope."

What about the rumours that they have reached the end of the line? And talk that they might soon disband to retire gracefully in a blaze of glory?

"I don't see why these things are even being considered," said Lennon without hesitation. "The supposition that, just because we've done well, we might as well pack it in. The much more sensible thing for anybody to say is that we'll never pack it in completely because we've made so much money and we still are making it."

"People talk a load of rubbish about us. We have no plans to break up. We might be interested in doing other things as well as making records and films, but The Beatles will still be The Beatles."

Exactly what did Lennon have in mind for his future?

"Well, I'll tell you exactly what I'm involved in right now," he replied. "I'm definitely going to do some A&R work." I want to be an independent record producer. I'd like to find someone as good as, say, Tom Jones, and record them. Probably Paul and me, actually, working together. Until now, there's never been time. But there might be now."

"I was going to have a recording studio built at my house. But I gave up

"We regard filming as a bit of a giggle, and recording as well"



the idea. I've decided I couldn't work it. Good God, I can't even work a bloody tape recorder, so I can't see myself doing the big equipment bit!"

So how did the untechnical Lennon plan to make records?

"Well, I'm getting this shed built at the back of the house. That's for practice. I'll discover people and then hire a studio to record them. It won't be for some time yet, so I don't want hundreds of people imagining that I'm walking around with a big cigar and open to offers!"

What sort of artists did he have in mind? Mainly groups, or chiefly soloists?

"I've been thinking about this. I reckon there's nobody in the world equivalent in popularity, I suppose you'd say, to Presley or us. I mean a girl singer. That's who I'd really like to discover. Someone with the looks of Bardot and the voice of Dionne Warwick. Do I like Dionne that much? Well, her voice is OK. I'm not exactly crazy about her, but that's the sort of combination I'm thinking of. A big sex symbol. A girl who looks great and sings wild. She's got to be SOMEWHERE. There's never been anybody like that as I can remember. The sort of girl I'd be interested in for this would be someone with such a voice that all the fellas would queue up to see what she looks like."

"And when they see what she looks like..."

If John was so interested in building a big solo

star, did it mean he thought the group scene might be quietening? "All I can see in that way," Lennon answered, "is that this year the record companies won't be signing up all the crappy groups like they did last year. There was a time when the companies signed up anybody who made a noise like four men with guitars. They got lumbered and they deserved to get lumbered."

Did John think this had injured the British music scene generally?

"I don't know," said the Beatle. "And I couldn't care less. It's just true – they signed up rubbish and when they didn't all get hits then started

running. Can't blame 'em, but they should have been more sensible."

George wandered over: "Who would have been more sensible, John?"

Lennon: "What do you want?"

Harrison: "What are you talking about?"

Lennon: "Mind your own bloody business. Got a ciggy?"

John helped himself to a cigarette from George's top pocket before Harrison could reply. Exit George.

John went on to declare that he enjoyed recording sessions more than anything else connected with being a Beatle. Asked if he got as much kick from making records now, he said: "Yeah—much more, really. When we started recording, I didn't know much about it—what to do, what sounds to expect at the end. But now we all know little bits about it, it makes it much more interesting. I get a great kick from recording. You never know what's going to happen."

Did the group ever consider breaking away from their accepted formula, musically, and trying something completely new? "If that happened, it would happen accidentally," said John. "We've never had policies or anything. We're just a group."

How strong was his personal enthusiasm for Bob Dylan material and Dylan interpretations? "I just started doing it because it was different and I like it. I'm not going over to it permanently—just now and then, when I feel like it. I just felt like going that way a bit, y'know. If I'd not heard Dylan, it might have been that I'd have written stuff and sung it like Dominic Behan, or somebody like that."

Finally, how did John see the role of The Beatles either as a group or individually in five years' time? "Don't know. Who can answer that? Even if we retired we wouldn't split from each other altogether. Anyway, who wants to talk about retiring now? It would be a drag. None of us could stick it."

THE BEATLES HAD just finished a recording and George Harrison was passing around cigarettes. Ringo ran across the floor of Studio Two and leapt up the stairs to talk to recording manager George Martin. The time was right for the other three to speak privately.

John: "Look, what ARE we going to get him as a bloody wedding present? Let's get it sorted out right now."

Paul: "I don't know what you're worried about, I've brought him back something from Tunisia."

John: "What?"

Paul: "A silver apple—nice, Arabic thing. Very unusual."

George: "What's your game then? You're sucking up to Ringo a bit, aren't you?"

John: "What are you after, Paul—a job in Ringo's group when we give him the push? I reckon somebody should go out tomorrow and buy him and Maureen a bloody big gold clock. The biggest gold clock there is. Didn't you realise we waited for you to come back from holiday before deciding what to buy him from all of us? Listen, somebody, go out and spend a lot of money on this lovely gold clock. Then we'll send him a note saying he's out of the group!"

It was a fairly severe joke, but knife-edged jokes are flying all the time at a Beatles recording session. Anyone taking them seriously would wrongly think The Beatles lived on the precipice of real disaster. The truth is that they revel in that sort of humour. A snipe is meant as a joke. Their personalities are basically so similar that they have an uncanny understanding of each other's apparent attacks.

By last Thursday night, the world's biggest pop music phenomena had spent four days at EMI's recording studios in St John's Wood, London. Their days had begun there at about 2pm and ended at about 11pm. They had recorded six new Lennon-McCartney songs and two new ones by George Harrison.

"We're on the way out, John and me," said Paul. "George is moving in. Him and Ray Davies are taking over. Folks, they are the new hit-writers!"



“OK, John and Paul played awfully, but Ringo was very good”

Some of the songs are for the Beatles film which began shooting this week in the Bahamas. Others are for stock. They might have recorded their next single: they are not sure. "We've just been getting plenty of stuff recorded and we'll decide what to do with it later," said John Lennon.

The atmosphere at a Beatles record session is unique. The four stars enjoy making records more than anything else. Their dedication is unswerving. But the laughter flows. Studio Two with The Beatles locked inside is the most entertaining place in the world.

John is dressed in an open-necked pink shirt with navy trousers from his suit. George wears a shabby woollen pullover, even shabbier light-blue jeans and a fawn suede jacket. Ringo is in a scarlet shirt and brown slacks. Paul, as immaculate as ever, is dressed almost as for dinner: black pin-striped suit, white shirt, black tie.

At 7pm, The Beatles are working up to their time for a long-deserved break and food and drink. They are just completing a song which features Ringo singing. "I wrote it," says John. "It's the funniest thing I've ever done—listen to the words."

Ringo was singing something like: "You've gone soft in the head," and Lennon laughed. "I didn't expect anybody to want to record it," says Lennon.

Recording manager George Martin, remaining calm despite a frenzied career and a week of keeping The Beatles under control, speaks over the mic: "Right, Ringo. That sounded OK. Let's try it for taping properly now."

Ringo sings. The song has a slight Bo Diddley beat. It is difficult to hear it properly in the studio. While the red light is on and Ringo is singing, Lennon's smile as he hears his words to the song is enough to harass any singer. The song ends and the red light is off.

George Martin: "OK, John and Paul played awfully but Ringo was very good." He was joking. "Right. Have your food."

A man appears with trays full of food. Paul eats pork and spinach. John grabs a pint of milk and gulps it quickly. George and Ringo grumbles at road manager Neil Aspinall: "I can afford real chicken, y'know. This looks bloody horrible."

Aspinall: "But you asked for chicken sandwiches."

Ringo: "I know. But if this is the best sandwich there is, get me a whole chicken next time. I've never seen imitation chicken before tonight."

He wanders back to his drums muttering and swearing.

George Harrison produces his own private recording of all the songs that they have recorded that week. He switches it on. He and Ringo start to dance. Ringo nearly chokes with his chicken sandwich and his spluttered comments don't bear thinking about.

Paul: "He's never been the same since he got married. Still, I don't think it will harm his career. It will mature him as a MAN!"

John: "Hey, listen, (points to recording machine). Hear that play by Paul? He's been doing a bit of lead guitar work this week. Gear. I reckon he's moving in."

Lennon has also been featured on electric piano, as well as Paul. "Listen," says John. "On that one, George and Paul are playing the same break exactly, both playing but in different octaves." »



Paul said he thought that sound was one of the best they had got on record, instrumentally. John said they were still searching for the ideal sound. “I don’t know if we’ll ever find it. We still haven’t made the sort of sound we have to, and we don’t even know what we’re after.”

Lennon has made another record with a Bob Dylan influence. He wrote this song. “Well, it’s not pure Dylan, really,” he says. “Just a folksy song which I try to sing in a Dylan style. I don’t want to overdo it, but I like it.

“Out of the eight songs we’ve done so far, I’ve written three, Paul’s written three and George has done two. What did I say? George has written TWO? He’ll have to go!”

John talks again of Dylan: “It’s not easy to write songs like Bob’s. ‘Ere, who’s seen that bloke Donovan on TV?”

George: “I have. All that bit about ‘This Machine Kills’ on his guitar.”

John: “I think I’ll have ‘This Machine Smells’ on mine.”

George Martin reappears and the session restarts. The next two-and-a-half hours are productive. Martin is perched on a high chair and the four Beatles are around him, singing lightly and playing acoustic guitars.

Martin sings a song with them. It looks rather like a Christmas singalong with Martin singing the leads.

Eventually, they do another run-through. The group tapes the instrumental backing with George forsaking his guitar and getting a comb-and-paper effect with a drumstick and a piece of wood. Ringo, who isn’t featured, climbs on the back of Malcolm Evans, their road manager, and they walk off to talk. The music stops.

George Martin: “Let’s have one more go at the backing, then we’ll record your voices separately. This time, we’ll get it exactly right.”

Paul: “Why – what was exactly wrong?”

Martin: “The tuning sounded wrong. And you, George, should be coming in on the second beat every time instead of every fourth beat.”

Harrison: “Oh, I see.”

The music starts.

Martin: “Stop. Somebody played the wrong note.”

Ringo whistles and looks at Paul. The red lights goes on and this time the music – a lilting song by John – comes off with no hitch. When it’s over, Lennon shouts to George: “Give us a ciggy QUICK.”

During a lull, they playback their private recording again. “Have you heard George Martin’s orchestral version of ‘I Feel Fine’?” asks John. He and Paul rave about it. “Gear.”

They record the vocal by Lennon and McCartney, and later, they over-record to the original with Lennon, cigarette between lips, shaking a tambourine and Ringo playing maracas. “We want the Mexican effect,” says Lennon. And so the same song went on, they must have tried it half a dozen times before being finally satisfied. And not once did they tire of retaping it completely or restarting halfway through.

At 10pm, with Paul playing electric piano, John shouted across to road manager Evans: “I like electric pianos, Mal. Buy me one tomorrow.”

Ringo was by now getting changed, preparing for the Daily Mirror Ball at London’s Albert Hall. He put on his mauve and white striped shirt and sharp black suit and looked splendid. A lady with a trayful of tea embarrassed him as he changed trousers, and he darted behind a screen. Later, he admitted he had tried to put on his trousers while still wearing boots. John sang “I’m A Loser” to mark the event.

Paul said it had been an enjoyable night. George said he wanted to go back to Ringo’s flat to get changed for the Mirror Ball.

John said he came in his chauffeur-driven Rolls. “Still scared of driving myself.”

George Martin said: “See you tomorrow.” Paul said yes, and could they have a go at the song he thought he’d finished writing a few hours earlier?

Harrison said America was a mad, mad country and he wondered what the scene would be like when they got there “with all the deejays going potty”. John said he couldn’t care less.

The Beatles fled from Studio Two. A dozen fans outside who had waited since 7pm were rewarded with a glimpse. Inside, on the floor of the studio, lay a torn yellow envelope which had contained a wedding congratulations cable from an American fan.

Ringo spoke of that cable as he left. “See – they still care...”

THE BEATLES REGARD the success of their first film as a bit of a handicap. They know that with their second, the world will be watching, ready to judge them as acting failure who rode to success with *A Hard Day’s*

Night mainly because of their personal magnetism. They have set themselves such a high standard that it is difficult to match it.

This week, in the Bahamas, they will approach the first shooting scenes of their second picture with concern. Ringo, the star of the first Beatles film, summed it up like this: “It’s just like doing your first one – only worse. People will be watching us and expecting better. We can only do our worst – I mean best.”

“It’s much worse this time,” said John. “Having something to live up to. I suppose if nobody likes it, that’s it.”

Up to last Thursday night, John, George and Ringo had read the script. Paul has not. This was because of his 11-hour return from holiday in Tunisia.

“I don’t know a lot about it,” said McCartney. And then, in a send-up with deadpan face: “I believe it’s provisionally titled ‘All Aboard For Fun’.” The theme centres on a chase for Ringo’s ring, with the other three Beatles among the chasers.

“I hate the idea of being the central figure again this time,” said Ringo.

“I didn’t want to be anything special in the last one, and nor in this one. But I didn’t have any say in it. I suppose if they’d been chasing a boot in the film’s story, it might have been one of the others who had this part.

“But it’s obvious if it’s rings, they choose Ringo. Drag, in a way.”

Wasn’t the drummer delighted at the acclaim he received for his first screen work?

“It didn’t do me any harm. When we made that, people got the idea we could act. But let’s get this sorted out before the new one comes: that one film doesn’t make us actors. We’ll do our best again, and if it works, it’s great. If it doesn’t – then goodbye, Beatle people!”

The songs recorded last week – two by George Harrison, the rest by the old firm of Lennon and McCartney – are not necessarily all for the film.

“They haven’t been tailored for the film or anything,” said John.

“They’re just songs. If they fit the story and the sequences, some of them will be in. It’s up to the film bosses. Not us. We’ve just concentrated this week on making records.

“There are a couple of obvious songs for the film, at least we think so, but nothing’s been decided. We haven’t written anything with the film in mind. If you do that, it restricts the storyline.”

There was a roar of laughter from all four when they were asked if they could remember their parts, or if they knew the complete story. Ringo’s brief sentence was unprintable. John, Paul and George looked at each other in disbelief before ceasing into laughter. They should have fun in the Bahamas. *Ray Coleman*

— NME MARCH 5 —

LAST THURSDAY WE celebrated George’s 22nd birthday in sunny Nassau. It was a quiet affair at the home of Dr Walter Strach, a great friend of George’s, with whom he recently spent a holiday on the island. The doctor’s daughters were away in London – with all the suitable records. But we made do with the 11 titles The Beatles had recorded the previous week at EMI studios. Six of these will be used in the film and, what can I say... they’re easily hotter than the Bahama sunshine – and that’s very hot!

Incidentally, two of the titles are written by George Harrison, and will be published by Northern Songs, with whom he signed a three-year contract just before he left London. So George provided part of the music for his own birthday party, at which 50 members of the film unit enjoyed the tunes and the fabulous party fare provided by the generous doctor. It is unlikely that the stars of any film could have had a warmer and more encouraging beginning than The Beatles did for their second movie.

I travelled out from town to London Airport with Paul and Ringo. John and George had arrived there a couple of minutes before us. As our car approached the back of Queen’s Building, we were mildly surprised to see a packed group of fans at the top of the building. When we turned the corner and walked on to the tarmac, there it was! An unbelievably

enormous crowd of wonderful fans, cheering, waving and holding banners which gave us their good wishes.

A thrilled Paul and Ringo joined up with an equally amazed John and George, already acknowledging the crowd. None of us had anticipated anything like this. The group posed for the mass of photographers, continuing to wave to the fans as long as the airline would allow them.





February 22, 1965: Ta-ra, boys! The Fabs and Eleanor Bron leave Heathrow Airport for the Bahamas, seen off by what Brian Epstein (inset) described as "an unbelievably enormous crowd of wonderful fans"

It was the most wonderfully loyal demonstration the group could receive of their fans' affection. I would like to thank each and every one in that crowd for giving the film the best send-off it could possibly have had!

The unexpected excitement at London Airport naturally contributed to a happy, if tiring, journey. Our unit travelled to the Bahamas numbered 78, making for a full load. Among them were Eleanor Bron, *Not So Much...* actors Victor Spinetti, John Bluthal, Patrick Cargill, producer Walter Shenson and director Dick Lester both of *A Hard Day's Night* fame.

Beatles road managers Neil Aspinall and Malcolm Evans were there too, of course—suitably equipped with the usual stack of photos, throat sweets, ciggies and other Beatle touring gear. With some of the group, I spent the first few hours catching up on sleep—earlier that day I'd flown from Liverpool, following the final night of Cilla's wonderful and certainly eventful tour—a big night for Cilla at the top of the bill for the first time in her home city!

Later on the trip, the chat was animated about the making of the film. The cold, cold air of New York gusted in as we touched down to refuel and then about 11 hours after leaving England, at 7 pm local time, our chartered BOAC Boeing touched down here in Nassau. We disembarked to receive a warm welcome like the weather. We were then whisked off by the authorities to a press conference without so much of an option as to whether the boys wanted to get a bit nearer to the waiting crowd at the airport building. THIS IS NORMALLY THE TRUE REASON WHEN YOU READ OF ARTISTS "IGNORING THEIR FANS".

Following a somewhat chaotic press conference, we finally arrived at the bungalow where the boys were to stay in Nassau. Contrary to the usual glamorous reports of our staying in palatial and luxurious

“If the songs fit the story, some will be in. It's up to the film bosses”

apartments, this proved to be a pleasant and comfortable place (expensive, yes), it's best feature being its situation by the sea, invisible in the darkness when we arrived but much in evidence the following morning—great, vivid, emerald sea glistening with the light of the hot, albeit sometimes humid, sunshine.

The group started shooting the morning following their arrival. Among first scenes shot were The Beatles cycling on a public thoroughfare and chatting away at the same time. Personally, I was greatly impressed with what seemed improved naturalness of speech and movement.

Ringo proved as good an actor as in *A Hard Day's Night* when he was depicted sitting on a mound of conches (sea shells), holding one to his ear and beating out its music with his free arm!

Another day, the four enjoyed a swim fully clothed (well, shirt, jeans and shoes). John said he'd always wanted to try this, and thought it might be even better to bathe in a lounge suit—tie and all! The producer has asked that the story be kept on the secret list for the moment, so I can't say too much, except that the script itself is zany, almost to the point of surrealism, and certainly very, very different. Before leaving Nassau on Friday, I took a speed boat out to a tiny island where the boys were working. I arrived just in time to get a boxed picnic lunch used on these occasions and to join up with the group for the break.

No doubt about it, I thought, they're enjoying making this film very much. Relaxed, inventive and effervescent as ever. I left the Bahamas with no doubts that my clients will be well looked after by the gentle and brilliant director Lester, the efficient and understanding Mr Shenson and, of course, our genial and hospitable Dr Strach—not forgetting the people of Nassau, their sea and sun. *Brian Epstein* ●

1965

JANUARY - MARCH



—MELODY MAKER, February 13, 1965

THE POP PIRATES

In the olden days pirates were evil looking gents with parrots on their shoulders who spent their days burying treasure and arguing round the seven seas shouting "Yo Ho Ho" and all that jazz.

Today's pirates tend to be sleek young men with persuasive voices who use pop discs as ammunition instead of cannonballs.

What they share with their predecessors is a continual fight against the government which is apparently determined to destroy them. For pop pirates, safely anchored in international waters, are a way of stealing listeners from the BBC and state-owned stations on the Continent.

There is talk of imminent legislation in Britain as well as in European countries which would outlaw the pirate cut off their supplies, it is illegal to advertise them, and perhaps to



BOB DAWBARN goes to sea to discover what goes on below decks on the pop pirate ships off our coast.

takes up in planning programmes, selecting records and sorting through the quite considerable mail.

Enjoying their week ashore were Brian Vaughan (24), Keith Skues (25), Erroll Bruce (22) and Keith Martin (28). Another who takes a spell at the turntable is Paul Noble whose main job is as a technician.

The day on Caroline starts with the switching on of the transmitter around 5.30 am and the duty deejay is called from his bed at 5.45, ready for the opening announcements at 5.53.

Fraternalism between Caroline and their neighbour, Radio London, is forbidden, although the Dutch crews take it in turn to man each ship.

London's current pride is the reverberator which they use on their newscasts. Perhaps the strongest transmitter of the pirates, London, goes on the air from 6 am to 9 pm and has regular listeners as far north as Glasgow. They have been picked up in Yugoslavia and by radio hams in America.

The MV Caroline
broadcasting from
off the Isle of Man

“The government can certainly make things awkward...”

There are no parrots – but there’s booty to be made on board the UK’s unregulated commercial “pirate” stations. The MELODY MAKER climbs aboard Radio Caroline and London to find out if they run a tidy ship – and where they get their records.

— MELODY MAKER FEBRUARY 13 —

IN THE OLDEN days, pirates were evil-looking gents with parrots on their shoulders who spent their days burying treasure and charging round the seven seas shouting “Yo Ho Ho” and all that jazz.

Today’s pirates tend to be sleek young men with persuasive voices who use pop discs as ammunition instead of cannonballs. One thing they share with their predecessors is a continual fight against the government which is apparently determined to destroy them. For the pop pirates, safely anchored in international waters, are guilty of stealing listeners from the BBC and state-owned radio stations on the continent.

There is talk of imminent legislation in Britain as well as other European countries which would outlaw the pirates, cut off their supplies, make it illegal to advertise with them, and perhaps to work with them at all.

“The government can certainly make things awkward,” admits Radio Caroline’s David Block. “But whether they will have time to do it this year is in the balance. The Council of Europe is considering amendments to its model bill, and anyway, Holland and Ireland abstained when the voting took place.

“Even if the bill goes through we will continue broadcasting from our present positions, but they could make it illegal for British subjects to work on the ships. We feel that would be against the Declaration of Human Rights signed in 1949. Really the only effective way to stop us is to legalise land-based commercial radio. We have a New York office which can supply all the advertising we need, if necessary.”

Caroline operates from two different ships – the original 730-ton Caroline, off the Isle of Man, and the 400-ton Mi Amigo anchored some four miles off Frinton on the Essex coast.

This week I sewed on my parrot, climbed down the ladder to board the tender at Harwich and made the 17-mile sea trip to the Mi Amigo – and the Radio London ship which is anchored a mile away.

On board Radio Caroline things are remarkably comfortable. I was shown over the cabins; the mess deck where DJs, technical staff and Dutch crew can relax with TV or books; the tiny studio where Doug Kerr was just finishing his three-hour stint with the record player; and the well-stocked record library – the pirates experience no difficulty in obtaining the latest releases.

The DJs spend a week on board and then have a week off – for the technical staff it’s two weeks on, two off.

And of course there is little to spend money on when at work – they receive two bottles of beer, a bottle of soft drink a day and 100 cigarettes a week free. Cigarettes can be bought at 1s for 20 but never taken ashore as there is no customs concession for the pirates. In fact, you have to carry a passport to visit Caroline.

My most lasting impression was the complete dedication of everybody aboard. They are all passionately interested in what they are doing and are 100 per cent Caroline men. Many of them, particularly the technicians, have given up highly promising careers ashore to throw in their lot with the pirates, and their only worry is what will happen to them if the government forbids them to carry on.

Otherwise the scene looks rosy. The original investment in Caroline of half a million pounds will have been completely recovered by March, and at the moment the station is grossing £16,000 a week.

The last survey showed a weekly listening figure of 12½ million, with a peak, at any one time, of five million listeners on Sunday mornings when Caroline puts out a Continental Hour with four-language commercials. Indeed, four Caroline programmes are in the Dutch Top 10. “We have letters from Aden and we have been picked up in California – although we can’t reach Southend,” says David Block. »

Ahoy there, me hearties!

MM APRIL 10 Britain's baby boomers are all ears – but who can receive the new pirate stations?

THE BATTLE FOR listeners and advertising revenue between the commercial radio stations is gathering force. Obviously, the greater the area covered, the greater the weapons in a station's armoury. Luxembourg, Caroline and London claim that their coverage is extensive. How true is this? The *MM* went round Britain to find out. These are the conclusions:

London & The South-East

Radio London can claim the best reception. Caroline is good, but in the London area it usually vanishes when foreign stations open up around 5.30 pm. Luxembourg reception is good, but tends to fade and wander off the dial setting.

Torquay

Luxembourg has the field to itself. Reception is generally clear apart from background whistling.

Bristol

Reception for the pirates is almost non-existent. Luxembourg is vastly better than it used to be, but still inclined to fade periodically. Few of the youngsters in the West Country and Southern Wales have heard of the pirate ships.

Derby

Luxembourg, both Carolines (North and South) and Radio London can all be received in Derby, which is in the centre of England. Luxembourg is very good, the Pirates' reception just tolerable.

Birmingham

Luxembourg, Caroline and London can all be heard – but it rather depends where you are. If you live on top of a hill in the country, reception is fine. If you are surrounded by factories you won't get them at all. Caroline is reasonable during the day but vanishes completely in the late afternoon. London is very weak. A Midlands radio dealer said the answer lay in new sets, which have a "band spread" on the medium wave.

Lancashire

Caroline and Luxembourg are available. Generally speaking,

reception is excellent, except that Luxembourg is subject to some fading. In West Lancs, Caroline is usually better than the BBC. Both Luxembourg and Caroline can be heard throughout the whole of their hours of transmission.

Yorkshire

Luxembourg and Caroline only. Luxembourg comes over well but for some odd reason is better after dark – reception is nowhere near as good in summer as in winter. It is always subject to fading and fluctuation. Caroline varies in different parts of Yorkshire.

The *MM* drove from Bradford, where reception was excellent, to Skipton (15 miles away), where it couldn't be picked up at all. Passing through the Lake District into Cumberland, Caroline was stronger than the BBC.

Glasgow

Luxembourg and Caroline only. Luxembourg reception is first class over the whole area, but Caroline can only be consistently got in the southern area of the city, and usually on something more powerful than a cheap transistor. Caroline is best picked up during the afternoon.

Edinburgh

Luxembourg and Caroline only. Luxembourg is loud and clear after dark, but tends to wander off the station. Caroline reception is good throughout the day.

Newcastle

Caroline's signals are so weak that it can be picked up only on odd occasions. The majority of pop fans have abandoned hope of getting the pirates, though a few youngsters try to strengthen signals by attaching their transistors to water or gas pipes. They claim this does improve reception.

Great Yarmouth

Luxembourg, Caroline and London. The two pirates are very clear during the day but tend to get blocked out after 6pm. Luxembourg varies from loud and clear to not so good.

At the time of my visit, the DJ panel on duty comprised Doug Kerr (32), Simon Dee (28), Gary Kemp (31) and Tony Blackburn (21). Tony, a former singer, told me that most of their off-duty hours were taken up in planning programmes, selecting records and sorting through the quite considerable mail. Enjoying their week ashore were Brian Vaughan (24), Keith Skues (25), Erroll Bruce (22) and Keith Martin (28). Another who takes a spell at the turntable is Paul Noble, whose main job is as a technician.

The day on Caroline starts with the switching on of the transmitter around 5.30am, and the duty DJ is called from his bed at 5.45am, ready for the opening announcements at 5.58.

Fraternalisation between Caroline and their neighbour, Radio London, is forbidden, although the Dutch crews take it in turn to man each ship.

London's current pride is the reverberator which they use on their newscasts. Perhaps the strongest transmitter of the pirates, London goes on the air from 6am to 9pm and has regular listeners as far north as Glasgow. They have been picked up in Yugoslavia and by radio hams in America.

Visitors are, at present, discouraged because alterations and installations are still being carried out.

Radio Invicta operates from an old fort in the Thames estuary, employing between four and six DJs at any one time. They also go on the air at 6am for 12 hours and are currently engaged in a big talent search – the

first fruits being an all-girl group called The Mission Bells, who have signed for a nationwide tour with The Bachelors.

Invicta's advertising rates vary from six guineas to 10 guineas per 10 seconds, which compares with Caroline's £50 to £160 per minute, depending on the length of the ad, the time of day and various concessions.

Personally, I hope the pirates win their battle with officialdom. Apart from a natural desire to support the underdog, I feel they are obviously providing a service that is welcomed by millions of listeners.

But I wish Caroline would figure an easier way of getting on board than jumping on a tender in the middle of the North Sea. I now know why all of their DJs look like Olympic athletes. *Bob Dawbarn*

— MELODY MAKER MARCH 6 —

IT'S THE BIGGEST mystery of 1965. The radio pirates are pouring pop over the airwaves all day – but how do they get the records? Says Radio London's press officer Mike Stone: "Officially, the record companies don't co-operate. Unofficially, they do."

The record companies themselves vehemently deny any contact whatsoever with the pirates. These were the reactions to Mike's statement: EMI press officer Sid Gillingham: "We do not co-operate with any of the pirate ships in any way."

Decca press officer Chris Williams: "I have never ever sent anything to Radio London. They asked me to put them on our mailing list and I have not done so. The only possible way they could get material would be through a journalist on our mailing list. I listen to them and hear our music and think, 'Good, they are plugging our stuff.' But where they get them from I don't know."

Philips press officer Gloria Bristow: "Until such time as any of these pirate stations are recognised by the government, this company does not recognise them in any shape or form."

Pye press officer Pat Pretty: "We do not associate in any way with any of the pirate stations."

Back to Mike Stone, who deepens the mystery with: "We were the very first people to have the current Tom Jones single – before it reached the shops. In fact, we feel we were responsible for boosting it up the chart."

Whatever their relationships with the record companies, there's gold in them there pirates.



Simon Dee lines up a little mariachi for the Radio Caroline listeners, 1964

"We cover a 250-mile radius with a possible listening audience of 37 million, but in fact we have received letters from as far away as Yugoslavia and Wisconsin," says Stone.

The original investment in Radio London, some half a million pounds, came from corporations in the Bahamas, mainly English and American.

Radio London has been operating for only eight weeks, but they claim the advertising revenue doubles itself each month and they predict the whole of the original investment will have been won back within six months.

Unlike Caroline, Radio London doesn't allow its DJs to select the records they play. They are restricted to the station's "Fabulous 40" plus some five to 10 discs outside the chart which are added to the list.

In charge of the DJs is Ben Toney, a tall Texan with long experience of the business in the States. He employs five regular DJs and three relief jockeys. They work aboard the ship for two weeks at a stretch and then have one week off.

It's difficult to discover what Radio London estimates is its current listening figure. But after five weeks of operation, Philip Birch, its

managing director, estimated they were over the million mark.

Radio London say their rates are the "highest in the world" — varying from £76 to £36 half-minute plugs. London is what is known in the States as a Formula station.

"We run to make money and appeal to the majority of people," says Mike. "We just don't aim at minority groups at all."

"We give the news every hour, on the hour, but I'm afraid our sources must remain a mystery," Stone told me. "But I can assure you we don't steal it." *Bob Dawbarn*

Mystery of those pirate pop discs

IT'S the biggest mystery of 1965. The radio pirates are pouring pop over the airwaves all day — but how do they get the records?

Says Radio London's press officer Mike Stone: "Officially the record companies don't cooperate. Unofficially they do."

The record companies, themselves, vehemently deny any contact whatever with the pirates. These were the reactions to Mike Stone's statement:

EMI Press Officer Syd Gillingham: "We do not cooperate with any of the pirate radio ships in any way."

Decca Press Officer Chris Williams: "I have never even sent anything to Radio London. They asked me to put them on our mailing list and I have not done so. The only possible way they could get material would be through a journalist on our mailing list."

"I listen to them and hear our records and think: 'Good, they are plugging our stuff.' But where they get them from I don't know."

Phillips Press Officer Gloria Bristow: "Until such time as any of these pirate stations are recognised by the government, this company does not recognise them in any shape or form."

Eye Press Officer Pat Pretty: "We do not associate in any way with any of the pirate stations."

Back to Mike Stone who deepens the mystery with: "We were the very first people to have the current Tom Jones single — before it reached the shops. In fact, we feel we were responsible for boosting it up the chart."

Whatever their relationships with the record companies, there's gold in them thar pirates.

"We cover a 250-mile radius with a possible listening audience of 37 million, but in fact we have received letters from as far away as Yugoslavia and Wisconsin," says Stone.

ing audience of 37 million, but, in fact, we have received letters from as far away as Yugoslavia and Wisconsin," says Stone.

The original investment in Radio London, some half a million pounds, came from corporations in the Bahamas, mainly English and American.

Radio London has been operating for only eight weeks, but they claim the advertising revenue doubles itself each month and they predict the whole of the original investment will have been won back within six months.

Unlike Caroline, Radio London doesn't allow its DJs to select the records they play. They are restricted to the station's "Fabulous 40" plus some five to 10 discs outside the chart which are added to the list.

In charge of the DJs is Ben Toney, a tall Texan with long experience of the business in the States. He employs five regular DJs and three relief jockeys. They work aboard the ship for two weeks at a stretch and then have one week off.

It's difficult to discover what Radio London estimates is its current listening figure. But after five weeks of operation, Philip Birch, its managing director, estimated they were over the million mark.

Radio London say their rates are the "highest in the world" — varying from £76 to £36 half-minute plugs. London is what is known in the States as a Formula station.

"We run to make money and appeal to the majority of people," says Mike. "We just don't aim at minority groups at all."

"We give the news every hour, on the hour, but I'm afraid our sources must remain a mystery," Stone told me. "But I can assure you we don't steal it." *Bob Dawbarn*

Ah-hargh! The Bachelors buy a pirate!

MM JANUARY 2, 1965 The clean-cut Irish trio set sights on Radio Invicta

POP STARS HAVE joined the battle of the airwaves. It was announced this week that The Bachelors are to buy Radio Invicta, the pirate radio station operating from the Thames estuary. The station beams pop on London, and its former owner Tom Pepper was drowned in December.

The offer for Invicta has been made by all three Bachelors and their manager, Philip Solomon, through their own company, Bachelors Ltd. Bachelor Dec Cluskey told the MM: "We are not disclosing any purchase

price — in case we haven't agreed on a price, but we are definitely acquiring the station.

"The main object is to make money, of course, but we will naturally be promoting our own musical interests — not only our own records, but discs in which we have an interest."

"We will run the station on much the same lines as now, but on a bigger scale."

"Occasionally we will appear ourselves because we want to be associated with Invicta. We think that eventually every town will have its own radio station and we want to be the first in London."



“Dylan heard it and jumped up and down...”

THE ANIMALS have taken New York. Socialising with Dylan, digging Ornette and Coltrane, blowing minds at the Apollo... NME joins the Geordie beats for a debrief (and a pint) in London.

— NME FEBRUARY 5 —

ERIC BURDON VS Cassius Clay might sound like an unlikely title bout but Eric informs me that it was almost reality when The Animals were in New York last week. Clay was staying in the same hotel as the boys and apparently had some reservations about Hilton Valentine dating his sister-in-law, Lintoy.

As Eric struggled manfully with his cornflakes in the hotel restaurant, a large brown hand descended upon his shoulder and cemented him to his chair. “You’re one of those Animals,” drawled Clay. “Well, just remember I’m heavyweight champion of the world and I can smash you to pulp.” When Eric withdrew hurriedly there was still a half-eaten bowl of cornflakes on the restaurant table!

The Animals chatted to me about America and their new hit, “Don’t Let Me Be Misunderstood”, after having talked with agent Harold Davison about tours to Hong Kong and New Zealand later this year. This was an evening conference, but my session with The Animals had begun that morning at their Holland Park flat with the one member missing from this top level talk – organist Alan Price.

Jeanette, an attractive brunette and manager Mike Jeffery’s personal secretary (and a kind of Florence Nightingale Jr to the boys), opened the door to me. After screaming upstairs to Alan that I had arrived, she socialised by taking a large bull whip from the wall and proceeded to »

© TONY GALE/PICTORIALPRESS.COM



The Animals in '65: (l-r) John Steel, Alan Price, Eric Burdon, Chas Chandler, Hilton Valentine



Eric Burdon played it cool with Clay!

ERIC BURDON v. Cassius Clay might sound like an unlikely title bout but Eric informs me that it was almost reality when the Animals were in New York last week.

Clay was staying in the same hotel as the boys and apparently had some reservations about Hilton Valentine dating his sister-in-law, Lintoy.

As Eric struggled manfully with his cornflakes in the hotel restaurant a large brown hand descended upon his shoulder and cemented him to his chair.

"You're one of those Animals," drawled Clay. "Well, just remember that he's heavyweight champion of

lemonade, a bottle of milk and 20 fags," stipulated Alan.

Now, while I would not recommend that for the average patient, I hate to see an "Animal" suffer, and so went to the shops for provisions.

When I returned, Jeanette had 'phoned for a doctor and Alan insisted on chatting while he searched for socks and things.

"I had two pairs when I left for America," he said, "now I've only got one. Chas must have hooked them out the window again."

ANIMALS IN AMERICA

by Keith
Altham

that. On the Saturday night ouring was still not official and the unions relented. We were supposed to do three rehearsals for the show in fact, we did the show without on the Sunday.

Some of the spare money

1965

JANUARY–MARCH

demonstrate (meet the world's most terrified target) how she could take a cigarette out of my mouth.

"It's all right," she smiled. "I did it with Alan first time."

Fortunately, at the crucial moment, a sockless, bleary-eyed Alan padded down the stairs and I noted with relief still appeared attached to his nose. He lurched across to the window, threw it open and yelled, "We hate The Beatles" (he doesn't), which prompted a great ringing at the doorbell by three strategically positioned young ladies who had been patrolling the pad. Nightingale Jr answered the door and explained that her husband was not receiving visitors!

"God, I feel awful," moaned Alan. "I'm terrified of flying and had one or two drinks to see me over." In addition to a hangover, Alan was also running a fever and appeared very flushed. "I'd like two bottles of fizzy lemonade, a bottle of milk and 20 fags," stipulated Alan.

Now, while I would not recommend that for the average patient, I hate to see an "Animal" suffer, and so went to the shops for provisions. When I returned, Jeanette had phoned for a doctor and Alan insisted on chatting while he searched for socks and things. "I had two pairs when I left for America," he said, "now I've only got one. Chas must have hooked them out the window again."

We eventually located his socks and a pair of red leather boots which he had bought in Cheyenne. "Come and hear the new American LP," he volunteered. "It's the best ever. You'll be the first Englishman to hear it."

The LP, including many tracks like "Bright Lights, Big City", "I Believe To My Soul", "Hallelujah I Just Love Her So", "Mess Around," and "Worried Life Blues", is a knockout. "Bright Lights" mentions Eric Burdon's favourite clubs, The Flamingo and Ronnie Scott's, while "Worried Life Blues" includes some great guitar work from Hilton. Alan plays piano on a number of tracks and says he expects to be playing piano on the next single. Many of these tracks will make up the next Animals British LP.

The doctor arrived about midday and took one look at Alan before carting him off to hospital for a thorough check-up. "No more parties for me," was Alan's final resolution as he departed through the door. "I'm going to be a slippers-on-and-watch-TV man from now." The doctor looked approving – I tried not to look to sceptical.

About this time, big Chas Chandler lumbered down the stairs minus his shirt, observed drily that "It's only Keith", scratched his stomach reflectively and appeared to be returning to bed. He was reminded of the conference at the agency, however, and moved resignedly off to find a shirt.

In the taxi on the way to the agency, Chas talked about the American trip. "It was like a nine-day holiday," he grinned. "We did one live show at the Apollo Theatre. That made us very happy, for we are the first white group ever to appear there. We were supposed to do four shows a day, but

ANIMALS

are here again !

DON'T LET ME BE MISUNDERSTOOD

RECORDING MANAGER: MICKIE MOST

PERSONAL MANAGEMENT: MIKE JEFFERY

REPRESENTATION:

HAROLD DAVISON

OFFICE

ran into union troubles, so the only other work we did was the Ed Sullivan TV show. We only just made that. On the Saturday night our booking was still not official and then the unions relented. We were supposed to do three rehearsals for the show, but in fact we did the show without any on the Sunday."

Some of the spare moments in America were filled with interviews and sorting out various lawsuits. One promoter who was suing the boys for \$50,000 lost his case and had to pay The Animals \$3,000.

Chas spoke of their meeting with folk singer Bob Dylan. "He took us down to Greenwich Village to meet his friend John Lee Hooker," said Chas. "Unfortunately John was ill and not appearing at the club that night, so we went back to Bob's pad and got smashed on some huge casks of wine he had. He played us his first ever single, which is shortly to be released all over the world. It's called 'Those Old Subterranean Blues' and is a story about people living after the Bomb exploded.

"Bob bought our record 'House Of The Rising Sun' and was so impressed with it that he bought an electric guitar so that he could include our version in his stage act."

We arrived at the agency to find that Hilton, Eric and John were already assembled. "Back in half an hour," Eric assured me, and was whisked away into an outer office. The monotony was broken at one stage by John, who "nipped out" to enquire of the secretary if she had a safety pin for his jeans. When The Animals herded back into the office about six o'clock, we were soon discussing the new single.

"I see they are releasing Nina Simone's original version," said Chas. "Seems a little strange as she made it over four years ago, but the competition should do us good."

"Nina's version is too good to be a hit," said Eric. "Our adaptation is specially geared for this country. There's too much going on in her version. It's much too busy for the kids to grasp. We've done away with clutter."

Hilton "I'm taking over in *Pickwick* this Christmas" Valentine, complete with newly acquired sideboards, gave me his impression of their US visit. "The fans are great," he said. "We were virtually penned in the hotel again. They climbed up onto a roof of a 15-storey block opposite the hotel to wave to us through the hotel windows."

John interrupted to say, "The biggest villain in New York became the restaurant manager who had to keep throwing the youngsters out. The poor fellow had rather prominent ears and every time he ventured into the street a crowd of about 50 kids would follow him, shouting, 'We have big ears.'"

The Animals agreed that their biggest disappointment was not being able to record live at the famous Apollo Theatre. They had also hoped to make a documentary film financed with their own money.

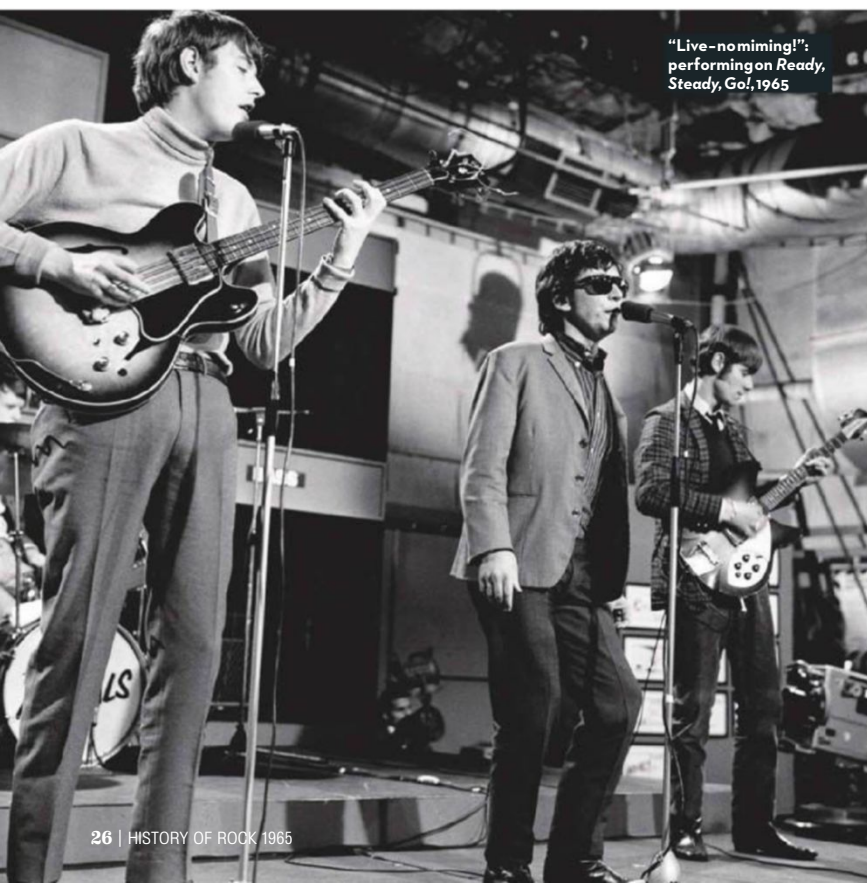
When it came time to break the party up, Hilton and John departed for previous dates and Chas, Eric and I nipped over the road for a pint. While sipping his ale, Eric recalled the one highly unpleasant aspect of the American trip for him. "Someone stole \$1,000 from my hotel bedroom," he said bitterly. "I know who was responsible as well, and we can't pin a thing on him. That means goodbye to the car I was hoping to buy when I got back here."

We chatted briefly about the flip of the new record, which was written by Eric and was all about "The Club A-Go-Go" he designed in Newcastle. It refers to characters like "Big Joe" who are allegedly members of the club. "There is no Big Joe," said Eric. There was a slight lull in the conversation as he reflected slowly. "Y'know, there's a guy called 'Dave' – he's the fastest thing on two legs I've ever seen when it comes to a scrap."

He climbed into his sheepskin and made for the door. "He'd make a very interesting match for Cassius. I'd put money on Dave, he's the greatest!" *Keith Altham*

— MELODY MAKER FEBRUARY 6 —

THE ANIMALS WERE roaming the streets of New York last week – thanks to union troubles that led to the cancellation of some of their American appearances. They gratefully accepted the chance to catch up on their



"Live-nomiming!": performing on *Ready, Steady, Go!*, 1965

listening. Back in London this week, drummer John Steel told me: "We were originally supposed to do eight shows at the Apollo in Harlem, spread over two days. In fact, we only did one show before we were stopped. Apparently the immigration authorities had only cleared us to do the Ed Sullivan TV show. Still, I think we were the first all-white group ever to play the Apollo."

The Apollo audiences have the reputation as being the toughest in the world. Not so, says John. "They are certainly the hippest in the world," he declared. "We found them very good, great in fact – the best audience we have found anywhere. They know what they are listening to and if it's not good they won't accept it. If it's good they really give their support."

"Chuck Jackson was finishing as top of the bill on the night we did our show. The next night it was Dionne Warwick, Ben E King and The Vibrations. We met Bob Dylan in the Village. We went to his manager's house – I suppose I should call it his pad. We listened to a few records and had a few flagons of wine and then we all went out round Greenwich Village."

"The local scene is pretty phoney – even Dylan admitted it and was taking the rise out of a lot of it. Anyway, we had a really good night. Dylan is a nice guy; we all like him a lot. He is no phoney. Dylan was very pleased about our version of 'House Of The Rising Sun' – which is a knock against the people who knocked us for copying him."

"He said he first heard it when he was driving and he stopped the car and jumped up and down, he liked it so much. He also said he liked 'I'm Crying' very much, which surprised us because we never rated it much. Dylan had his ears open all the time. He is always listening to, and looking at, what's going on. Which is probably why he is such a good folk artist."

I told John there were rumours that he had sat with John Coltrane. There was a shocked silence. "I wouldn't dare," he laughed. "I certainly sat and watched him four sets a night, four nights running. Fantastic! He had the usual group – Elvin Jones, McCoy Tyner and Jimmy Garrison."

"On our time off I dug the jazz scene mainly. I went along to hear Ornette Coleman, but it was too far out for me. He is playing violin and trumpet now. I went with open ears but I just didn't get the message. I have his records playing alto and I think he is a great composer. But I couldn't make his violin and trumpet playing."

"The Bill Evans Trio was on the same show and that was much more in my line. I also saw Roland Kirk at the Five Spot and he was playing great. On the same bill was the trio led by Jaki Byard, the pianist who used to be with Mingus. They played nice, swinging music, not too far out. It was a very good all-round scene."

"You know, Ornette Coleman really sounds as though he is playing *Goon Show* music with a very fast backing. He just has bass and drums behind him."

Are things being made tougher for British groups in the States? "Yes," said John. "Things are definitely getting tougher for British artists over there. They have got it in for the invasion by our groups. It's getting like the '30s when they stopped Jack Hylton's band from touring there."

"Promoters and agents will have to make sure that things are cleared in plenty of time now. If arrangements are made well in advance and everybody, including the authorities, knows exactly what is happening, then it should be all right."

"We hope to be back in the States around Easter and there is a possibility we will go back to the Apollo. For the rest of this week we will be concentrating on a lot of TV and radio to promote our new single, 'Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood'."

"After three days on sale in the States it had jumped to number 79 in the National Chart there – which is very good going indeed." *Bob Dawbarn*

— NME MARCH 5 —

DRINKING AROUND THE corner from the *Ready, Steady, Go!* studios – live, no miming! – were The Animals and I. "Let's get one thing straight," began Chas, clasp a benevolent pint in each paw, "I discovered Goldie & The Gingerbreads."

I looked at Alan, Hilton and Eric, but they were playing "dumb animals". No-one was arguing, probably due to the fact that Chas is a big man and possibly due to the fact that it was his round. Chas deposited the ale on the table and rumbled on:

"I dropped into the Wagon Wheel club in New York one evening on my own. I heard the girls and went back to tell the others about them. They thought I was joking when I told them that I had heard a fantastic new girl group."

A newly shorn Eric Burdon (you can blame the young lady barber at the Southampton TV make-up studios) took up the story. "We thought he was drunk – again," said Eric. "Girl groups have always been a bad joke with us and a good girl group seemed incredible."

Alan (please print that I'm not married) Price continued: "After we had heard the girls, I could hardly believe my eyes or ears. I couldn't believe that Margo was really playing an organ that well."

Alan dated Ginger and Hilton took Goldie on the town.

"In fact, Goldie took me," admitted Hilton. "She showed me the scene, Jackson Heights, the Bronx and around the clubs in Greenwich Village. I met her folks and they were nice enough to invite me to stay with them on our last trip."

One thing that all Animals are agreed upon is that Carol is the comedienne in the group. "She can keep you in fits of laughter with her impressions," said Alan. "She has this fantastic Donald Duck voice which she can put on and it's good enough to fool Walt Disney."

I got up to go to the bar but Alan beat me to it and during the interim Hilton took the opportunity of writing "Keith is a fool" on my jotting pad. Coming from the guy who had just bought a fiver's worth of pennies for his phone at the flat only to find it converted to STD (threepenny bits) the next day, that's not bad. I am indebted to Eric

for that previous information.

The Animals are all looking forward to going back to America in a few months' time. "We've got nine days' holiday in Mississippi," Hilton informed me after referring to a small pocket diary.

"We're also coming up for six days in the Caribbean," said Alan, and added: "We're doing a commercial for Bounty Bar."

Both Eric and Hilton are sharing a flat in London and it sounds as though they could use some help in the kitchen (are you listening, Goldie?).

"Hilton made a butter pud last week," said Eric. "It turned out like a badly mixed sponge cake."

"What about your egg effort," countered Hilton. "He put two eggs in a pan and went away to make a phone call. Came back one hour later and the pan had disintegrated."

The one man missing from our enquiry on Goldie & The Gingerbreads was Johnny Steel. John is a friendly guy but follows in a long line of background drummers. I suggested he was reserved and got the biggest laugh of the afternoon. Apparently the night before John had been, as Hilton described it, "inebriated". As Chas mentioned, "inebriated", and Alan put it more directly: "Stoned."

"He thought he was a parachutist," said Alan sadly. "That wasn't so bad, but he didn't have

a parachute and we were in the van doing about 80 when he decided to jump. Fortunately Eric caught him before he got the doors fully open. Then we ran out of petrol and he insisted there was a 4,000-gallon tank on the roof."

I went back to the *Ready, Steady, Go!* studios to meet this dissipated character myself. There was John sitting in the dressing room looking "reserved".

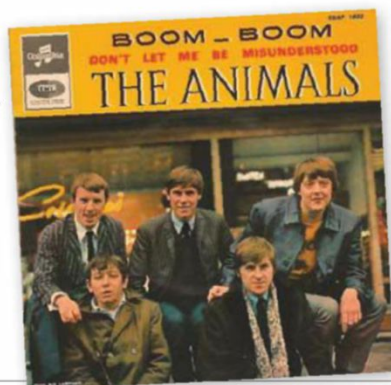
"John, I'd like to talk to you about Goldie & The Gingerbreads," I said.

"Fine," said John brightly.

"And what's all this about a parachute?"

John turned a crimson colour. "Oh that," he grinned sheepishly. "I'll tell you in a minute – we're due on stage."

I never saw him again. We may never know what John Steel thought about Goldie & The Gingerbreads. *Keith Altham* •



"I watched Coltrane four sets a night, four nights running"

1965

JANUARY - MARCH



The Bill Evans Trio rehearse an appearance on BBC Two's *Jazz 625*, hosted by Humphrey Lyttelton, March 1965

REDFERNS



“I would
like to play
a concert
where nobody
applauded
at all...”

When **BILL EVANS** arrives for a residency in London, it is a major jazz event. In this rare interview, Evans offers glimpses of the melancholic, exacting personality that produced his fluid and highly technical work, while **MELODY MAKER** introduces the band and reviews a show.

1965

JANUARY – MARCH



(From left) Chuck Israels, Bill Evans and Larry Bunker

— MELODY MAKER FEBRUARY 27 —

“EVERYBODY DIGS BILL EVANS” says the sleeve of his favourite album. And the claim isn’t all that extravagant to judge, at least, from the reception he’s had in America and Europe and from the biggest number of pianists who are imitating him today.

Probably the most outstanding exception to this generalisation for a long period was Bill Evans himself. Even today he finds the universal acclaim hard to credit, “Frankly,” he told me, “I don’t even know the qualities of my playing. I am bewildered and mystified by my position in jazz.”

And he means it. He is a frail, shy, extremely articulate person with no trace of false modesty—he is almost painfully endowed with the natural variety.

Somebody once observed, watching him play a concert, that he looked as if he was trying to sneak into the piano to hide. He is deeply gratified by audience acclaim, but slightly embarrassed by it.

“I have always been basically introspective. I was serious as a kid. My brother and I would get taken to a circus and he’d kill himself laughing. But I would sit there completely expressionless. Yet I would be enjoying it immensely.

“I was even more introspective when I got into the army in 1951 and met psychological problems. I was confused emotionally and spiritually and I tried to work my way out of this period through music.

“Music was my barometer. I could tell how I was and what I was going through by the way I played. From that point on I have been trying to achieve naturalness in my playing, which I lost. Not long ago I discovered a record which I made when I was 21 and there are things on it which I wish I could do now. Music is the most important and

meaningful thing in my life and my music contains more of me than any other thing about my life.”

Evans’ complete dedication to music has constantly sustained him through ill health and psychological problems. Born in Plainfield, New Jersey in August 1929, he started reading scores—like other kids read comics—when he was six and a half.

He went through the usual musical mill of college hops, society dances—even rhythm and blues bands. “I used to play with Herbie Fields and I’d come off that piano with my arms aching and my finger nails broken to hell.”

But it was not until August 1956, when he was 27, that his first album appeared. “I was completely unhappy about that first record,” he told me. “And I didn’t like *Explorations*. But now I’ve learned to like them both.”

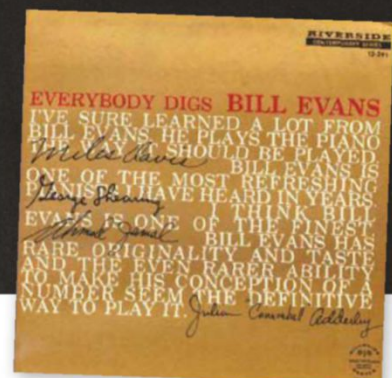
As if to make up for their delay in discovering him, the critics went into extravagant raptures about Evans—with the best possible intentions. But this avalanche of acclaim disturbed the pianist. “I had serious doubts about my abilities for a long time.”

But then, in 1958, he joined Miles Davis, and he resolved his problems in a typically objective and logical way. “I had always had great respect for Miles Davis. And when he asked me to join him I realised that I had to revise my views about my own playing. If I continued to feel inadequate as a pianist, it would be to deny my respect for Davis. So I began to accept the position in which I had been placed.

“I think a musician has to have great fortitude to believe in himself until he achieves a position which is undeniable.”

This lack of belief in himself was reflected in the 27-month gap that occurred between his first album and the second. He said at the time: “I had nothing new to say.”

Since then the albums have been coming thick and fast and Evans has regrets about some of them.



"There are a few albums I would prefer not to have had released – but I suppose if they are bad they will fade quickly. My attitude is more flexible now. At one time I was never satisfied – but you have to compromise in the end. The record company have been very good to me."

Nevertheless when they were preparing recently to release, as a new album, some tapes made more than a year ago, Evans smartly got his trio into the studio – just before leaving for this present tour – and recorded new material to replace the old.

One criticism that has been made of Evans' playing is that it is more cerebral than emotional. I put this to him and he answered: "This is strictly not true. It may be that my emotions as translated into music are not pleasing and don't have sufficient impact for some people. What the critics might hear is the result of discipline."

The word discipline goes right to the roots of Evans' playing. He believes that freedom can only exist within a framework of discipline – that complete freedom is musical anarchy.

He also has tried to develop his technique to a point where he can play exactly what he feels without worrying about the actual mechanics of playing. "It's a whole process which I've developed since I first heard music. If I compose, it's different. I don't need a spontaneous facility. But when playing jazz, I do. And believe me it takes a lot of time and experience to get to a point where you don't have to think about the mechanics of playing."

Evans' music is intensely personal. Listening to it you almost get the feeling that you are intruding, because it is so much a part of himself. This creates special problems for him now that he has won immense popular acclaim.

He admits: "I am never happier than when I am playing alone in my own home. Applause gets to be embarrassing. I would love to play a concert where nobody applauded at all. In fact, I'm always astonishing fellow musicians when I tell them I'd rather play in an empty club than in a crowded one."

The Bill Evans Trio never rehearses. "We don't even talk about music – except in general terms – between concerts. Yet if you can avoid it, if you can treat it as a challenge and overcome it, you've achieved a lot more than you would by just changing the programme."

"Every time we do a number it is different – you get different things going, and sometimes you get that wonderful experience when everything hangs together."

Evans acknowledges Bud Powell as his biggest influence but adds: "You learn from everybody. For instance there's a bass player in my home town whom nobody has heard of. But for two years he used to call the changes to me, so he had a tremendous influence on my development."

Finally I asked Bill Evans what he considered to be his biggest fault musically. "Playing too much in the same way," he said. "The trouble is that as you develop it takes longer and longer to learn less and less. You start with a rush, then you gradually slow up."

"But I want to change my whole sound. And I have made a firm resolution that when this tour is finished I'm going to take time off and really dig into music. There's so much to learn."

— MELODY MAKER MARCH 13 —

MY ONE-IN-PERSON experience of the Bill Evans Trio hardly took place in ideal circumstances. It was a cold, damp evening at the 1964 festival in Comblain-la-Tour, Belgium, with a mist swirling over musicians and audience like the climax of a horror film.

The musical brilliance of the group can be judged by the fact that, against all the odds, it was the most memorable listening experience of the year. By the time you read this, the trio will have opened at London's Ronnie Scott's club and will have no doubt hushed the drinkers into the necessary concentration on its most subtle improvisations.

One point about the trio is the superb integration of its components – Evans (piano), Chuck Israels (bass) and Larry Bunker (drums). Each a brilliant musician in his own right, their combined efforts fit so perfectly – one begins to suspect the use of telepathy.

Each one can start the others off on a new track. As Bunker told me: "There is that sort of rapport in the group. Some nights I will play different and Bill will react and play differently."

"Chuck has the same influence on us – he certainly influences my playing all the time. It's a matter of the moment – we are probably as free as three people can be. We aren't chained to any kind of routine."

Chuck Israels was born in New York in 1936 and switched to jazz from his first love, classical music, in 1955 through an association with Herb Pomroy. After studying cello and guitar he switched to bass, on which he is largely self-taught.

Larry Bunker was born in Long Beach, California, in 1928, and says his first steady job was playing piano on a Mississippi Riverboat in 1948. Over the past 10 years he has been one of the busiest freelancers on the West Coast, on vibes as well as drums.

He has worked with just about everybody from the Los Angeles Philharmonic to Lawrence Welk. *Bob Dawbarn*

BILL EVANS TRIO LIVE AT RONNIE SCOTT'S

FROM THE ATMOSPHERE of hushed reverence we could have been in the Sistine Chapel – except that as far as I know they don't have pictures of Zoot Sims and Tubby Hayes hanging on the walls.

In fact, we were in the gloom of London's Ronnie Scott's club paying homage to the Bill Evans Trio – the first full American trio to play a British club. And the quiescent audience is a necessity if you are to fully savour the tasteful tranquility of the Evans brand of jazz.

This is not music for those who listen with their feet. The excitement is intellectual, perhaps the most subtle in contemporary jazz, but real enough as the group explores the full melodic possibilities of each chord sequence.

Delayed in Paris for extra concerts, the trio just made it in time for Tuesday's opening. Their opening sets were greeted with deserved acclaim by a packed audience. And there are muscles beneath the delicate flesh – and when flexed they can produce music that swings with the best.

Evans himself plays with head poised over the piano – a new one hired for the occasion – like a golden eagle searching for Cairn terriers in Regent's Park. His hands coax an endless flow of ideas from the keyboard – highly sophisticated, but each sequence firmly rooted in jazz.

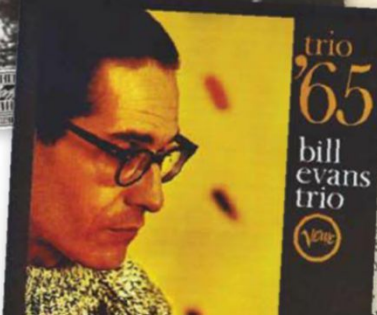
It is far more than a one-man show. Chuck Israels provides a virtuoso performance on bass, whether complementing Evans' thought or providing his own complex yet always logical solos.

Larry Bunker sounds as though he was born for exactly this type of trio. His drumming sounds deceptively simple until one concentrates on it for a while and he never obtrudes, whether using sticks or brushes.

My one complaint, and it is a small one after such an enjoyable performance, is that there could be a wider variation of mood and tempo in the programme.

Bob Dawbarn

"As you develop, it takes longer and longer to learn less and less"



RONNIE SCOTT ON BILL EVANS

Table reserved for pianists only



1965

JANUARY - MARCH



Producer Mickie Most (third left) with The Animals, 1965

“The albums business will take over”

MM FEBRUARY 6 There are too many “idols” making too many singles, says producer Mickie Most

HAS THE MAGIC gone out of the record business? Top independent producer Mickie Most thinks it has. Fast-talking Mickie is one of the most successful of that battling breed of independents – in competition with the giants of the industry but adept at producing hit after hit. Among the stars with the most stamps on their records are The Animals, Nashville Teens and Herman’s Hermits. Since April last year Mickie has produced ten hits, including “House Of The Rising Sun”, “Tobacco Road”, “I’m Into Something Good”, “I’m Crying” and “Is It True?” At one time he had five records in the Top 20 and three in the Top 10.

How many independent producers are there?

When I started back in ‘63 there was Joe Meek, Bob Stigwood and Denis Preston. Now I look through the lists and there are hundreds of them – from accountants to truck drivers – all making records.

It’s getting so there are a hundred records out every week and only seven per cent can be

successful. You can’t promote 100 records a week. The Number 1 record is different every week, whereas at one time it would stay there for six weeks or more. It has never been like this before. Saturation point has been reached and it will kill the business.

But nothing is being done about it. People will not agree to cut down their releases.

Why do you think the magic has gone?

There are too many idols and they can’t all last. A teenage girl can’t be in love with nine million singers at once! Their affection is being spread and there is no focus point. When I was a young record buyer I used to like Frankie Laine and Jo Stafford. I would

buy their records regularly. Now you can go on naming names all day. Instead of really digging stars like they used to, I notice that teenagers just accept artists – no more of the pedestal

bit. And giving the public what it wants all the time is taking away the creativity of record production.

The public likes to be surprised. This saturation has resulted in the end of the mystery and magic.

What of the future?

The album business will take over. The Stones and Beatles sell albums like nobody in this country have ever sold before. Fifty thousand for an album used to be fantastic a few years ago. Now The Beatles can sell a million.

Chris Welch

“Instead of really digging stars like they used to, teenagers just accept artists”



DUSTY SPRINGFIELD

YOUR HURTIN' KINDA LOVE
DON'T SAY IT BABY



SINGLES
REVIEW
ALBUMS

45 rpm single 326 699 BF

SINGLES

Righteous Brothers You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling

Hard luck on The Righteous Brothers, who are battling a cover version by Cilla Black of "You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling". I haven't heard Cilla's but enjoyed the American group's London release. It features the Spector sound now adapted to the rockaballad trend and Phil wrote it with the celebrated Mann-Weill team. It's a soulful ballad with a subdued verse and explosive chorus with rumbling drums, tambourine, ethereal echo voices and shimmering strings. The backing is a trifle distracting. Thudding, plodding mid-tempo beat with hand claps and falsettos for "There's A Woman". Very little melody. (NME, 1/1)

James Brown & The Famous Flames Have Mercy Baby

A powerful shout and scream R&B opus is presented by James Brown with The Famous Flames on London. With a soul-hard backing and torrid sax, "Have Mercy Baby" has an insistent shake beat. "Just Won't Do Right" is a thumping beat ballad with organ adding to the fullness of the sound. (NME, 15/1)

Dusty Springfield Your Hurting Kind Of Love

Faster and more forceful than "Losing You" is the latest Dusty Springfield offering on Philips, "Your Hurting Kind Of Love", a shuffle-rhythm rockaballad with soaring strings and a compulsive beat. Features Dusty's usual heartfelt styling and powerful projection with

occasional extemporisation on the basic theme, and unobtrusive chanting girls. (NME, 5/2)

The Who I Can't Explain

Here's a group I like immensely and their absorbing sound matches their gimmick name, The Who. (They were originally The High Numbers). "I Can't Explain" is a pounding shuffle-shaker with surf-like counter-harmonies behind the main lyric. It's insidious and insistent, with an arresting lurching – a sort of blend of Mersey and surfing! Keep your eye on this one. Even better is "Bald Headed Woman", which starts with a bluesy solo vocal set to a rasping funereal backing with gospel-like chanting – and gradually develops into a wild-handclapping raver. On Brunswick. (NME, 15/1)



Rolling Stones The Last Time

A tremendously gutty sound with a storming thumping beat hallmarks The Rolling Stones' "The Last Time", rush-released by Decca today (Friday). The strident, vibrant rhythm envelops Mick Jagger's forceful vocal, while the melody is repetitive to the point of

hypnosis. But don't get me wrong: these aren't faults – this is merely a clinical analysis. Blended together, it adds up to a sound of shattering impact. Value for money, too – this track runs to three-and-a-half minutes. To use Mick Jagger's own words, "It's a toe-tapping medium shaker." In complete contrast, Mick sings the wistful lyric of "Play With Fire" with an insidious and compelling backing. Unlike the top side, this is not Jagger-Richards. (NME, 26/2)

Jimmy Page She Just Satisfies

Frenzied rhythm accompanied by tambourine, harmonica and semi-shout vocal. "She Just Satisfies" on Fontana has a contrived R&B effect. Jimmy, who wrote it with Barry Mason, seems to have taken a leaf from the Stones' book. Background chanting, too. "Keep Moving" is an aptly titled instrumental. (NME, 26/2)

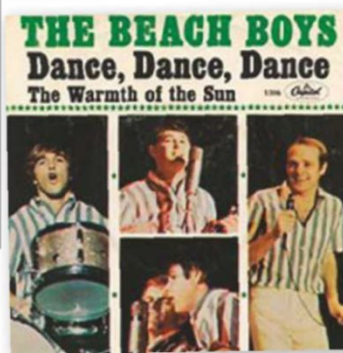


Spencer Davis Group Every Little Bit Hurts

Originally waxed by Brenda Holloway and covered by Cilla Black on her LP, "Every Little Bit Hurts" is the most commercial disc yet from Fontana's Spencer Davis Group. A soulful solo-voice styling with haunting piano figure. There's a slight speeding of tempo for "It Hurts Me So", still R&B. (NME, 26/2)

The Beach Boys Dance Dance Dance

The typical surfing sound of The Beach Boys – counter-harmonies, simultaneous falsettos and chanting, rattling tambourine and twanging – are again to the fore in "Dance Dance Dance" (Capitol).



One of the group's best discs, you may have seen them perform it on "Ready, Steady, Go!". Because it's such a simply constructed, easily memorised tune, it really makes you want to obey the title command. Dreamy rockaballad, "The Warmth Of The Sun" has a plodding backing but is still colourful because the boys' harmonies are exploited to full advantage.

(NME, 15/1)



ALBUMS

The Kinks Kinda Kinks

PYE-POPULAR
These Londoners take their bluesy songs with an ease which is relaxing for beat music. They instill some charm into their work, which is probably why they are so successful. Ray Davies takes 10 of the dozen composing credits, and the album is no worse for that. (NME, 19/3)



The Pretty Things The Pretty Things

FONTANA
It's easy to shriek at their appearance but when it comes to listening to an LP it's the music of The Pretty Things that is on trial. Long hair and off-beat clothes do not permeate record grooves. In the field it explores – British rhythm and blues – this is good. Instrumentally, The Pretty Things are strong. Vocally, they are OK but not distinctive enough. The tracks here jump along pretty well, and some are good, crude and bluesy. (MM, 6/3)

“They came at us with shovels!”

It's an excitable ROLLING STONES that meets NME early in 1965. A new album, *The Rolling Stones No 2*, an Australasian tour... and finally a return to the UK to remind audiences what they've been missing.

— NME JANUARY 22 —

AN ANIMAL BROKE into The Rolling Stones' dressing room recently, but as it was Hilton Valentine (one of THE Animals), he was allowed to stay for a chat with Brian Jones.

Not so lucky was a certain “Andrew Oldham”, who was thundering to be let in at the stage door. “Is he The Rolling Stones' co-manager?” asked an official of the management. “Indeed he is,” replied the real Andrew Oldham, who had been talking to Keith Richards. The official was hastily sent to dispatch the imposter.

Mick Jagger shook his mop of hair reflectively in the mirror, and observed drily, “I look like one of The Kinks...” He then proceeded to sing a few bars of “You Really Got A Hold On Me” to convince himself he was not.

Bill Wyman viewed his mane somewhat ruefully over Mick's shoulder and wondered if perhaps his barber (whom he last saw in June 1963) might have made a more professional job than Keith did. Brian was going through his “just washed my hair and can't do a thing with it” routine at another mirror. Keith was tuning his guitar and Charlie sat quietly at the far end of the room doing his impression of “the Silent Stone”.

When I arrived an hour previously it had been a considerably more soothing scene. The only person present was road manager Ian Stewart (“the Invisible Stone”), who prefers to be heard and not seen. You can hear Stew on three *The Rolling Stones No 2* tracks playing organ and piano. “I also wrote a new treatment for “Time Is On My Side” as the boys weren't happy with the single release in the States,” said Stew.

Things reverted to their usual chaotic conditions when the Stones rolled »

GETTY IMAGES



The Rolling Stones in '65:
(l-r) Mick Jagger, Keith
Richards, Brian Jones,
Charlie Watts, Bill Wyman



1965

JANUARY – MARCH



Big O time: the Stones and Roy Orbison on the roof of the Chevron Hotel in Sydney, January 21, 1965

up some time later. Keith and Brian were discussing the prospects of a new film which I'm sure they will never make.

"I'm going to play the Scout Master," said Keith.

"I shall be King Of The Mods," declared Brian, resolutely combing his thatch.

"King of the Rockers – me," joked Mick, striking a heroic pose.

In more serious mood, they discussed the album. Brian, who is his own severest critic, decided that the "I Can't Be Satisfied" track is his particular favourite. "I play bottle-neck guitar on it," said Brian. "It has one of the best guitar solos I've ever managed."

Brian's fans will be pleased to know he is looking fitter than ever after his recent bout of ill health.

The track titled "You Can't Catch Me" is Keith's favourite item on the album. "It has a fantastic heavy beat which builds up like a locomotive coming up behind you," he said.

I asked Bill what impressed him about the album and he said jokingly: "My bass playing!" Brian insisted I jot that down, so there you are. "One thing that's quite interesting is that I play six-string bass on 'Down Home Girl' and 'Pain In My Heart'," said Bill. "It gives a fantastic treble effect."

"The recent Irish tour was a tonic," grinned Brian. "The Irish are such fantastic characters. We were travelling on the Cork–Dublin road one morning and I got out of the car to ask a couple of locals with a donkey if they would mind Keith filming them with his ciné. They thought I was going to attack them or something. Next moment they came at me with shovels! I just made it to the car."

Keith interrupted with another Irish tour story: "We stopped outside a fabulous old shop one morning to buy some gear. It was kind of an old army surplus store right out in the sticks. There was an old fella behind the counter who screamed that we'd been sent by Oliver Cromwell. He chased us out of the shop and jumped on the bonnet of the car. Then he proceeded to try and boot the windscreen

to pieces. He must have been at least 80!"

Bill's memory of Ireland is quite a novelty. "I can understand why people call it the Emerald Isle. Everything is covered in green ivy. Houses, telegraph poles, pylons: you name it, the ivy has got it. Anything upright is absolutely smothered in the stuff."

As I prepared to leave it occurred to me that I had overlooked Charlie, who was still sitting quietly at the far end of the room. Charlie's remarks are generally few and far between, yet usually to the point, but he had more than a few words to say on one subject.

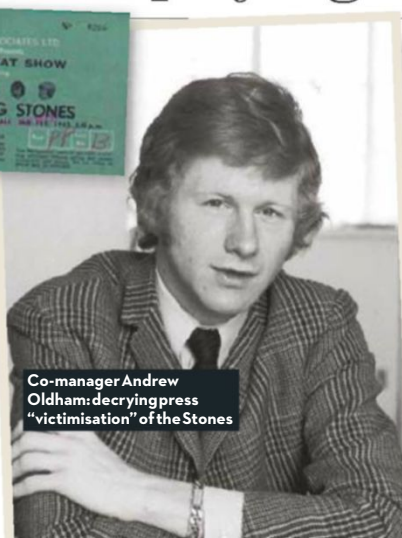
About the LP he said, "It's great," and about the Irish Tour, "Great", but about his new book, *Ode To A High Flying Bird*, published today: "I've just seen the first two prints. They're a knockout, man. The colours in the drawings are just how I did them originally. I'm really pleased."

I haven't seen Charlie so enthusiastic about anything since the Stones recorded "Little Red Rooster", which in Charlie's opinion is their best ever. His book is based on the life story of that modern jazz giant, Charlie Parker.

As I was leaving, a young reporter moved in and asked Charlie: "Who is Charlie Parker then?" Charlie was impassive: not a flicker of emotion showed. "I think he plays for The Yardbirds," he murmured – and once more turned to Stone!

Keith Altham

What has impressed Bill about the album? "My bass playing!"



Co-manager Andrew Oldham: decrying press "victimisation" of the Stones



Arrival at
Brisbane Airport,
January 25, 1965



Brisbane City Hall
show (40 female stage
invaders not pictured)



— NME JANUARY 29 —

IT ACTUALLY HAPPENED this week: The Rolling Stones and Roy Orbison during their tour of Australia checked into the same Brisbane hotel as Manfred Mann, The Kinks and The Honeycombs, who are on another tour for a rival promoter. And the name of their mutual residence – Lennon's Hotel.

I received a phone call from this hotbed of pop star rivalry on the other side of the world on Monday. It came from that Rolling Stones co-manager Andrew Oldham, and he came through to give a battle report from a room high up in the headquarters where both armies encamped:

"The boys and I were moved as we stood on the steps of the airliner, which had brought us to the distant land, receiving a tremendous welcome from those warm-hearted and wonderful colonials," he began mockingly.

But Oldham had not called 12,000 miles to spout poetry. He soon blasted off about what he termed press "victimisation" of the Stones, and then proceeded to give a vivid account of the way the battle was going between the two mainly British packages.

The Stones bill is jointly headed by Roy Orbison and on the very first day of the tour there were fears for the leader's health as Roy suffered from an acute attack of tonsillitis "and general nervousness", added Oldham.

The report confirms recent fears for Orbison's health, though we have it on the best authority that he will certainly be well enough for his British tour, which begins next month.

"In Sydney we played to 27,000 people in six shows in two days – that gave us a head start," added the manager, who celebrates his 21st birthday today (Friday).

"The other side had a couple of their shows cancelled the

other day, so Manfred singer Paul Jones popped over to see our show – he was raving about Brian Jones' guitar playing. That was another boost for our morale.

"But Brian was not to be distracted from the battle by kindness – he telephoned a radio station the same night and requested they play The Honeycombs' "Have I The Right" at 78 rpm. It was hysterical and the boys scratched another winning notch on their guitars.

"But unlike the other groups we've been knocked by the newspapers, who keep trying to dig up scandal stories and run banner headlines about The Rolling Stones having wild all-night parties – we wish we were!"

For a few moments Andrew forgot the rivalry

and enthused about tracks that the Stones recorded in Hollywood last week and from which their next single will be selected. "We did two of Mick and Keith's compositions – 'A Mess Of Fire' and 'The Last Time' and three old blues numbers – but I have to go back to Hollywood to do some more work on the tapes before deciding which one to use as the next A-side," he said.

It seems Australia has been taken by surprise by some of the Stones' antics. Andrew passed the phone to Keith Richards, who told me:

"The hotel people couldn't understand it when I asked for an

electric fire in my room because I was cold. I suppose because it was 90 degrees outside, but I have got very thin blood."

Next came the voice of Brian Jones, who told me that although he loved Australia for such a visit, none of them would care to accept any of the Australian fans' suggestion that they should settle there, and he rejected the statement by one Aussie that by the time they had been there three weeks "you cobbbers won't wanna go home".

Although an independent report tells us that despite the new invasion, the reception given last June to The Beatles has still to be equalled in Australia, the Stones have undoubtedly made their mark. And from what the Stones themselves tell us, the fans have made their mark on them too:

"Thirty-five girls managed to get on stage during one of our shows in Sydney, and 40 made it in Brisbane. I almost got torn to pieces, and Keith is sitting here now with a shirt that has been torn so much it looks as though he has been living in it on a desert island for two years," said Mick Jagger.

We are further informed that the group have been making the most of private beaches placed at its disposal and all five members have bright-red noses and the makings of excellent tans.

Today the Stones will be entering Melbourne, where they will be playing nine shows to houses already sold right out.

"I feel it is our city before we enter it," concluded Mr Oldham confidently. *Chris Hutchins*

STONES DIG DIGG

CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND, TUESDAY.—I just can't believe it. Our Australian tour has been very, very good—better than we ever imagined it could be. We now have four records in the Top Ten—and we didn't have any when we arrived.

The audiences are about the same as in England, except that you could never play to so many people at home. We did seven shows in Sydney and, with a 5,000 capacity, 35,000 people saw us there. We did another seven in Melbourne where about 21,000 people came to see us.

Things have been so good that we may go back to Australia when we finish here in New Zealand.

"Under the Boardwalk" from our album,

MICK JAGGER reports on the Australian tour

is the number one single in Sydney and "Walking The Dog", "Heart Of Stone", "Little Red Rooster" are all doing well. Our biggest hit here previously was "Around And Around", and that did nothing like as well.

We did our first New Zealand shows in Christchurch tonight and they were very full. There has been the usual sort of mobbing coming in and out of theatres.

The wildest crowds were in Melbourne. By the third night it was a joke, they were really going mad.

We have been very pleased with our

reception in well known Australia have been body on the at 8 am beaches. home to be We have waves look have been which has Everybod I have ne healthy. I'm sti leaving, fo break the came stra flying and We sh so great

1965

JANUARY – MARCH



Stones join spring package tour

NME MARCH 12 Back on the road in the UK, pop's "black sheep" deploy some tricks learned down under

DISCOVERED THE SECRET of the Stones' act last weekend at the Edmonton Regal. It is – **THEY DON'T HAVE ONE!** Brian Jones summed things up neatly when he said, "I don't do anything. I just stand there and earn my money."

I watched two performances of the Stones closely. I saw the act from the wings, behind the curtain and right up front in the stalls. I scooted around the theatre to all points of the compass with co-manager Andrew Oldham, while he consumed hotdogs, drank orange juice and listened to that "solid wall of sound".

"I'm not in a group, man. I'm a manager and I'm staying right here," Andrew yelled defiantly at two policemen who tried to move him on. Then those symbols of youthful defiance against the kind of bumbling authority which classifies you as an "undesirable" if your hair curls under your collar took the stage! The Rolling Stones!

Mick Jagger is the axis of the presentation and the spotlight woos him. I asked Andrew why: "We initially only spotlight Mick on the ballads, but the lighting has not yet been fully worked out for this show."

Jagger gyrated, jerked and skipped his way across the stage but always with perfect timing. He gears his movements to the music and his action on just the right phrase. The other Stones concentrate on their playing and leave the emphasis to Mick. Bill Wyman shuffles almost disconnectedly in one corner with his bass held aloft as if he were shooting partridge. Brian Jones glances up with his typical "I shouldn't really be here" half-smile, then turns his attention to his guitar.

Keith's only mobile moment was when he spun around with his back to the audience for a word with Charlie, who plays with his mouth open... which is really out of character for him – he's usually got it closed!

As the Stones drove their performance to a frenzied climax, I asked Andrew if he had ever conceived the Stones as the fantastic success they now are back in the days of the little Crawdaddy Club in Richmond. "Yes," said Andrew, "I'd seen it all happen before with The Beatles when I was their publicist."

"The Stones are so completely different," I argued.

"That's why I knew they would succeed," said Andrew. "There is always a black sheep in the pop world, someone the Establishment can knock. In Cliff Richard's day, it was Billy Fury. It's the Stones now who fill the gap."

The audience were on their feet and yelling for more as the Stones closed the show. The other half of the management materialised beside me. "I think somebody should be here to see if The Kinks are taking over," said Eric Easton, smiling complacently at the audience.

The Stones walked off stage and began to make points to tour manager Mike Dorsey,

who was not feeling too bright after a fall that damaged his ribs.

"Lights are not quite right," commented Bill. "Can we have one of those spinning wheel effects," requested Mick. "I'd like more light for the new numbers," said Brian. "I can't see my fingering for them."

The harassed Mike gave up and walked away muttering, "All right, Brian, you rewrite it."

Brian cursed profusely into his fringe, but calmed down once he was back with his usual collection of "birds, bottles and bums" in the dressing room. He was soon joining in the general merriment over a huge colour pic of Charlie, who was caught with his most angelic face. "How could you look like that?" charged Brian, after the good natured but embarrassed drummer had been let in on the cause for laughter.

"Whadya mean?" mumbled Charlie – the only man in the world who can talk with his mouth shut. "S'good picture, man." It's like road manager Ian Stewart says: "He's a lovely bloke."

After five minutes of mickey taking, they let Charlie off the hook and Brian talked of other things. "We met Jimmy Tarbuck at Mrs Smith's in Manchester last night. The word is that Proby played to a few people in Preston last night. I don't understand him: he ignored us when he saw us in the club."

"I like people like Tom Jones – he's a straight Ernie. You can talk to him easily over a pint."

While Mick Jagger mopped Brian with a make-up sponge and took shots of him, I steered the conversation back to the performance and asked about his persona on stage.

"I move as I feel," said Mick. "I took off my jacket in Australia because I was hot. It got a reaction so I kept it in. What they like stays in and what they don't goes."

A great many of Mick's actions and movements have come from watching James Brown and The Famous Flames. Brown is a great mover around the stage and Mick has adapted some of them and been influenced by others. Keith mentioned to me that one of the reasons that movement was not so evident that night was due to the numbers.

"We don't know the new numbers sufficiently well to play without concentrating," said Keith. As soon as they become better known we can move around more freely."

He mentioned that he had seen the story in *NME* about the Animals discovering Goldie & The Gingerbreads [see page 27].

"It may interest you to know that I discovered Goldie & The Gingerbreads," said Keith. "They played at a party we were at in New York long before The Animals heard

them, and I came back and mentioned them to Alan Price."

There must be someone, somewhere who has not discovered Goldie & The Gingerbreads.

Around this time I decided to get the horrible truth from Bill Wyman about his unusual appearance. He was sitting around the room in a black leather jacket and huge black glasses that made him look like someone from a bad American gangster film.

Included in the Stones' eight numbers on the first night of their tour last Friday at Edmonton were four that had never been performed by them on the stage – "Pain In My Heart", "Down The Road Apiece", "Everybody Needs Somebody To Love" and "Last Time".

Also for the first time on stage came a few words from their normally silent partner, Charlie Watts, who introduced "Little Red Rooster".

With the first 10 rows of the stalls on their feet screaming and the rest on their feet trying to see the Stones, a highly emotional "Time Is On My Side" caused waves of fans to surge down the aisles, only to be broken up by a breakwater of police and ushers.

During "Route 66" and "I'm All Right", Mick Jagger obtained hysterical reactions from a well-honed flick of the head or jerk of his body (look, Mum – no pants splitting) and impressed with a new assurance in his vocals.

The highlight of The Hollies' varied and impressive close to the first half was the folksy "Very Last Day", before which the

audience were invited to "boo us off" if they did not approve. The audience listened (no screams) and cheered it to an echo.

Their other numbers were "Here I Go Again", "Mickie's Monkey", "Just One Look", "That's My Desire", "Yes I Will" and "Too Much Monkey Business".

The all-girl group Goldie & The Gingerbreads were

most unfortunate in that their Hammond organ broke down, but fortunate in that they were professional enough to cover the breakdown. They had the audience with them all through "Can't You Hear My Heart Beat". No-one need say of this group they are good for girls! They are good – period.

With the additions of The Checkmates, who are a good novelty act but could do without the Jolson and Gracie Fields impressions, and The Konrads, who came with up-tempo numbers, this is one package with more of a "bang" than a "pop".

One last word of praise for compere Johnny Ball, who does a difficult job well.

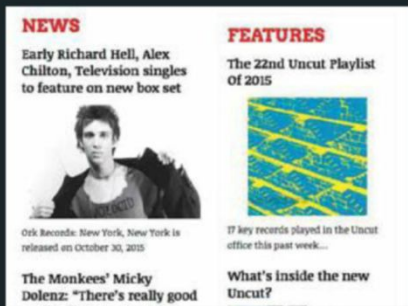
Keith Altham •

"We don't know the new numbers sufficiently well to play without concentrating"

"I move as I feel":
Jagger onstage in
Australia, 1965



CONNECT WITH UNCUT



VISIT US AT
UNCUT.CO.UK



**LIKE US ON
FACEBOOK**



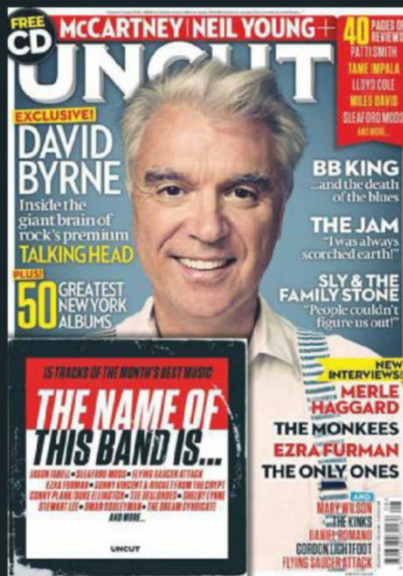
**FOLLOW US ON
TWITTER**



SIGN UP TO THE NEWSLETTER



**DOWNLOAD THE
DIGITAL EDITION**



ON SALE
EVERY MONTH

Readers' letters

Dylan divides opinion, PJ Proby puts on a "ragged exhibition" and other topics



DIGGIN' DYLAN

What does Nick Pilkington mean when he "hopes that exploitation and commercial popularity does not dull Bob Dylan's appeal"?

There is no reason why a fine artist should deteriorate simply because more people are prepared to pay to hear him. If Nick Pilkington has always thought Dylan so good he should be glad to see others endorsing his opinions.

There are people who are happy only when they have some new esoteric discovery to gloat over. As soon as the trend catches up with them they lose interest.

What they feel is only partly sincere appreciation. The rest is delight in the superiority of their own taste over the crowd.

EILEEN CULL, Ilford, Essex
(MM, Jan 23)

The average pop-minded teenager hasn't the patience to listen to or understand Bob Dylan. Dylan has no beat or party appeal, and he is best appreciated in solitude.

Do wake up, everybody—he is no commercial proposition. Influence of '65 yes, but the craze? No, no, no.

PS Can't The Beatles get off the bandwagon and quit plugging him? He does not need their help.

DIANE SUTHERLAND, Christchurch, Hants
(MM, Jan 23)

Ray Coleman says "Bob Dylan is a mediocre harmonica player and functional guitar accompanist". He seems to think Dylan can only write songs. A good song is ruined by a mediocre performer. Why then does Dylan sound so fantastic and how does he put the sentiments of his songs across? By being a brilliant harmonica player and guitarist. And John Lennon must be the only Dylan fan who thinks Dylan can't sing.

MALCOLM JONES, London, E11
(MM, Jan 23)



IS THE DISC SCENE DOOMED?

Most significant thing PJ Proby said in the interview with Chris Welch (MM January 16) was: "In America the kids don't even bother to buy records any more. They hear it all on the radio and it is why the

record business in the States is in such a slump."

Surely that is what will eventually happen in this country, now we have commercial radio stations as well as the BBC. I have already stopped buying my usual record per week, and will in future only buy records by my personal favourite, Brenda Lee.

MARK AIKEN, Diss, Norfolk
(MM, Jan 30)

RAGGED PJ

Talking of being lousy on *Ready, Steady, Go!*, I recall one PJ Proby attempting a live performance. It was one of the most ragged exhibitions I have seen on television.

J BAMBER, Barnoldswick, Lancs
(MM, Jan 30)



BEACH BOYS

Although I have known PJ Proby for a considerable length of time and have hitherto always respected his flamboyant opinions, I feel obliged to comment on his remarks about The Beach Boys' recording of "Dance, Dance, Dance" (MM Blind Date, January 16).

The Beach Boys are NOT studio musicians—this will be realised when their live concert album is released here. And they were not "lousy" on *Ready, Steady, Go!*.

They emerged as five of the greatest talents this country has been fortunate enough to see.

ANDY WICKHAM, London, SW1
(MM, Jan 30)



POP IN 1965 — ONE BIG YAWN

In 1965, pop songs are being better recorded, better arranged and better sung than ever before. Yet I would swap all the sophistication and sleekness for just one single new idea. Come on, record companies—use your initiative. Be more

adventurous. Let's make the sound of '65 something more than one great yawn.

RC MEPHAM, Bedford
(MM, February 6)

TOO MUCH

I am absolutely disgusted at the price of tickets for pop shows. After all, 15s is a bit much for two hours' entertainment. Shows I have attended where cheaper seats were full and expensive ones empty proves people are at last seeing the absurdity of paying so much for so little.

MOLLY GLOVER, Keynsham, Bristol
(MM, February 6)

AT LAST

Folk music is at last being noticed by the younger generation—even The Beatles have discovered Bob Dylan. Yet the bigoted few still try to keep folk music superior and unattainable. Membership of folk clubs is increasing all the time. If people enjoy it so much, it can't be so bad.

GW HARVEY, London W12
(MM, February 6)

DYLAN'S WORST ENEMY IS HIS VOICE!

The present vogue of the long-haired, scruffy arty types seems to be giving way to another long-haired scruffy arty type—Bob Dylan! He seems to have written, more by luck than judgement, a couple of pleasant ballads which have been creditably sung by the only thing happening on this rather uninteresting scene, Peter, Paul And Mary.

Dylan's voice is his own worst enemy and his instrumental ability does not help his cause.

FRANK MARNIOR, Preston, Lancs
(MM, February 6)

NEVER!

Sounding like Bob Dylan is one thing. Imitating Bob Dylan is another. Donovan a British Bob Dylan? I hope not!

VIVIEN FIALLA, Reading, Berkshire
(MM, February 6)

Donovan replies: "Dylan is one of the artists I do admire, but my main influence is Woody Guthrie—the man who inspires Dylan.

I do not actually imitate anybody. I am influenced by people the same as many other artists. I can't see anything wrong with adopting a style.

THE DYLAN

CBS RECORDS

Bob DYLAN

NEW SINGLE

RELEASED Today

"The Times They are a Changin'"

c/w "Honey, just allow me one more chance"

201751

CBS RECORDS - 104 NEW BOND ST - LONDON W1

THE UGLY PARKA

That's what the Yanks call it! It's the latest in outdoor wear. Made of a special waterproof material, it's completely windproof and rainproof. It's got a hood, a high collar, and a long, heavy coat. It's got a lot of pockets and a strong, durable construction. It's the perfect parka for the outdoors.

ONLY 35/-

SANDER & KAY (SM 11) 744 HARROW ROAD, KENSA, GREEN, LONDON, N.W.10

JIMMY PAGE

... is the greatest guitarist in Europe. He is the greatest harmonica player in Europe. Jimmy Page is a phenomenon.

At 19 he has already played guitar as a session musician for The Kinks, Cliff Richard, Dave Berry, P. J. Proby, Brenda Lee and Jackie de Shannon.

It was at one of her recording sessions that Jimmy first met Jackie de Shannon and she has constantly encouraged and helped his career to rise. Jackie persuaded him to make his own record after hearing him doodling with his guitar in a studio. She has written songs with him, too.

No stranger to the recording studio, Jimmy Page recently went in to make his first disc himself. The result is...

"SHE JUST SATISFIES"

FONTANA TF533

1965

JANUARY – MARCH



ALISAIR MACDONALD/MIRRORPIX

May 9, 1965: Bob Dylan at the Royal Albert Hall in London. The UK tour would be the last time he performed solo and acoustic

"I like his whole attitude... he doesn't give a damn"

So **GEORGE HARRISON** told **MELODY MAKER** in January. By the time Dylan arrives in the country in late April, this attitude, his songs and his new direction have earned him a mobbing at the airport and curries with Marianne Faithfull. What does he think of it all? And what does he think of Donovan?

4 NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS
When a poet fills in a form, you can expect anything!

DYLAN WROTE THIS

Present disc label: *See the Dog*
Other labels in past: *Many... dogs*
Recording manager: *Lost Dog*
Personal manager: *Dog Jones*
Musical director: *Big Dog*

ON OUR LIFE-LINE PRO FORMA

It was probably ironic of us to ask a poet like Bob Dylan to contribute to our Life-Line feature. You can't expect an idyllic dreamer to do it—as you or I might do it.

However, back came the form, with two of the four pages of questions answered, five of which are on the left and others printed below:

Very important public appearance: Close to Offense's Spirit Ship

Other discs to best-sellers: "I Was My Love In

Not Familiar But the Approval Again In

Honduras And We Took A Trip To Big King

And Stared Awhile In Room But I Lost Her

Again In Oklahoma"

Current hit: None I know of

Latest release: The Queen Air Coming

Albums: Yes

EPs: None

Favourite food: Turkish Meats in form of egg-

plant coming from Nebraska

Favourite clothes: None-guards

Favourite drink: From tobacco

(Continued)

Favourite bands/instrumentals: Funky the Kid

(Continued)

Favourite composers: Brown Burroughs and Sidney

Carter

Favourite groups: The Fish Chicks

Miscellaneous: Bitter, Tinkles with no wheels,

I seek unknowns, anything with a sword point

in the middle

Miscellaneous: glasses: Heavy flowers, two-nails,

glass Mober looks, Bush with ears

Red Bird: Pinky the Wild Elephant Shaver

Most thrilling experience: Getting no birthday

cake stamped on by Norman Mailer

Taken to music: Set of piano better

Peter My Friend Langa

Personal ambition: To be a nation

Professional ambition: To be a musician



— MELODY MAKER JANUARY 9 —

THE MUSIC SCENE is alive with talk of the new trendsetters. Internationally, there is nobody getting a hotter reception than Bob Dylan. Some say he is a genius. Dylan is a 23-year-old American who has suddenly become fashionable to a remarkable degree. The “modern folk poet”, as he has been described, is making enormous inroads into the pop world.

Now, with The Beatles doing a Dylan-inspired song on their latest album, many people in the music world predict even bigger success for him in 1965. The singer-songwriter-guitarist-harmonica player has already tasted huge acclaim as a writer because he conceived “Blowin’ In The Wind”. Most of his songs have strong social commentaries and bear titles like “With God On Our Side”, “The Times They Are A-Changin’”, “Masters Of War” and “Hard Rain” – a song about nuclear after-effects.

Other Dylan performances – like “House Of The Rising Sun” and “Baby Let Me Follow You Down” – have been hit parade influences for The Animals. And in America, Dylan is regarded as the most important singer and songwriter since Woody Guthrie. Two Beatles particularly go for Dylan in a big way. George Harrison has all the LPs and plays them regularly. John Lennon admires Dylan too, and he conceived “I’m A Loser”, the Dylan-type song on the *Beatles For Sale* LP.

Does Lennon think the Dylan cult in Britain can make him a really enormous star? “Well, I can’t see him getting much more popular than he is,” John said this week. “It’s funny, but the first time you hear Dylan and if you buy the LP, you think you’re the first to discover him. But quite a lot of people had discovered him before us.

“I think Bob Dylan’s music will grow steadily in this country, but I can’t see him becoming the kids’ new craze. I’m not saying the kids in this country won’t grow to like his stuff, but there can’t really be Dylan-mania.”

Lennon makes no secret of the fact that “I’m A Loser” was inspired by an American folk artist. “Anyone who is one of the best in his field – as Dylan is – is bound to influence people,” said John. “I wouldn’t be surprised if we influenced him in some way.”

The mutual admiration between The Beatles and Dylan led to their first meeting – in New York. But the first time they latched on to his work was when they were in Paris. Paul McCartney had

heard about Dylan in England, and The Beatles were visiting a radio station in Paris. In the room were the LPs of the American star.

“Paul got them off whoever they belonged to,” Lennon recalled, “and for the rest of our three weeks in Paris we didn’t stop playing them. We all went potty on Dylan.”

In New York last year, The Beatles met Dylan twice. He visited them and they talked about songs. The link became strong enough for Lennon and Dylan to swap addresses and talk of exchanging ideas for lyrics.

“That might strike a lot of people as funny,” points out George Harrison. “After all, there must be a lot of staunch folk fans who like The Beatles. I do know he likes our work, and that knocks us out.”

John says he has heard that Dylan digs “I’m A Loser”.

What is it about Dylan – a rebel with a cause, a strong personality rather similar in his swaggering image to the late James Dean – that The Beatles admire? “I like his whole attitude,” declares Harrison. “The way he dresses, the way he doesn’t give a damn. The way he sings discords and plays discords. The way he sends up everything – I mean some of the words are just marvellous, y’know. On his new LP, which I’ve just bought, he does a marvellous send-up of Cassius Clay, and I love his ‘Talking Blues About World War Two’.

“Oh, we met Joan Baez, as well, in Denver. She’s good, too – a sort of female Dylan as far as the words of her songs go, but more polished.”

John likes the messages in Dylan’s material. He says “A Hard Day’s Night” was in a Dylan vein when he first wrote the opening bars. “But later we Beatle-ified it before we recorded it,” he added. “I could have made ‘I’m A Loser’ even more Dylan-ish if I tried,” said John.

Dylan is an acquired taste – the sort of performer whose records could send the new listener screaming from the room on first hearing. But he is exciting and magnetic. He is a mediocre harmonica player and a functional guitar accompanist. And Lennon admits that when it comes to singing, Dylan is a bit of a “neigher”.

Despite this, he remains a powerful, provocative, biting, refreshing, intelligent performer. And when one considers Dylan’s age, he can’t be far short of genius. *Ray Coleman*

— MELODY MAKER MARCH 27 —

WHEN BOB DYLAN first came to Britain some three years ago, his visit passed virtually unnoticed outside the folk music field. Now, on the strength of four LPs, he can sell out the Albert Hall in the space of two days.

Signs are that Bob Dylan’s coming British tour will be among the quickest sell-outs known to local promoters. Which is a healthy omen for those many who believe Dylan to be one of the most creative talents to appear on the folk scene in years. Only two box offices, in London and Manchester, have opened so far. And both have sold all their tickets in double quick time.

London’s Albert Hall started selling on the Saturday. By midday Monday they had standing room only, and before four o’clock, they’d sold out completely. Tickets for Manchester’s Free Trade Hall were snapped up almost as swiftly.

The Albert Hall holds something like five-and-a-half thousand-plus standers, and the concert doesn’t take place ‘til May 10. So it’s safe to bet that Bob Dylan could draw another capacity crowd to the vastness of the Kensington auditorium.

Tour promoter Tito Burns is, in fact, working on the project now. He says: “We’re considering the possibility of extending the tour to take in Belfast, Dublin and Glasgow and, we hope, another Albert Hall concert. Dylan will go on the continent after his May 10 concert, and then we’re hoping he’ll come home here for seven or eight more days.”

So there may be another chance for disappointed Londoners. Meanwhile, the next box offices to open are at Sheffield City Hall and Leicester’s De Montfort Hall, tomorrow (Friday). Readers in those parts anxious to see Dylan are advised not to hang about.

In view of this current commotion, it is ironical to consider that Bob Dylan was here in 1962 – doing a play – when he visited the Troubadour and other London folk clubs without apparently making much of an impression.

Dylan is in many ways a fantastic figure – a good deal of fantasy creeps into a song like “Hard Rain’s A-Gonna Fall” – and this fantastic figure attracts legends and fanciful notions. My telephone conversation with him went like this:

DEZO HOFMANN/REX/SHUTTERSTOCK (2)



“I might marry her arm”: Bob Dylan and Joan Baez outside the Savoy Hotel, London, 1965

I hear you have a very successful record out there. A single.

"Oh, do I?"

Yes, I'm told it's a tremendous success called "Subterranean Homesick Blues". What's it about?

"It's just a little story, really. It's not about anything."

Did you record this specially as a single?

"No. It's taken from my next album and released in advance. I went in and did a session. I made a number of tunes—oh, about 12 songs—and they selected that one."

I believe there are some other instruments on the record. Electric guitars and so forth.

"Yes, on one side some friends of mine played. How many? It sort of varies. A lot of people were there, I remember, but only a few people played at one time. I'd say only about five."

Has this hit, "Subterranean Homesick Blues", made any difference yet?"

"No."

Do you realise you've started something of a cult, and that The Beatles have been praising your work?

"Not really."

Did you notice George Harrison's comment that they admire "the Dylan way of life?" What do you think of it?"

"No, I didn't. I think that's kind of weird."

Finally, are your American folksingers branded commercial if they record on anything other than a specific folk label?

"I don't really know. I don't know any of the people who do those things. I don't hang out with people who would do that. You know, I like everybody."

What do you think of The Beatles—as artists and people?

"Oh, I think they're the best. They're artists and they're people." *Max Jones*

— MELODY MAKER MAY 1 —

BOB DYLAN GOT the full star treatment at London Airport on Monday night. A mainly young crowd of about 150 created chaos as the 23-year-old "folk poet" left the customs hall. Some wore Bob Dylan hats; some showed CND badges; they carried autograph books and copies of his newest hit, "Subterranean Homesick Blues".

They carried him—pulling at his hair and tugging at his clothes—into a press conference. He looked a bit white and shaken, but he laughed it off. "It was OK—they didn't hurt me. They just gave me a haircut. I'm ready to get drunk now!"

Looking round through a mob of police and TV and radio men, Dylan said: "I want to make sure my friends got through." These included Joan Baez, manager Al Grossman and publicist Ken Pitt—nursing a bleeding hand after the melee. Earlier, baggage had been sent flying in the main airport foyer; a pane of glass smashed; and Lena Horne, who had just arrived to meet friends, went by totally unnoticed.

Wearing sunglasses, black jacket, open-necked blue denim shirt, blue jeans and black leather boots, Dylan was in mocking mood as he faced a battery of journalists' questions. He parried queries about his friendship with Joan Baez, and asked if he would marry her, Bob said: "I might marry her arm."

A few minutes earlier, as Joan Baez stood a few feet from him, Dylan was asked if she was over here with him. "Yes, I think she came along," he said. Then the press asked questions. Are The Beatles on the way out?

"They will never be on the way out—you know that."

Have you ever heard of Donovan?

"I find it hard to understand the meaning of the word success"

"Donovan what?"
How long will your British concerts last?
"About an hour and a half."
What numbers will you include?
"I don't know yet."
Have you written any songs about Britain since you were last here?
"No, not about that. I didn't write 'Mrs Brown You Have A Lovely Cheese'." *(Smiles)*
Have you ever written anything about Vietnam?

"No, I don't write ABOUT anything."
Did you play amplified guitar on "Subterranean Homesick Blues"?

"No. I played my own guitar. I just fool around with amplified sometimes."

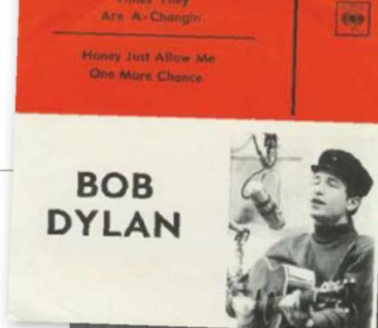
How much do you think The Beatles contributed to your wide success here?

"I find it very hard to understand the meaning of the word success. I don't understand commercial success either. I like The Beatles—I think they are the best. I don't know what they said about me, or anything."

Which pop singers do you like?

"I don't really know too many other pop singers. I've just got my own things to do. I would just like to sing for whoever wants to hear me."

Did you write any songs on the plane here? »



Facing the music:
Dylan in London, 1965

PIC POP PROBE

what the fans
thought of Dylan



YVONNE WILD (19), Banbury: Much better than I thought it would be. What I like are the words he puts into his songs. They mean something. And he sings them as if he means it.



MIKE DRAPER (18), Banbury: He writes great satire, and I like the way he knocks at the president. He picks on anything, like segregation. He's better on stage than on records.



MARTIN BEER (18), student, Leicester: "It's the atmosphere he creates—that's the main thing. He's much better in person than I expected. I like the way he plays with words."



ANN KELLY (17), student, Port Talbot: I'm surprised he sang "Times Are A-Changin'". He has the reputation for being unconventional. I'm not sure if this is a sacrifice to commercialism.



BRIGID PANET, of Kent: Fabulous! He has kept up his standard to a remarkable quality. The impact is still there and he is much better than on record. His new LP, out in the States, proves he's not diminishing.

1965

JANUARY-MARCH

"I made a few notes - I call it stabbing the paper." What is your message?
 "Keep a good head and always carry a light bulb."
 [Dylan sat throughout the conference brandishing an outside electric light bulb. He refused to be drawn on its exact significance.]
 Bob then had a question to put to us. "Where's Christine Keeler?"
 Someone asked if he wanted to write a song about her.
 "No, I just want to meet her," said Dylan.
 But why had so many young people made the long journey out to the airport on a miserable, wet night to meet Dylan in?
 Said Jane Evans of Slough: "I think that anyone who writes a song like 'Blowin' In The Wind' at 20 must have something."
 Said Roy Wiffin, aged 20, of Hounslow West: "I think he has great quality in his songs - and I don't think he needs The Beatles as his publicists, either. He isn't a great singer at all - but he does sing the truth."
 Pamela Barron, record-shop assistant of Swanley, Kent: "I know all his records but I've never seen him." What did she think of his "Subterranean..." single? "No - a mistake," she said.
 Back in the conference room, Dylan was still being prodded about Donovan. "Where is he, this Donovan?" said Dylan. "Let's get him out of here - put him on the wall!"
 And before making a fan-evading sprint to the car taking him to London's Savoy Hotel, Dylan shrugged. "Oh to be a simple folk singer again."

BUT HE DIDN'T LOOK AS IF HE MEANT IT. *Max Jones & Ray Coleman*

— MELODY MAKER MAY 8 —

THE DYLAN-DONOVAN controversy reached its peak this week. In his room at London's Savoy Hotel, Bob Dylan produced to the *Melody Maker* a copy of Donovan's first record, the hit "Catch The Wind".

"Let's hear it," said Dylan.

He listened intently. From the start, he appeared impressed. When it was finished, Dylan said: "I think it's recorded too good - that's one thing. He does sound a bit like he's holding on to a tree trunk, wearing a patch over one eye. But it's a great record. I didn't care for those 'de-de-de-de' parts."

"But I did like the way he said the word 'uncertainty'. You know there's this guy in the States who sounds exactly like him. He's got an imitator, I'm telling you."

"This guy doesn't play guitar like me - he plays cowboy-style guitar. The song's a real song - it's NOT a song of sorts. It's a real song. It's a very pointed, very gentle record."

Bob then asked to listen again to "Catch The Wind." Afterwards he nodded enthusiasm and said: "The other side."

We put on the B-side, "Why Do You Treat Me Like A Fool", another Donovan composition.

"I liked the other side better," announced Dylan. "That guy plays guitar like he's heard of Jack Elliott - he doesn't play guitar like me."

"Where is he? Can I meet him? Does he live in a railway station?"

Donovan later visited Dylan at his hotel. "He played some songs to me," Bob said later.

— MELODY MAKER MAY 2 —

OUTSIDE LEICESTER'S DE Montfort Hall last Sunday, a religious fanatic carried a banner saying: "Prepare to Meet Thy Doom."

He walked, unsmiling, among the 3,000 people pouring into the hall to see Bob Dylan's concert. It was a weird sight and an uncanny juxtaposition.

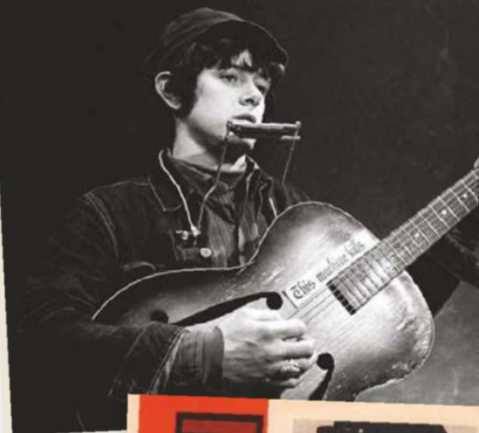
The man's message had a peculiar relevance. It was not doom the people were going to meet, however; it was something less final and more pertinent.

Dylan, the most important folk singer of today, was on parade throughout Britain for the first time. And a big percentage of the crowd were there to find out how commercial success had affected the man whose early fans had not expected hit records. A Dylan fever is sweeping the country and only a British sentimentalist would deny that it is nearing Beatle-sized proportions. But without the king-sized screamers.

It was a complicated fan scene at Leicester last Sunday. Some came in Dylan caps and jeans; others in suburban charcoal grey suits. Some extremists were barefoot and had hair that makes The Beatles look bald. Students were out in force. Many had hitch-hiked hundreds of miles and arrived with haversacks featuring a flask poking out of the corner.

People selling Dylan fan pictures at the entrance received the sort of snub that could only have meant: "We don't go for the pin-up treatment." There were some untamed pop fans. But they were in the minority; Dylan commands a vast audience of thinkers.

When this slight, serious-faced and incredibly casual man was onstage - with a guitar, seven harmonicas and two glasses of water his only company - there was silence. At the end of every song, the audience applauded - thunderously. No screams, no whistles, no talking. The applause switched off mechanically, like it was canned.



EVENING STANDARD/GETTY IMAGES, STARSTOCK

DYLAN'S BLIND DATE

SANDIE SHAW: "Long Live Love" (Pye).

English - take a guess. Is it Millie? I like the backing. I know who it is - it's Dusty Springfield. No, I give up. I like that singing. I don't care about the song though.

TOM JONES: "Little Lonely One" (Columbia).

That's Tom Jones! I like that record - I like him. Hit? Do you mean will it sell a lot of records? Oh yeah. I don't know where it will sell a lot of records, but it will do. I'd buy it - if I bought records.

LARRY WILLIAMS: "Sweet Little Baby" (Decca).

Is that called "My Little Baby"? I don't know who's singing it. Is it the Searchers? It's NOT Manfred Mann, and it's NOT the Beatles. I don't like saxophones - I just like Ornette Coleman, who plays it. No, I don't like this a lot.

JOE TURNER: "Midnight Cannonball" (Atlantic).

Yeh - I like that, but it

That's Tom Jones!
I'd buy it - if I
bought records

could be a million people. Yeh - I like the words too.

CAROLYN HESTER: "Ain't That Rain" (Dot).

Pretty good if you're catching a ship someplace. I like the way she sings, though - I like her voice. I like the record actually. I'd take that ship.

FREEWHEELERS: "Why Do You Treat Me Like A Fool" (HMV). (Song written by Donovan).

Oh - that's so good. Oh, I like that. I've had no sleep for three nights, but I do like that record and that sound. I see songs in pictures, and I like the picture of that. I can imagine someone better

singing it, though, but the song's a real song. I like it.

IKETTES: "Peaches And Cream" (Stateside).

This must be called "Peaches And Cream." This is all right. That's the Ikettes, right? Very stuffy harmonica - very stuffy harmonica, yeh. The night that harmonica man was playing, he had a cold. It's good.

BACHELORS: "Marie" (Decca).

I thought this was a song about Murray the K - it's "Marie" is it? If it WAS about Murray the K, I wouldn't have liked the record. No, I don't like this record at all. I wouldn't have any great objection to it, if

it was playing somewhere. But I certainly don't like it.

CAROLYN CARTER: "It Hurts" (London).

Mary Wells? It's not Brenda Lee and it's not Ann-Margret. I think she's from Chicago - she's got that accent. Well, either from Chicago, Detroit or Liverpool. I did that. I don't think she'd go out with someone who wore glasses, though.

OTIS REDDING: "Mr. Pitiful" (Atlantic).

This is a good record when you're driving through the



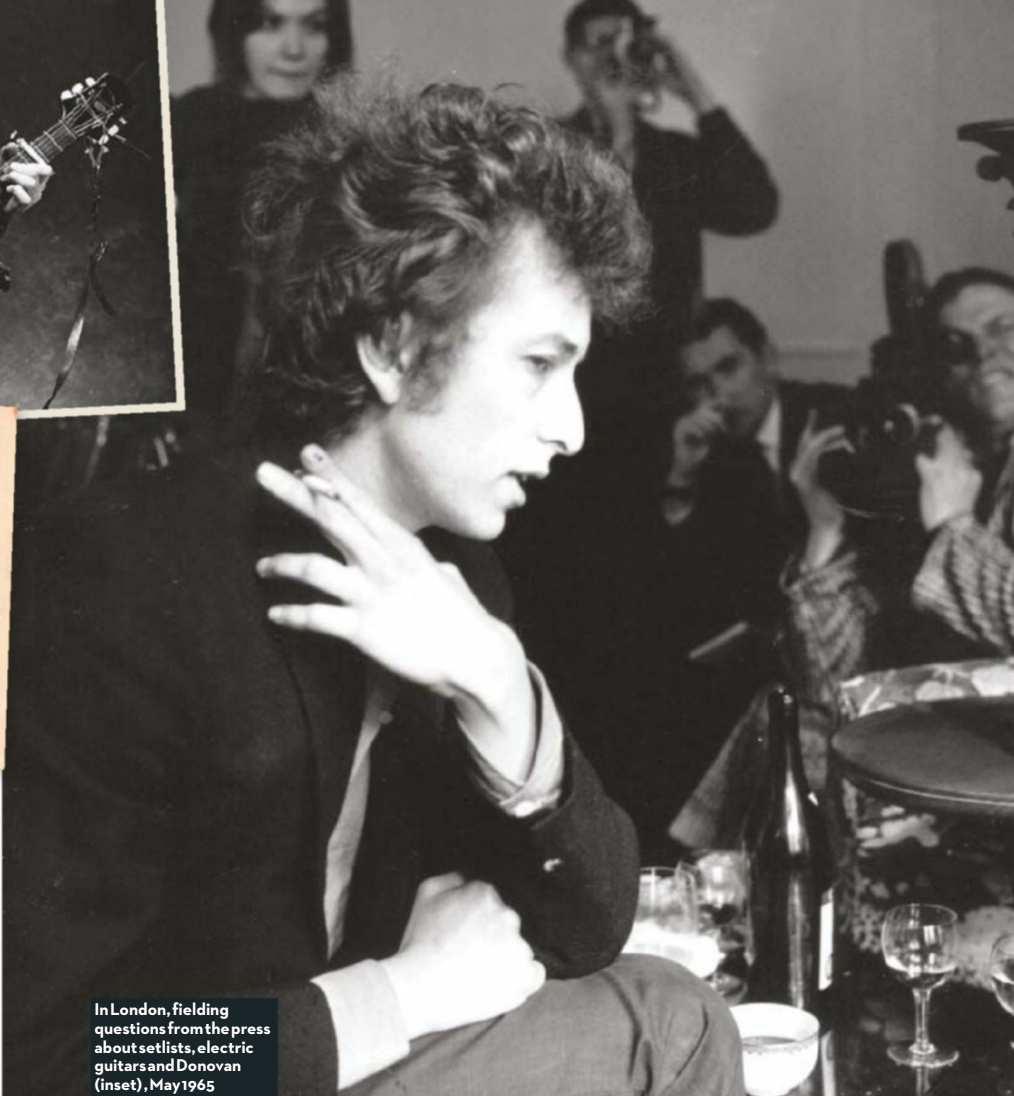
Hudson Tunnel. Will it sell a lot? Well, it will reach number one if everyone drives through the Hudson Tunnel. Oh - I like the ending - it's fantastic. I think this one ends differently from the one in the States. That was better. I like this record, yeh.

FOUR TOPS: "Ask The Lonely" (Tamla Motown).

I like that record. I've heard it before - can't remember where. It was on the radio. I don't know who it is, but I like it. I like all the climaxes, y'know?

MIA LEWIS: "Wish I Didn't Love Him" (Decca).

I think she's singing in a pool of water. And she's got a thermometer in her ear. Soon, she'll get a bout of pneumonia, if she's not careful, and they'll have to put her out of the record business! I like her, though. I don't go for those kinda songs, with lines like that. It might get better as it goes on. No, I didn't hate it.



In London, fielding questions from the press about setlists, electric guitars and Donovan (inset), May 1965

Only one aside by Dylan caused hilarious uproar. In the middle of his brilliant, searing “Talking World War Three Blues”, Bob half-sang: “*I turned on my record player – it was Donovan*”.

The crowd booed their resentment of Donovan. Dylan came back with: “Whoever Donovan is...”

Demonstrating their understandable wrath at Dylan’s British version, the audience gave Dylan a fantastic surge of applause. His nervousness cooled a little and he allowed himself a half-smile.

His stage tactics are nil. He sips water – someone must have forgotten the Beaujolais – and almost bows after each song. But not quite.

He wore a black leather jacket over a grey jumper, blue trousers, brown suede shoes and, of course, a harmonica harness throughout. He looks like a hob who has tried to smarten up.

He shrugs a bit, doesn’t announce any titles. Bob relies entirely on the words of his songs to get across. And his words are the very heart of reality. They are stark, real, cunning and biting. Whimsical, brilliantly descriptive, subtly funny and often poetically romantic. Above all these things, they are important social commentaries.

He ambled on stage almost apologetically. They clapped. He nodded shyly and sang: “The Times They Are A-Changin’”. His intonation was much more telling than on records.

He looked around, unmoved, and sauntered into a touching “Ramona”. Then came urgent “Gates Of Eden,” followed by the sexy “Stay All Night”, bringing plenty of laughter.

“It’s All Right Ma” was followed by a poignant “Love Minus Zero/No Limit.” Then came the plaintive, pretty “Mister Tambourine Man” – attractive but a little insipid and too long – before the interval.

Promoter Arthur Kimbrell gave out a trailer over the hall loudspeaker for the show next Sunday – “starring Donovan”. Thousands booed.

Dylan returned with “Talking World War Three Blues,” then followed with an enormously popular “Don’t Think Twice, It’s All Right”, “God On Our Side”, “She Belongs To Me”, “It Ain’t Me Babe” and the highly potent

“This guy
doesn’t play
guitar like
me – he plays
cowboy-style”

that sometimes they can hurt your ears. My dog can’t stand her singing and every time I play one of her records, he sits back on his haunches and howls.”

One discovery Marianne made on meeting Dylan was that he isn’t as old as she thought.

“He’s only 24 on May 31,” she said. “Isn’t that incredible? He’s so typically young America. Every other word is ‘man’, just like in the James Baldwin books.”

In the late evening, the party moved back to the Savoy Hotel, where Donovan joined the festivities. He played and sang for almost the entire evening at Dylan’s request.

“It’s a shame that people are so patronising toward Donovan,” said Marianne. “He can be hurt so easily and people are doing it all the time.”

The party went on into the wee small hours and after Donovan had sung “Blowin’ In The Wind” for the umpteenth time, Dylan played Marianne some of his own LPs.

“After every track he would ask: ‘Did you understand what I was getting at?’ or ‘What was that all about?’ I got quite flustered.

“He has this huge pile of ‘cue cards’ with the meanings of his songs written on them, so that if anyone asks what ‘Subterranean Homesick Blues’ is about, he just holds up the appropriate card. Great!

“He’s not terribly witty, and takes himself very seriously. Really, he is a poet.” *Norrie Drummond* •

ballad of “Hattie Carroll”. Finally two encores, “Be Friends” and “It’s All Over Now, Baby Blue.”

In his dressing room afterwards, Dylan, when asked what impression he wanted the audience to leave with, said: “No impression. I just hope they’re happy and they don’t feel cheated.”

He brandished a shillelagh and evaded 300 young girls mobbing his car. He half-smiled. One got the feeling he didn’t quite dig that.

But let’s forget all about cults. Dylan has caught the mood of this generation. And only foolish reactionaries will put him down.

Ray Coleman

— NME MAY 14 —

THE COLOURFUL COMBINATION of Bob Dylan, Marianne Faithfull, Joan Baez, John Mayall and “a nice fat man called Albert” (Dylan’s manager) met to dispose of Indian curries in a London restaurant last Tuesday.

When I talked to Marianne at the Decca recording studio in West Hampstead, she seemed bemused as to just how the meeting occurred.

“I know people like Manfred and his wife, Sue, who knew Dylan before,” she explained, “but I believe it was John Mayall who first phoned and mentioned I was in town. Dylan invited me to dinner after saying that he wanted me to appear on his TV show.”

Marianne admitted that her singing style was very much influenced by Joan Baez at first. She bought, in 1961, an LP of the Newport Jazz Festival on which Baez sang two songs. Since then Marianne has bought Baez’ LPs by the bundle.

“I couldn’t believe it when I actually met her,” she said. “She’s so beautiful, with that gorgeous golden skin and those lovely blue eyes.

“She insisted on singing her high vibrato version of ‘Here Comes The Night’ and ‘Go Now’, which Dylan complained about. He hates her voice and tells her so. At one point he held up a bottle as she sang a high note, and drawled, ‘Break that!’ She just laughed.

“I think her voice grates on him because it is so pure. She hits such perfect high notes

“I’ve never met anyone who liked being criticised...”

While The Beatles film *Help!*, PAUL McCARTNEY speaks reflectively about the band’s adventure so far and RINGO ponders the future. Over dinner, meanwhile, JOHN LENNON talks spastics and Bob Dylan. GEORGE ponders the money aspect: “John and I own a supermarket somewhere...”

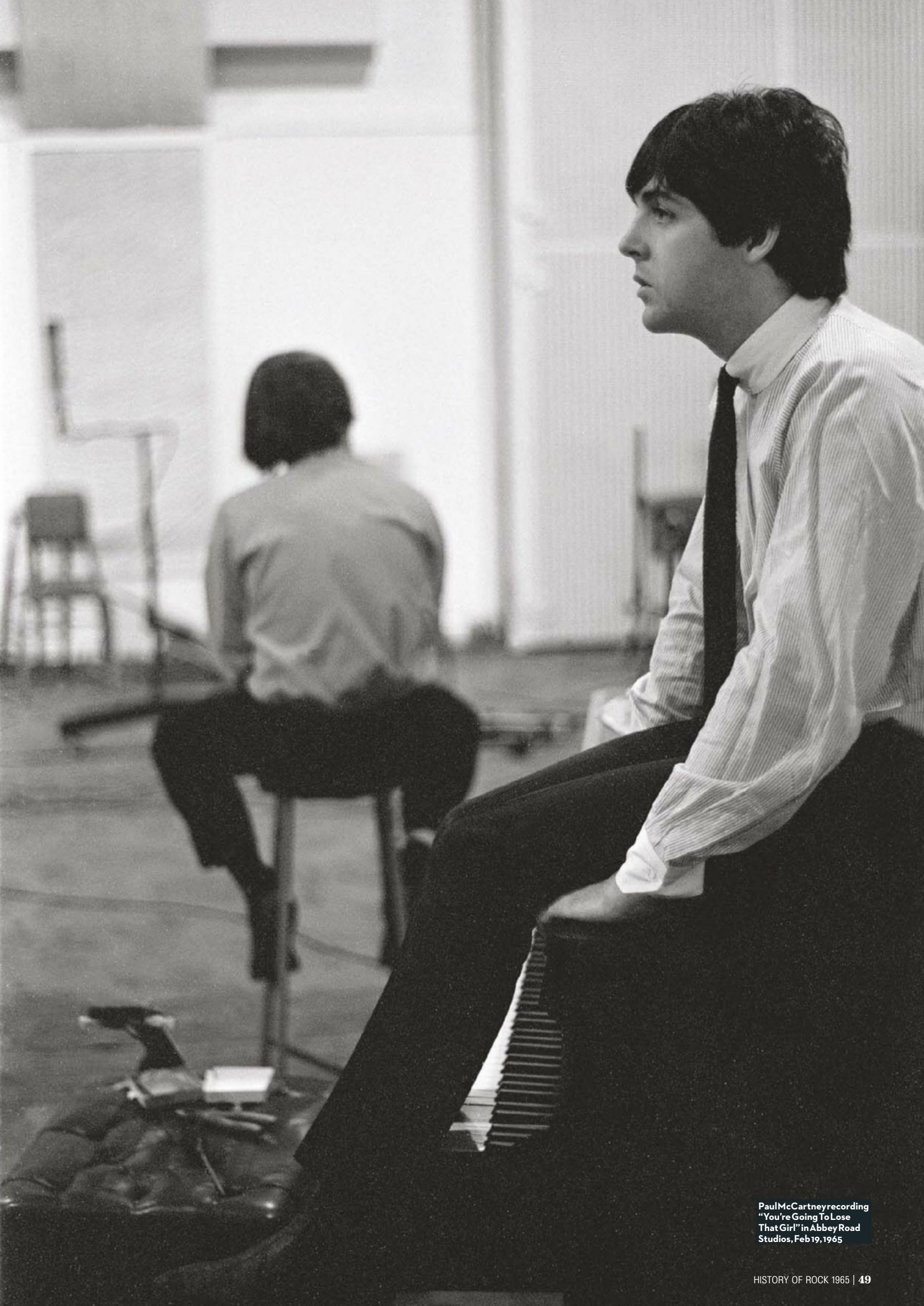
— MELODY MAKER MARCH 27 —

IN THE AUSTRIAN mountains last week, where The Beatles were filming, John Lennon became angry with the crowds who rushed up to them on the set, taking pictures and asking for autographs. And anyone who incurs Lennon’s displeasures gets the message loudly, clearly and sometimes crudely. Charm and gentle persuasion are not his greatest attributes. They belong more to the world of Paul McCartney, whose tact and friendliness is becoming emphasised with most people among whom the Beatles work.

As John becomes more aggressive, Paul becomes more impressive in the field of public relations. This is one of the most interesting aspects of The Beatles as they roll from success to success. John is accepted as the outspoken one, George the dry and funny one who everyone finds natural and unaffected, Ringo the swinging comedian whose jolt into the limelight surprised everybody, including the other three.

Paul has not changed much. Today, he possesses much breezy confidence and always finds time for hangers-on and interruptions. McCartney too has become probably more press-conscious than the others. Not in the sense that he courts personal publicity. But when he is asked questions he considers them with deeper thought.

In the restaurant of the Hotel Edelweiss, Obertauern, Austria one night last week, it was time for a fresh look at Paul. Over a dinner of artichokes and salami; »



Paul McCartney recording
"You're Going To Lose
That Girl" in Abbey Road
Studios, Feb 19, 1965

1965

APRIL – JUNE



Tell me what you see: The Beatles in Obertauern, Austria filming *Help!*

white wine; veal and rice; and pears, he brooded over questions designed to bring us up to date on Beatles thinking. We were joined after half an hour by the remaining trio – hungry after a day leaping around in the snow – but 22-year-old McCartney retained his hold over the interview. He answered questions reflectively, intelligently and without consulting the others.

Do you think have any responsibility to your fans in your personal behaviour? Do young fans look up to you and act on things you say? (Long pause) No. It would probably be a nicer answer if I said yes, we HAVE a responsibility to fans. But I can't be noble for the sake of it.

The answer's no. I don't believe we have any responsibility, frankly, and it takes a bit of saying. It's insulting the intelligence of a lot of young people to say we have. We used to get requests from people, asking us if we'd go to a meeting and tell loads of people they shouldn't drink. What do they take us for? We'd get laughed at if we said the youth of Britain shouldn't drink. It'd be bloody impertinent. I haven't the right to interfere with anybody else's life. Do you think just because a Beatle said, "Don't go beating people up," the crime figures would go down? They wouldn't. And it's a cheek to expect us to do it. And I'd feel a right nit saying, "Thou Shalt Not Drink."

"It's other people looking at us that creates the image"

another person in the street and said, "That's a lousy jacket you're wearing," he'd be a knocker. And the bloke wearing the jacket would hate it. So do we. If the knockers are moving in now, we don't like it. We don't like Clever Henrys.

What are your feelings about so-called intrusion into Beatles' privacy – wives, girlfriends being photographed and interviewed?

Mainly, yes, we all resent it a bit. It depends on my mood. If I'm away on holiday and photographers start chasing, I get fed up. But if the photographer's OK and asks if I'd pose for a picture or something, and

Is The Beatles' image changing, and if so, how?

Yes, I think it is. At least, I do feel it is switching a bit now. Let's get one thing clear though: it's other people looking at US that creates the image. We can't create it. We can just notice it, and sort of say, "Ah well..." I think it is good that it is changing, as well. You ask how is it changing? I'd hesitate to use the word "maturing." That word has certain connotations. People who are mature are respectable, ordinary and, I think, dull. They use the word mature when what they mean is that people are in a rut. I hope we're not mature. My feeling about our changing image is this: everybody goes through certain stages of growing up. For us, this is one of them. People are simply realising that we're growing up.

What will be your reaction if the next Beatles single "Ticket To Ride" does not go straight to No 1 in the hit parade?

It would be a terrible drag and then I'll really pay attention to the knockers who say The Beatles are slipping! I mean, think of those horrible quotes we'd have to give people – "Proves there's room for everybody," we'd say if it goes in the chart at Number 15! Seriously, if it doesn't get to the top first go, I'd say damn and blast it, because as you know I never swear (*smiles broadly*). I might say flipping heck! Come off it. Truthfully, I'd feel very depressed and I'd be in a disappointed mood.

Do you expect it to reach the top immediately?

It's not a question of expecting, but hoping. It's always hope rather than expectancy. Once you start expecting success you get blasé. We'll never get to the stage of releasing rubbish because we know people will buy it. Disaster. We've always been terrified with each new release and we're the same now. We like it, but people might hate it – and that's their right. This business of singles has always been a real worry for us, and I mean this, because every time we've tried for something different, and we have done this time. Not that we've got the Black Dyke Mills Band backing us! The worst attitude anybody in the chart can have is: "The last one did OK, so this one will." All I say is: let us pray.

Has the time now arrived when the Beatle knockers are moving on?

One thing on this subject had always struck me as stupid. You get people who say things like: "A bit of criticism is always good for you. Being taken down a peg and getting advice never hurt anyone." It's a load of rubbish, I've never met anyone yet who liked being criticised, even when the criticism was meant as advice. Let's face it: our knockers aren't interested in helping us, or giving us advice. They're simply malicious. Another thing I hate is where somebody tells you his opinion after the event. You know the sort – "Well, if you want my honest opinion, I didn't like it in the first place." We've had a lot of that and we hate it. It's cowardly. We've always been worried about knockers. Isn't everyone? If somebody walked up to

he's reasonable about it, I'm not annoyed. After all, you've got to face the fact the press is after you, haven't you? It's when people start sneaking pictures and wrecking a private holiday that I get temperamental.

What do you think of John's plans to become an independent record producer? He says this will probably be in partnership with you.

I don't mind the idea, as long as he lets me set up the mics for him. Just to keep my hand in, like. Seriously, I'd love it. It'd be a challenge.

Is there anything you dislike about showbusiness?

Shaving! Right, I'll answer this properly. Those daft people who go backstage after an opening night and say, "Dahling, you were super!" Women in showbusiness who swear like the troopers to make everybody know they are in showbusiness. Showbiz women who act like men. I hate this type. All the "Oh dahling" types. Horrible. Also people who walk around calling each other "Love". Not the "luv" that shop assistants in the North mean, but the showbiz "Love". This type is often the floor manager on a TV show. It is so affected. They think these affectations make them individual. Actually, they are following every known rule in the book, and falling into every possible showbiz trap that makes them *un*individual. To me, this is one of the drags of showbusiness. (John: "That's it, Paul. Have a bash! Have a go!")

How conscious are you of personal images within the group and do you discuss this?

I used to panic about images, because I'm very easily influenced – impressionable, truthfully. I used to worry about whether we should smoke on photographs. Then I realised it would be daft not to. I used to panic about being seen anywhere with Jane [Asher], because I used to have this old-fashioned idea that recording people were never seen out with girlfriends. Now, I don't care much. No, these things don't matter to me or any of us, because we don't really believe in images. We never talk about them, except to "send up" the word "image".

How would you describe a Beatle hanger-on?

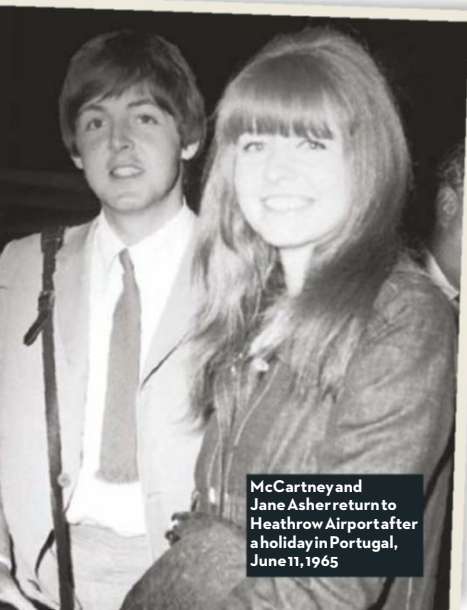
There are various kinds of hangers-on, we find. Some hang on because they can tell their friends they've met The Beatles. Big deal. Some hang on because it's their job to do so. The very worst kind of hanger-on is the one you discover was a hanger-on three weeks after he's left your company.

Do you think the success and achievements of The Beatles will ever be surpassed?

Yes, I think they might easily be. Nobody thought Elvis' successes could be surpassed, but I think we might have surpassed one or two of his, haven't we?

Would you ever live permanently outside Britain?

No. Definitely not. Out of everywhere I've ever been I like England best. (George: "Leave England? Never. Best country in the world to live in.")



McCartney and Jane Asher return to Heathrow Airport after a holiday in Portugal, June 11, 1965

How would you like to be remembered as Beatles, when you are old?

Paul: With a smile.

John: I won't be interested in being remembered. I'll be in a mental home and the *MM* will run articles saying: "Now direct from the mental home, we present John Lennon in *Blind Date*." No, I'd like to be remembered as the one with the twinkle in his eye!

George: I just don't curr.

Ringo: I'd like to be remembered as Mrs Starkey's little boy!

Ray Coleman

— MELODY MAKER APRIL 10 —

THE ROLLS-ROYCE CARRYING John Lennon swung out of Twickenham film studios and faced a sea of fans blocking the road. The chauffeur drove on. Girls banged the doors and wings of the Rolls and screamed: "John! John!" The Beatle carried on reading and locked himself in. It was not very unusual. Just another battery of fans attacking his symbol of fame. They were beaten by a ruthless driver. The average Rolls owner might have shuddered with horror at the thought of a few dents.

"The way I see it," said John as the car glided out of Twickenham, "is that they bought the car, so they've got the right to smash it up."

It was 5.30pm. Lennon had knocked off from work at the film set and was on his way home to dinner with Cynthia. The next 12 hours provided a powerful look at life with the Lennons. After dinner, it was a film. After the film, on to London's Ad Lib club. Hundreds of thousands of words later, and at 5am on Friday, the Lennons were on their way back home to Weybridge, Surrey.

"We're going to see *The Ipcress File*," said John, as the Rolls sped on. "We hire this cinema in town quite often." Throughout the journey to his home, John talked – mainly about the hit parade, and of Beatles' prospects with "Ticket To Ride".

"First time I saw Donovan on TV, I fell off my chair. I couldn't believe it. We'd got back from Austria and I thought, 'Good God, Dylan's in Britain.' I still can't believe it.

"Yeah, great to see Dylan doing so well. I never thought he'd do much with this single. Hope we get the chance to get together again when he comes over – I'll have him out to the house if he'll come."

He said it wouldn't surprise him if "Ticket To Ride" didn't arrive in the chart at the top. "It's got to happen sometime, so it might as well be now."

Lennon does not sit in his Rolls. He lies in it. His feet operate the electrically controlled windows, and he plays ups-and-downs with them all the time. He also smokes a lot and often passes a fag to the chauffeur. At traffic lights, people glance inside, see the mophead, and do a double take. "It isn't – it IS." They nudge their passengers. John either stares them out with the world's most freezing stare, or ignores them.

"This is it," he said as the car pulled to the top of a long drive. "Let's go and play some records."

Lennon's country house cost him £20,000 and it looks it. It is comfortable, but not ostentatiously furnished. His new Ferrari was resplendent outside the front door.

"Marvellous car. George and I ran it in the other night down the road – in one burst of 120 miles an hour."

John said hello to Cynthia ("Cyn") and introduced his son, Julian. "He's two, I think." After a lot of fiddling with his record player, Lennon started playing "Subterranean Homesick Blues", the next Dylan single out here, and pronounced it as "great, very Chuck Berry-ish". John and Cynthia spend about a quarter of an hour trying unsuccessfully to work out the words Dylan sings. He carted huge boxful after huge boxful of LPs into the lounge and finally settled for the *Rags, Blues And Hollers* album by Koerner, Ray and Glover, which he loves.

Cynthia said the cook was ready to serve dinner. Over a splendid meal of chicken, red wine and apple pie and ice cream, John talked. Easily the most pungent, electrifying pop star in Britain, the 24-year-old Beatle was in searing form. He spoke of his hate of growing old; about the Bernard Levin affair and *Not So Much Of A Programme*, *More A Way Of Life* [a satirical TV programme on the BBC]. About spastics and his image; about the British pop scene.

"The scene's in a funny position at the moment. It goes up and down a lot. It came up with Proby, then went down, and up again with Tom Jones. It's gone a bit thin at the moment, with corny songs in the chart and so on. There are some good things around, like The Yardbirds and The Who, but I keep thinking how much better their records could have been.

"Then there's this folk thing. I mean, if Donovan thinks he's a folk singer, what about Count Basie? LP WINNER!"

It must be explained here that Lennon is currently playing a game all his own. He makes outrageous statements like that one, totally irrelevant to the conversation and then adds the words "LP winner". It's a send-up of »

1965

APRIL – JUNE



Fixing a hoe: John Lennon with his first wife, Cynthia, and their son Julian at home in Weybridge, Surrey, 1965.

the *Melody Maker*'s Mailbag writers, renowned for advancing deep theoretical arguments about what's folk and what isn't, what's R&B and what isn't. John finds it hilarious. In-between eating and drinking wine, John was getting up and down and walking into the lounge, changing records. Cynthia was finally driven to say: "For goodness sake sit down. You're giving me indigestion." She had a point.

"I think Levin was a bit soft saying that bloke's an imbecile," said John. "He's been waiting for people to have a big go at him for a long time. Now it's happened. Well, if he thinks he can get away with it like Proby did, he can't. What about R&B? Signed Al Saxon, Stoke-on-Trent, LP winner!"

"I like the pop shows on TV. Even enjoy seeing the rubbish. I like plays as well. There have been some good ones lately. I like pop shows first, plays second. I watch *Not So Much A Programme*.... I like that bloke Patrick Campbell and Harvey Orkin. But sometimes they get terrible drags on the panel. Altogether, it's a bit of a loser programme. I was asked to go on it but I turned it down. I'd only go on if they had people on the panel I like, otherwise it would just be a nasty night. They'd probably carve me up, and if that happened I'd get bloody rude."

"It's such a drag thought, thinking about a grey-haired Beatle"

On growing old: "It's very difficult to imagine. I sometimes try to look into the future and stop myself doing it because it's such a drag thought. Thinking about an old Beatle, or a grey-haired Beatle, or a spastic Beatle. But the thought of somebody coming up and saying, 'How old are you?' and me saying '50' is a bit offputting. You know what I hate about the thought of growing old? When I was 16 or 17, people kept saying to me, 'Wait till you're 20 or 24, and you'll laugh at how you looked and behaved at 16.' And bloody hell, they're right. If I grow old and miserable, I'll paint myself green and red and have balloons popping out my earholes."

Cynthia gave him a look that could only have meant: "You're talking rubbish again."

Would everything now be an anti-climax for the Beatles after so much success? "I want no more from being a record star," said Lennon. "I'm not disinterested, but there is more now than to make good records and sell them. I'd like to see us making better and better films. That's very difficult, and unlike pop music it allows you to grow up as a person. I'm not craving for any more gold discs, even though they're a nice boost. That's all over. I just want to be an all-round spastic LP winner."

There must be a deep psychological reason for it, for John is obsessed with spastics. He talks about them a lot. Why?

"I mean nothing nasty, honest," he answered jumping up and down again. "I don't think I'd know a spastic from a Polaroid lens. I'm not hung up about them. When I use the word 'spastic' in general conversation, I don't mean to say it literally. I feel terrible sympathy for these people – it seems the end of the world when you see deformed spastics, and we've had quite a lot of them in our travels.

"In the States, they were bringing hundreds of 'em along backstage and it was fantastic. I can't stand looking at 'em. I have to turn away. I have to laugh or I'd just collapse from hate. Listen, in the States, they lined 'em up and you got the impression The Beatles were being treated as bloody faith healers. It was sickening. I use the word spastic as slang. It's old-fashioned to say, 'He's got a leg missing.' If you talk spastics at least you're modern."

Cynthia gave him a rebuking look. "Enjoying your dinner?" asked John. Since the rise of The Beatles, John has gained the image of the vicious, outspoken Beatle. How did he like it? "It's been very useful," he replied. "A lot of slimy little reporter types seem to have got to fear me, it's fantastic. I didn't work for the title of the vicious Beatle, the biting Beatle, the one with the rapier wit. It's a load of crap. It's handy being tagged like this. When I meet intelligent and hip people, I have to be on my toes not to disillusion them. The people who have fallen for my image and publicity go to Paul, which I think's funnier still.

"Paul can be very cynical and much more biting than me when he's driven to it. 'Course, he's got more patience. But he can carve people up in no time at all, when he's pushed. He hits the nail right on the head and doesn't beat around the bush, does Paul. LP winner!"

Cynthia said if they were going to leave the house by 8pm, they'd better move. John said he wanted to look round the house and play more records. He said hello to his huge dog, Nigel – "He's soft, so I bought him to protect me." One of the rooms in John's house contains 11 guitars.

John and Cynthia took off in the Rolls for a West End basement cinema. The Rolls car radio blared out Radio London. A record by Bobby Goldsboro came on and Lennon said, "Ere, that's the bloke who turned me on to contact lenses during the Orbison show. He used to be Orbison's guitarist."

Next tune was "I'll Follow The Sun", by The Beatles. "I suppose they think that's folk, so they might as well plug it," said John. "Paul wrote that when he was 10. So how can it be folk? LP winner!"

A showband disc caused John to have a go at them all. "We played opposite one on our first public appearance in a theatre – at the Pavilion, Liverpool, years ago. We all fell about with laughter. It was so funny – I can't believe they're taking themselves seriously. They were old-fashioned then and they're the same today. I haven't anything against them personally, but their music is quite incredible – lousy, I mean. It's like watching a long, long talent contest. All the musicians are about 28 or 30 and they look so bloody soft leaping and dancing about and singing about stupid things. Surely they can't get VERY big?"

The Rolls arrived at the cinema. Soon, John and Cynthia were joined by Ringo and Maureen, George and Patti Boyd, Paul and Jane Asher, film producer Walter Shenson, and road managers Neil Aspinall and Malcolm Evans. They were served drinks.

John kept singing "Goldfinger" to the theme tune of *The Ipcress File*. Afterwards, he declared the picture suffered from a slow start but was "not bad". Paul was completely knocked out by it; George and Ringo liked it.



"A lot of slimy little reporter types seem to have got to fear me"

On to the Ad Lib club – John in his Rolls, George in his E-type and Paul in a Mini. After about an hour, John and Cynthia were the only Beatles left. They drank whisky and cokes.

"Notice the place fill up after we arrived?" said John. He spent the next few hours talking. To Alan Price of The Animals, to Dionne Warwick. Lennon and Price shared some side-splitting recollections of early fights they had "on the way up" – Lennon in Hamburg, Price in Newcastle.

At 4.30 am it was time to evacuate a closed Ad Lib club. Cynthia slept in the car on the journey to Surrey. John said, "Let's go and wake up the others." But he didn't. It suddenly occurred to him that he had to be on the film set at 8am.

As the car passed Twickenham, John said: "I might as well sleep in a chair at the studio."

He was still very much awake, joking and pontificating about the pop scene, laughing at the time.

"I bet you won't be joking in a couple of hours,"

said Cynthia. "He's terrible first thing."

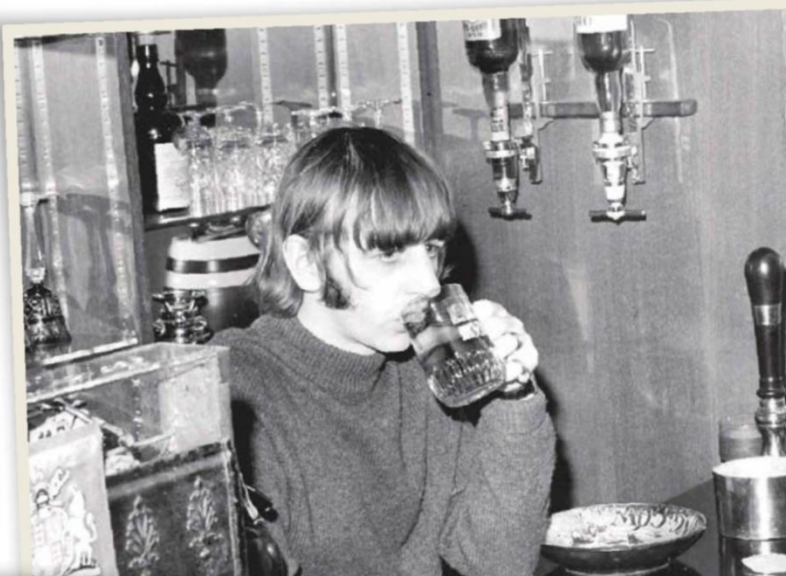
John gave her that cynical look and started singing "A Hard Day's Night". It seemed the right thing to do. *Ray Coleman*

— MELODY MAKER APRIL 17 —

MORE THAN AT any time since they stormed to the top, The Beatles are now thinking about the future. Fame and fortune have been achieved. But there is more to life than that. Ringo sat in his flat last week taking a panoramic view of the world, and contemplating the years ahead.

"It bothers me, sometimes, when I sit wondering about what's going to happen," he said. "You can't sort anything out. It's impossible to say that if we stop being The Beatles in two years, we'll split up. We've come too far to split away from each other. We couldn't go our separate ways, never seeing each other again. But the funny thing right now is that we're in a corner. A to B is a straight line, but there's no straight line for us. I'd love to know how all this will end. It would be stupid to pack it up while things are like they are. None of us want to, anyway. At the moment, everything's great.

"But if we carry on playing and wait for the records to start slipping, as they're bound to one day, people will say we're packing it all in because



"We're in a corner": Ringo behind the bar in Brookfield House, the Tudor mansion in Elstead, Surrey he bought from Peter Sellers, January 1965

Life with the Lennons

THE STORY OF A HARD DAY'S NIGHT IN THE LIFE OF A BEATLE (AND HIS WIFE)

The Rolls-Royce carrying John Lennon swung out of Twickenham film studios and faced a sea of fans blocking the road. The chauffeur drove on. Girls banged the doors and wings of the Rolls and screamed: "John! John!" The Beatle carried on reading and locked himself in. It was not very unusual. The average Rolls owner might have shuddered with horror at the thought of a few drizzles. "The way I see it," said John as the car glided out of Twickenham, "is that they bought the car, so they've got the right to smash it up."

The next 12 hours provided a powerful look at life with the Lennons. After dinner, it was a film. After the film, on to London's Ad Lib Club. Hundreds of

EXCLUSIVE

BY RAY COLEMAN

"Marvellous car, George and I ran it in the other night. I was in it one hour of 120 miles an hour."

what's folk and what isn't, John finds it hilarious.

anti-climax for the Beatles after so much success? "I want so much more from..."



we've had it. I'd hate that. Then I look at Elvis, who's 30, and I wonder how he keeps on. John and I often have a laugh and say to each other, 'I'm not going onstage when I'm 30.' You know, I wouldn't go on tour as a rock'n'roll drummer with a group if I was 30. I'd feel so old and out of it. I feel old now, man. When I get on that stage and see the audience I think to myself, 'Good God. They're 16 and I'm 24.' It doesn't seem right.

"I suppose the best thing to do is roll along and say, 'Well, let it happen as it does.' But I've been thinking and wondering where it's all going. 'I want our end as The Beatles to be a good one, man. I mean, some of the rockers of the late '50s thought they were the living end at the time, then one day the public didn't want to know and they were finished. They got to be mentally washed up, as well. It finished them. We don't want that to happen to us. And it could. One day, when we're going to have to stop, and I only hope everything's nice when we do stop.

"I hope the films work out good. We all like filming. I hope I'm not giving the impression it's nearly all over. That's not true. But there comes a moment when you start thinking about where the whole thing's going. But I've always been a bit of an optimist. Things worked out great on the way up, and I hope it's as smooth the other way, really. I've always said that if you've got a pain, don't dwell on it. Think to yourself, 'Well, one day it's going to go.' And it does."

The 24-year-old senior Beatle was spending an afternoon in his flat. The group had been given a few hours off from filming. "This is more of a home than the other flat," said Ringo. "And being married is great, man. I hope we'll be able to live here for a long time. I only hope I don't get thrown out of this place like I did the last one because of the behaviour of fans, if they can be called fans. They're a lot of scrubbers and exhibitionists who hang around, shout outside all day and night, ring the bells and all that. It's enough to drive me mad. They can't be fans. Real fans don't behave like that.

"I can't understand why people don't let me lead a reasonably normal life when I come home from work. If I get out of the car and refuse to sign autographs, they shout four letter words at me and everybody near here hears it. It's not very nice. I've tried it every way. I've tried saying please be quiet but they won't. I've tried signing autographs but they stay shouting at the door. It's a shame, because if any genuine fan finds out where I live and comes down, they suffer because of the others."

He put on his latest buy—an LP by Woody Guthrie—and talked about the letter to the *Melody Maker*'s Mailbag page last week. It urged The Beatles to feature Ringo singing more on singles. Would he like to? "It doesn't bother me. I'm quite happy with my one little track on each album. I enjoy singing the odd number or so, and I wouldn't like to do too much. I don't see myself as the lead singer and certainly not the best singer. Still, I'd like to thank that reader—Mark Radford—for writing such a nice letter. Why wasn't he an LP winner? It was a lovely letter. Tell him I'd like to buy him an LP for writing it. Tell him to send the bill to the *MM* and I'll pay for it."

He talked about the prospect of being a father. "I'm made up—out of my mind with happiness, and Maureen's so thrilled. The baby's only the size of a sixpence, so let's not get that carried away. As far as the baby's future life's concerned, well, I didn't have the best education in the world. I attended secondary modern and I've not done badly out of it. If the kid passes exams, he or she can go to university or college, but I'd never push

"I wouldn't go on tour as a drummer if I was 30. You'd feel so old"

it. And I'd never be the sort of dad who says, 'You won't get your bike unless you pass your exams.' I hate that, man."

Would Ringo's child be encouraged to be a musician? And how much would he or she have to live with the "image" as being the son or daughter of a Beatle or ex-Beatle?

"If I had a 10-year-old son or daughter right now, yes. He'd probably be lumbered with being described as my kid. But by the time he grows up, I won't be playing rock'n'roll drums, will I? It will be very funny. I can imagine him playing all our records and saying, 'Come off it, Dad. Why did you play all this old-fashioned rubbish. Listen to THIS sound, man!' I don't care if he's

a musician or not. Let them make their own mistakes, says Ringo Starr. When I was 16, they tried to get me in a trade, which is a good thing if you're an ordinary person. I suppose I wasn't an ordinary person. I took and chance and I think I've been lucky.

"I met Maureen three days exactly after I'd joined The Beatles and from then on it's been a knockout all the way. We met at the Cavern. Doesn't everybody?"

The Starr poodle scampered around and Ringo laughed at it. "Very intelligent dog. Much more intelligent than John's. John's dog is just dim. Tiger isn't—poodles are very brainy. Y'know, there are times when I'd give all my earnings to hear this dogspeak... well, a week's earnings."

Ray Coleman

— MELODY MAKER MAY 1 —

GEORGE HARRISON IS deeply interested in money. He likes to know precisely what is happening to The Beatles' cash. When John Lennon, Paul McCartney and Ringo Starr are asked about money, they say flatly, "Ask George—he's the only one who asks the questions and finds out where it's going."

The 22-year-old lead guitarist is no financial wizard. But he spends more time than the other three thinking about investments. "I'm not really the most interested money Beatle," said Harrison in his £20,000 Surrey house the other week. "Just the only one interested in what's happening to it. I like to know where it's going. Actually I can quite understand why the others aren't so bothered. We sit at accountants' meetings and are told we've got two per cent of this and four-and-a-half per cent of that. It's confusing and boring and like being back at school.

"Well, after a year or so of The Beatles making records and doing well, I started trying to find out where it was going. John, Paul and Ringo were equally interested. But they gave in. I didn't. It's easy to get blasé and think we're making plenty and somebody's taking care of it. But I like to know how much is coming in; where it's being put; how much I can spend. I'm no more money-mad than the others. I've just persevered and found out."

George went on to give some details. "We all have some private investments. Believe it or not, we still haven't got a terrific amount of money in real capital. There are a lot of group investments in the name of Beatles Ltd, obviously, because that's a very safe thing. There are lump sums in bank deposit accounts in the names of all four of us, I believe. There isn't a million pounds in cash or anything like that. It's mostly investments.

"Ringo has got this brick-building company and John and I have got a supermarket somewhere—I don't know where it is exactly. I don't know about Paul. But I'm sure he has got some good investments as well. That's how it's been done anyway—we've been partnered up for investments. I remember being told something about two per cent in some building society, but there are so many details to remember you just give in in the end. It's a very complicated business, money."

The Beatles are often described as millionaires. "I wouldn't like to say I or Ringo was a millionaire in any way," George declared. "I'd say there's a fair



An Aston Martin DB5 and a Mini. "I don't know about Paul but I suppose he has some good investments" says the Beatles' money expert.





"I don't really care about being a millionaire." The Beatles they call the money expert lives in a beautiful £20,000 Surrey bungalow. Runs an Aston Martin DB5 and Mini.





"I prefer having a home in London to living in the country." Rarely carries much cash. Drives Facel Vega (£5,500) and Mini.



BEATLE MONEY

John and I have a

that many real shows. And for us to be millionaires — every one of us — would mean the Beatles would have to go

Do the Beatles ever stop to think about the comparative poverty of years ago? Do they miss not being able to do their own shopping, and not being able to walk around without being mobbed? Says George: "We've never really thought that much about what we've done and what we've earned and how well off we are. That's one reason we've kept our heads."



"I hate buses—they get in the way of my posh car": George and his E-Type Jag outside the flat he shared with Ringo in London's Knightsbridge, July 1964

Salute to the MB Beatles!

DEAR JOHN, PAUL, GEORGE and RINGO:
Congratulations from all NME readers on the honour bestowed on you by the Queen, who saw fit to make you Members of the British Empire for your

BY THE EDITOR

mindful "Daily Telegraph," in its leader, suggested the honour was not sufficient and you should have received a more generous award, such as a knighthood.

The Prime Minister, the Member of Parliament for... Liverpool, recommended you for

ingham Palace to the investiture—there are, in July, and others later in the year—and to hope "baby" lets Maureen go. You'll be decked out in your finest attire and you'll be a very happy day. Myra Macomber, wife of Harry, recalled that she was "seated still" before the investiture, but after it she celebrated, having seen her husband receive OBE.

You will come away with silver medals and a pink ribbon, each with a pin to attach it

chance John and Paul are because of all the money they've earned through Northern Songs. I think it would be very hard for all four of us to be real millionaires, anyway. Let's say for example that a big pop star in Britain is earning £2,000 a night. Then say for example The Beatles earn £4,000 a night. That solo star's got the £2,000 for himself. "With us, it's got to be split four times for a performance. That makes on paper, £1,000 a show. We just don't do that many real shows. And for us to be millionaires—every one of us—would mean The Beatles would have to gross £4 million altogether for a four-part split of the money.

"And don't forget there's a tax fee to be paid, plus Eppy's percentages. "So I'm sure Ringo and I can't be millionaires. With John and Paul it's different because of their songwriting. Hey, it sounds like I'm talking myself into being broke! It's not that bad. I know I'm OK. "If I've got £500,000, I'm not really bothered with the other half a million. For half a million, you can buy the sort of house you want, furnish it, and the sort of car you want. The millionaire business is just status. There's a limit to how much you want to spend, in my opinion."

The Beatles meet their accountant every three months and are told what is happening to their earnings. "I ask the most questions—that's why the others say, 'Ask George,'" said Harrison. "Also I often have a private chat with the accountant about my own affairs."

Despite their fortunes, The Beatles are not obsessed by money in day-to-day activities. They do not walk around with bulging wallets. Big bills are settled through their office, and Ringo says, "I just don't find anything

"If I've got £500,000, I'm not bothered with the other half a million"

to spend money on if I've got it. Sometimes I haven't got any money on me at all and I have to borrow from Neil or Mal" [road managers Neil Aspinall and Malcolm Evans].

Do The Beatles ever stop to think about the comparative poverty of years ago? Do they miss not being able to walk around without being mobbed? Says George: "We've never really thought that much about what we've done and what we've earned and how well off we are. That's one reason we've kept our heads.

"Everything still knocks us out—we're not the types to say, 'We've earned plenty—that's enough.' When we hear we've sold another million or something, we still go out of our

minds thinking how great it is, and what an achievement.

"It wasn't the money in the first place. We never sat down and said we wanted to be rich and all that. The money's nice, naturally. But it was getting somewhere that mattered—pride. I thought recently it would be nice to walk down a street without people saying, 'That's George Harrison.' But then you see, I probably wouldn't be in that street and able to buy from the shops there if they weren't saying that, would I? People say, 'Don't you miss going for a bus ride like any normal bloke?' The answer's No. What? Get some dirty old man breathing down your neck? And anyway, you can never get on buses when you want to. I used to stand in bus queues and think about how great it would be to have a car—especially when they put the chain across the bus and the conductor said, 'Sorry—full!'

"I never liked buses and I hate them now—because they get in the way of my posh car!" Ray Coleman •

1965

APRIL - JUNE

Kinks: the truth!

NME MAY 28 What really happened between Mick Avory and Dave Davies

THE FUTURE OF The Kinks, out of action for the moment, following the head injuries sustained by Dave Davies at Cardiff last week, is in the balance. Just what The Kinks are doing I managed to find out earlier this week. Mick is staying with his parents in Molesey, catching up on some early nights, seeing old friends like his drum tutor. Mick dropped round to see me at my home in Kingston.

Over a cup of coffee, he was anxious to clear up the exaggerated rumours surrounding that "cymbal stand incident". "Let's get some things straight," he said. "First of all, it is ridiculous to suggest that it was any kind of publicity stunt. Dave has 10 stitches in his head and we don't need that kind of publicity! Secondly, there is some kind of stupid rumour circulating that it was a fight we were having over some girl in Bristol. That is also nonsense. It happened because we were going to do a big rave-up scene during 'Beautiful Delilah'. The idea was to wave stuff around and generally go mad. Dave counted me in and came toward me swinging his guitar. I picked up the cymbal stand and whirled it around. It caught him on the side of his head. I've spoken to Dave's sister since, although I have not been able to talk to Dave, and the whole matter is cleared up."

Mick is now getting his fair share of phone calls at home, imploring him not to leave the group. In June the Kinks are booked for a US tour, where Mick is one of the most popular members. About the new record, Mick said: "It would be ironic if 'Set Me Free' got to No 1 because of this publicity."

One reporter from a national daily wanted Mick to pose with cymbal and drums. He went out to get some but returned with a guitar. "I couldn't get a cymbal," the journalist explained, "but the guitar is a musical instrument, isn't it?"

A meeting of group and management is called for this week to determine when The Kinks can resume bookings. Meanwhile Mick is taking pills to help him sleep. "I'm not used to going to bed as early as midnight," he said.

Keith Altham

THE KINKS SET ME FREE I NEED YOU



Astrud Gilberto at Heathrow Airport, June 1965



"I was a singing housewife"

MM JUNE 26 Astrud Gilberto makes her quietly astonishing debut

BRASIL'S ASTRUD GILBERTO is a young and demure-looking girl who takes her sudden burst of fame pretty calmly.

"I was just a singing housewife," she says. "Before 'Girl From Ipanema', nothing. I was interested in music, but I used to sing only at private parties and clubs."

"We were all just amateurs, but we loved singing and most of my friends have become famous since. So I was always interested in music, but of course I learned from my ex-husband Joao."

Astrud specialises in bossa nova songs. Has she, like most bossa nova exponents, broken out in a rash of compositions?

"I've composed a few tunes. Ten or 12 Brazilian songs and a beguine. When will I perform them in public? I don't know if they are even good enough."

"I sing them at home, to my son, four-year-old Joao Marcello. He likes them. And I've played them to Joao Gilberto, and he says they're good."

How does Astrud define bossa nova?

"Well, it's like 'New Charm'. Bossa nova is never exciting like rhythm and blues. But it has charm. Somebody has bossa, like 'It'."

Are Astrud Gilberto's tastes restricted to Brazilian music?

"No, I like to listen to any kind of music. I sing mostly Brazilian songs, and that means bossa nova because that is our national music. But

of course, there are many different moods and tempos in bossa nova."

"In fact, I like to sing jazz. At home, yes, but not in public. I sing in English as well as Portuguese, because I learned some English at high school in Rio. I'm a big fan of Sinatra's and of Ella Fitzgerald's."

How did Astrud come to make "Girl From Ipanema"?

"Well, Joao Gilberto was my husband, now divorced, and he knew Stan Getz. Getz got to know 'Desafinado' from my husband's record. They were making it when it was decided to have something sung in English. Joao told them that I could do it."

"Bossa nova is never exciting like rhythm and blues, but it has charm"

ROLLING STONES CONCERT

LONG BEACH ARENA
270 EAST SEASIDE

MAY 16 1965

SUN. MAT. at 4:00
Est. Pr. \$4.64
Fed. Tax .36
TOTAL \$5.00

NO REFUND - NO EXCHANGE

COMPLIMENTARY NOT FOR SALE

16 1965

GOOD ONLY SUN. MATINEE MAY 16

\$5.00 ORCHESTRA



Rock'n'soul!

MM JUNE 18 Solomon Burke tells us exactly how he sees it

Stones car trouble

NME MAY 21 Bill Wyman recounts the band's terrifying near-death experience in Long Beach, California

"THEROOF'S CAVING in. Stand up and push on it," someone shouted and I obeyed in a flash. We Stones have been in some awful crashes and jams in our career, but this was the worst ever. I thought we would all be crushed and suffocated in that big limousine on Long Beach, California. There must have been a hundred teenagers on the roof of the car and more piling on to them, like a rugby scrum. The car was surrounded and bodies were jammed against the side and windows. Girls, looking terrified, fought for breath. We in the car all stood up and pushed for our lives on the roof to keep it from coming in on us. We couldn't have got out of the car if it had. I really thought the roof would come in.

My arms ached as we pushed for quite a few minutes to keep the roof up. The car was battered and dented. This terrifying scene took place after a raving wild concert at Long Beach, where 9,000 kids went berserk. Our quick getaway misfired. We were told to make for an exit but it was too narrow for the limousine to get through. We backed and made for another exit. Too narrow again, and by this time 6,000 kids bore down on the car. Before they could stop and think, they were trapped against it or on the roof, where they jumped for safety. The police started swinging their long batons, hitting at everything as they tried to restore order. There were several casualties. One girl lost fingers on

one hand, another had her foot crushed. It was horrible.

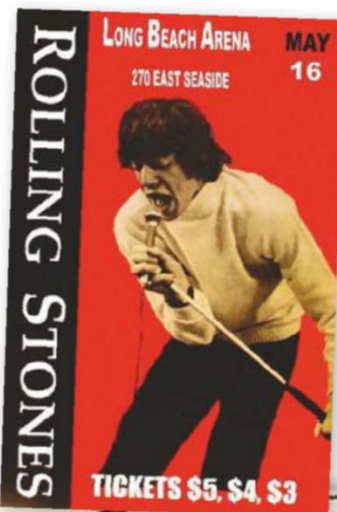
We did a two-day recording session in Los Angeles, cutting nine tracks in all, to add to the four we did at Chess in Chicago earlier. We're dead pleased with them, and have ideas for our next single from two of the tracks, but it won't be until next July, as we have an EP to come out next month when we get home.

Brian won't forget Jacksonville, Florida. We had a glorious pool there and were doing some karate beside it when he fell heavily. Next day a lump came up on his chest and the doctor told him he had cracked two ribs. He wears a classic belt, which we call his corsets! He's recovering rapidly, I'm glad to say.

We're having a bit of a holiday following our five shows in L.A. We're doing an extra farewell show in New York on Sunday 30th, but have some days off before it, so we're splitting up and making our various ways back there. Brian and I will stay on at Los Angeles... We like it here,

the sun and everything, and there are some interesting places to go at night. We'll fly to New York. Mick and Keith are buying a car and are going to drive through the Arizona desert for their holiday, and Charlie says he's going on his own to Gettysburg in Pennsylvania to see if he can uncover some more American history, of which he's getting to be an expert. Maybe he'll give an address from there, just like President Lincoln did!

"There must have been a hundred teenagers on the roof of the car and more piling on"



STONES FACED DEATH IN CRUMBLING CAR

NM Exclusive from Bill Wyman

RECORD OF THE WEEK!

THE KINKS

SET ME FREE

7N 15854

had her foot crushed. It was going off on his own to Gettysburg in Pennsylvania to see if he can uncover some more American history, of which he's getting to be an expert. Maybe he'll give an address from there, just like President Lincoln did!

We did a two-day recording session in Los Angeles, cutting nine tracks in all, to add to the four we did at Chess in Chicago earlier. We're dead pleased with them, and have ideas for our next single from two of the tracks, but it won't be until July, as we have an EP to come out

I'M GOING TO tell you exactly how I see it. Blues, rhythm and blues, jazz and spiritual music to me are all part of the same thing. Sometimes your blues expresses a deeper feeling and tells a more direct story. Rock'n'roll is a type of action blues that expresses a very young feeling, while jazz is for the type of person who thinks very deeply and likes to relax.

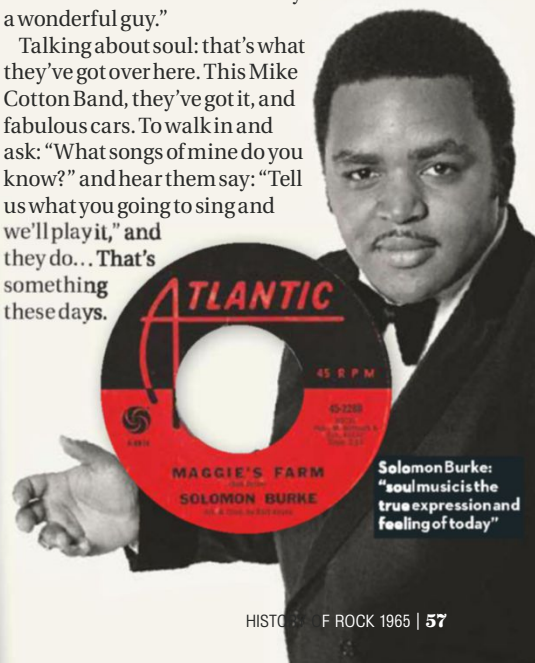
Now Rock'n'soul is simply a combination of R&B, country-and-western, spirituals and rock'n'roll. So far as I'm concerned, it's soul music. And that's what I love. I'd say soul music is the true expression and feeling of today. I had a song called "If You Need Me Call Me" and it said nothing that isn't said by any one of a million people. I had another, "Everybody Needs Somebody To Love", and this is so true from one day old to a hundred and ninety-nine. This is my belief, and I think it can be the greatest thing in the world if everyone would just consider it the music of today. Don't separate this type from that. It's all saying the same thing.

For myself, I love jazz and folk music, Dixieland especially, and C&W and rock'n'roll. Jimmy Witherspoon, now I'm his number-one fan. And Ray Charles, man, that's it! Ray Charles and The Raelettes, this is the soul sound. It's really a church sound. Ray has so much feeling he can sing "The Moon Comes Over The Mountain" and make it sound soulful. Mahalia Jackson - she's the greatest female gospel singer there is. When she sings "Didn't It Rain", man, she moves it. And James Brown - of course he's a great artist.

So you can see I like all kind of music if it moves. Of your British groups, I admire The Rolling Stones - they're my favourites - and The Undertakers. That's all I can think of. The Beatles? I think I heard a little too much of them.

Then too, I dig Bob Dylan's songs. I was sitting in my record company, Atlantic, with Jerry Wexler, and we were listening to this album, *Bringing It All Back Home*. He's so different. Maybe he's a little too strong with it, but he's great. Anyway, that "Maggie's Farm" hit me and I said: "That's written by a wonderful guy."

Talking about soul: that's what they've got over here. This Mike Cotton Band, they've got it, and fabulous cars. To walk in and ask: "What songs of mine do you know?" and hear them say: "Tell us what you going to sing and we'll play it," and they do... That's something these days.



1965

APRIL – JUNE

“We’re full of ambition...”

That kind of vision has already cost **THE YARDBIRDS** a lead guitarist, Eric Clapton. Now they and Clapton’s replacement Jeff Beck are surging boldly onwards. First, “For Your Love”. Next, an assignment in medieval costume and advice for young players...

— MELODY MAKER MARCH 27 —

SINCE THEY STARTED at Richmond’s Crawdaddy Club three years ago, The Yardbirds have had more than their share of bad luck. First of all, singer, Keith Relf suffered a collapsed lung at the crucial moment – the moment when a good R&B record might have taken them to the top. Now lead guitarist Eric Clapton has left and the group has had to make another adjustment. And this new change comes just when their latest disc, “For Your Love”, is moving up the chart. Eric’s replacement is ex-session guitarist Jeff Beck, a leading exponent in the use of a “steel”. As Jeff points out, few groups feature this shrill, sometimes whining sound.

Bass guitarist Paul Samwell-Smith was in a talkative mood when I caught him between rehearsals for *Ready, Steady, Go!*. Sam, who has now entered the recording side of the business, too, said: “Though I had a lot to do with recording ‘For Your Love’, I don’t really believe the Yardbirds sound can be captured on disc – the R&B sound, that is. We have a good singer in Keith, fine guitarists in Chris and Jeff, and a good

DAVID MAGNUS / REX SHUTTERSTOCK



The Yardbirds in '65:
(l-r) Jim McCarty, Chris
Dreja, Keith Relf, Jeff
Beck, Paul Samwell-Smith

Meet the “Stars Of Beat”

In March and April 1965, **MELODY MAKER** runs a series in which beat groups like The Beatles, Stones and Yardbirds offer advice to aspiring musicians...

Paul Samwell-Smith bass

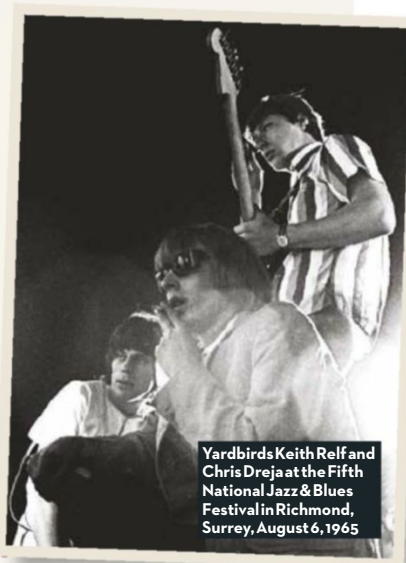
The bass is essentially a backing instrument because you are dealing in such low frequencies. I know Jack Bruce with Graham Bond plays a six-string bass guitar, but I am not very keen on bass breaks, except in jazz. You can play some wonderful progressions but they don't really come across. Actually, I used to play lead guitar in a rock group and the best thing to learn is finger style on an acoustic. The action is far more interesting than it looks. Thousands of people are wasting their money on expensive equipment, just to learn. Amateur groups spend thousands of pounds on equipment and it's all rather alumber. They are very keen and it's a great hobby, but instruments are so expensive.

Chris Dreja rhythm guitar

If you are a rhythm guitarist don't try to push your way into the foreground. You must provide strong backing. The rhythm guitarist is the person to knit together the rest of the group. The group's sound is empty without a rhythm guitar, but even so you mustn't overcrowd anybody. I try to get that punchy sound in between bass and treble but never get it cutting through. The rhythm guitar should be the third thing to listen for; vocalist, lead guitar, then rhythm. I don't count bass, it's always there. I've never had any instruction. I just started with friends and we listened to Bo Diddley and Jimmy Reed. Once you have the basics, develop your own technique from there, to fit your group and their music. The Yardbirds are always trying to get hold of new advanced sounds, so I listen to records, the backing, the chords and just develop small subtleties and progressions, which make all the difference.

Keith Relf harmonica

To begin with, the instrument. I use the ordinary Super Vamper, like most of the bluesmen, a very simple 10-hole diatonic vamer. As for playing blues, if you play it



straight, you don't get a blues sound. You have to persevere, keep blowing away and sucking at it, because you have to suck to get a blue, bent note. It's something that comes with practice, and suddenly it comes to you overnight. I must add this: it's no good taking a C instrument for a tune in C and expecting to get a blue sound; you won't do it. You need to transpose. So you'd take a C harmonica to play blues in G. Likewise, if you wanted to play blues in E, take a harmonica in A.

Jim McCarty drums

I attach more importance when drumming to drive and dynamics rather than technique. I think I've only had one lesson ever, but sometimes I wish I'd had more. They are important, but drummers pay too much attention to their technique and they end up by not swinging. The big technician does not play with the group and he doesn't hold it together. Lots of young drummers ask me about the fast build-ups The Yardbirds do. It's just something that comes after a while. You just have to interpret what you feel, and what you think the sound needs. You must listen to records, because even if they feature bad drummers they can teach you something. What not to do! I like to play very loud and very soft. I use big sticks.

drummer in Jim. But I don't think the group sound is going to make it any more, however good the group.

"I am all for a whole orchestra behind The Yardbirds if it's necessary for the sound – which, in my opinion, makes or breaks a record. The tune or lyrics can be good, but with the same group line-up and sound, the disc can be a flop. I'm not saying that in the future we're going to see a 12-piece Yardbirds but if necessary our sound will be supplemented. On 'For Your Love' we used bongos and harpsichord, and for this reason I don't feel, however good we may be live, that we should play it live on, for instance, *RSG!*

"You can quote this," said Sam. "It's the audience that listens which is the most important factor – NOT the group trying to promote their sound. For this reason, records must be perfect, and the only numbers which should be played live are those which will sound the same as the recorded version. The exception to this rule is the number which, because of its sound, will invariably be better played live. A hairy R&B number will sound terrible on record if it's the loud, atmospheric type.

"In every case it's the person sitting at home watching TV who must get the true, proper sound. I am convinced they don't want to hear a live but thin version of a record because there isn't a harpsichord in the studio!" *Nick Jones*

— NME APRIL 2 —

THE YARBIRDS WERE eating strawberry yoghurt when I told them. "It's jumped to No 4," I said, "and it looks like it might go higher next week!" Drummer Jim McCarty's mouth fell open and rhythm guitarist Chris Dreja sent his thin, gold-framed sunglasses clattering to the floor.

The five refugees from Rolling Stones land, whose "For Your Love" (recorded under their own supervision) has rocketed up the NME Chart, were genuinely amazed. They are far from being overnight stars in the pop business. They got into the chart briefly with "I Wish You Would" last year. Manager Giorgio Gomelsky has been pushing their name – and a moody image – for almost two years.

They might still be pushing if Graham Gouldman, a member of the Manchester Mocking Birds group, hadn't seen them in The Beatles' Christmas show at Hammersmith and thought of them when he wrote "For Your Love".

Chris told me: "He sent the song to EMI, but they turned it down. Then he sent a demo to a music publisher and it was played to us. We liked the number when we heard it for the first time; all except Eric Clapton, our lead guitarist. Things came to a head. Eric really had a hate against "For Your Love". He said it wouldn't mean a thing if it were released. So he left the group about a month ago. Now we have got Jeff Beck instead.

"Some people say Jeff looks a bit like Mick Jagger. It doesn't mean anything. We chose him for his musical ability, not his looks. I wouldn't say we've been under the shadow of The Rolling Stones since we started," Chris went on. "I know we followed them as residents of the Richmond Crawdaddy Club when they moved on, but the truth is that attendances fell right off at first. People missed the Stones."

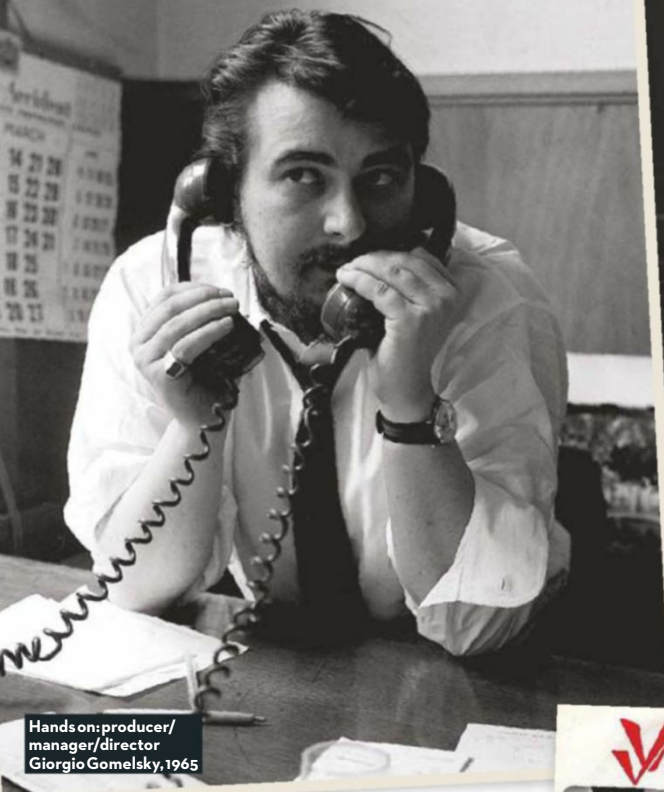
Jim McCarty chipped in: "We could have tried to get back customers the easy way – imitating the Stones' act and so on. But right from the start, we decided that wasn't for us.

"We didn't do any Stones numbers, and whereas they were a bit scruffy, we decided we'd be smart. We were getting only £15 a night between us at that time, but we decided to be as professional as a top-of-the-bill act."

This urge to be more than just a run-of-the-mill beat group still exists among The Yardbirds. They talk quickly, expressively, about recording their own numbers and achieving a new sound. Sounds fascinate them. "We've got a harpsichord on 'For Your Love'," I was told with obvious delight. "It was Sam's idea (Sam is their name for Paul Samwell-Smith, bass guitarist, who acts as A&R man).

"Sam is full of ideas. He's going to go places fast. Then there's Jeff. He gets so many weird sounds out of his lead guitar you'd think he'd trained as an effects man. Cars hooting, chickens squawking... he can imitate them all on that guitar!"

All the Yardbirds are emphatic that their follow-up to "For Your Love" will be entirely different. "Nothing personal," they say, "but we wouldn't like the idea of following a record like 'Downtown' with a record like 'I Know A Place'. Petula Clark made a mistake there."



Handson: producer/
manager/director
Giorgio Gomelsky, 1965



The Yardbirds with the soon-to-depart Eric Clapton (right) in Woolwich, January 21, 1965

Chris told me: "We're full of ambition. And we intend to concentrate on our records most of all. We want to be sensible with our earnings. I'm going to invest in a business and the others hope to do something like that as well."

There have been more than a few ups and downs in the career of The Yardbirds. Two days after a recording session, last autumn their lead singer, Keith Relf, collapsed and was taken to hospital seriously ill. The diagnosis: a perforated lung.

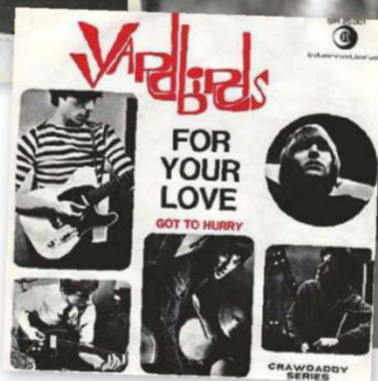
The group came close to splitting up at this time but Keith recovered. Smiles Chris: "We can't complain now! Things are happening so fast it's difficult to take everything in and appreciate it!" *Keith Altham*

— NME JUNE 25 —

IN THE MIDDLE of a field in Windsor sat Yardbirds vocalist Keith Relf dressed as an Elizabethan page with plumed hat and huge silk ruff around his neck. The rest of the group were wearing suits of armour and medieval costumes. You might be excused for thinking that the most modern group in Britain had gone out of its mind unless you had spotted manager-producer Giorgio Gomelsky behind the cameras. For Ye Yardbirds had gone all Olde Worlde for the benefit of US TV.

"We decided to play 'For Your Love' in a five-minute film for the US market," Keith told me. "We shot the whole thing in the Rikki Tik Club in Windsor and outside in a small field. We thought the costumes would make the whole thing more visually interesting."

Highlight of the production was when Jim McCarty, wearing a suit of armour, backed into a sword worn by "cavalier" Jeff Beck. "Unfortunately it wasn't a complete suit and the back plate was missing—get the point?" enquired Keith. I felt sure that Jim did!



"It came to a head. Eric really had a hate against 'For Your Love'"

We passed on to more musical matters. Keith admitted that The Yardbirds don't always record what they like but first ask themselves what is going to sell. "For example, we play a completely different selection of material on club dates," Keith said. "It's really wild stuff. We do a lot of Bo Diddley and Buddy Guy numbers, but you wouldn't recognise them after we have finished with them. We do all our own arrangements. Jeff Beck has probably more ideas about different effects produced from a guitar than any other guitarist in the country."

The Yardbirds' launching pad was the Crawdaddy in Richmond, where The Rolling Stones also found fame. Now a new group is making a big name for itself there—Gary Farr & The T Bones. "Gary and The Brian Auger Trio are the two hottest groups on the scene at the

moment," said Keith. "Brian's is now a group's group—just about everyone digs his organ work."

Now that The Yardbirds are having their image developed by press and TV projection, I asked Keith how he would like to see the group described in my article. "We're five ordinary guys offstage and five raving lunatics on," he said. "I think success has affected us in different ways. For example, I'm shy. Sam (Paul Samwell-Smith) is becoming a kind of introvert intellectual. He reads a lot of those very deep books and spends considerable time psychoanalysing the rest of us."

"Jim is as mad as a hatter. He's created this kind of 'monster' humour of the group. I can't really describe it because it's very 'in', but it consists of a certain amount of sick humour and contorting faces."

The possibility of a trip to the States for the group looks like becoming an actuality since Giorgio Gomelsky's return from the US. He came back last week after acting as a kind of unpaid road manager to Herman [i.e. The Hermit]. "Most of the youngsters had heard of The Yardbirds and many of them had their pictures," he told me. "I'm hoping to take the boys over there in August for a short promotional tour. Their record 'For Your Love' is being played on all the radio stations."

I returned to Keith and asked him if he had ever been abroad before. "No," he said. "And I'm really looking forward to the possibility of a trip to America. I've always wanted to see the Nevada desert." *Keith Altham* •



1965

APRIL – JUNE

“He’ll stay as long as it suits him, then just go”

The “Dylan vs Donovan” debate led some to view the 18-year-old Scot as a pop wolf in folk clothing. In fact, as his year develops, **DONOVAN** is revealed to be a genuinely eccentric free spirit, writing passionate songs – even appearing at the Newport Folk Festival, from which he files a report for MM.

— NME APRIL 30 —

GYPSY DAVE SAT in Donovan’s dressing room playing a strange instrument – a leg off a Queen Anne chair strung with one guitar string. “Hey, listen to this, man,” he enthused and wound the string, thumbing it violently and extracting a torturous, high-pitched whine from the instrument. “Great, man, great!” he grinned happily.

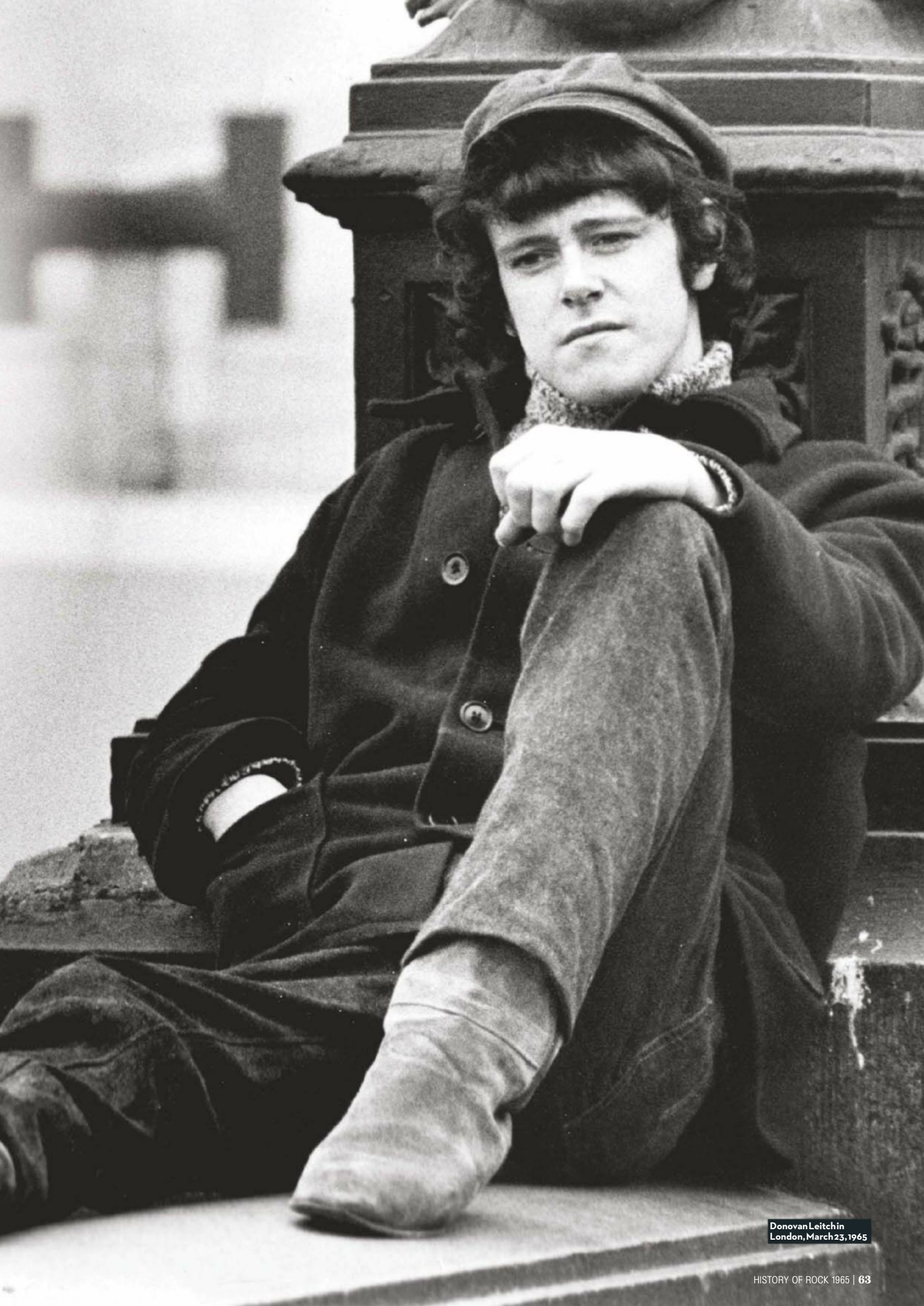
Before he began working for Donovan, Gypsy’s only claim to fame was that he played kazoo on the track of Don’s LP “Keep On Truckin’”. He also gave Don his last pair of boots.

I shook hands with the road manager of the year and noted the green-and-red winged serpent which was tattooed on his forearm. “I saw this guy having one sewn in at a shop,” explained Dave. “His whole arm was covered in blood – looked like a horrible mess. When they washed his arm, there was this fantastic picture. So I had one done.”

Don describes Dave simply as a friend. He is the same age, 18, talks the same language and they dig the same music. “I met Dave during an Aldermaston march,” Don told me. “He knows most of the folk songs I know and we struck up a friendship.” Dave describes his arrival in London thus: “Don wrote to me in Manchester. I was living under this bush by a church, so I came down.”

Behind a chair, seated on the floor, was another addition to the “Crazy Mixed Up World” of Donovan. He said that his name was Derek and he had just walked in to see Don. He then folded his arms and stared stoically at the floor.

“Seen the latest gimmick?” smiled Don drily, as he took off his cap and handed it to me. A tiny silver badge in the shape of a broken rifle was »



Donovan Leitchin
London, March 23, 1965

1965

APRIL - JUNE

pinned to the side. "It's the badge of 'The War Resistance International'," said Don. He must be copying someone but I couldn't place the name!

Donovan idly strummed his guitar and began singing. Once he gets that guitar in his hands, they just keep pouring out like water from a tap. While tuning the guitar, he snapped a string and shuffled off to see Dave Wendles of The Rebel Rousers for a replacement. Manager Geoff Stevens and I sat back in out chairs and awaited his return. "You know, one day I'm going to look around and that boy will be gone," said Geoff. "He couldn't care less about the money in this business. He'll stay as long as it suits him and then just go." He looked pleased and worried alternately.

The loudspeaker on the dressing room wall blared, "Donovan on stage please," and Geoff looked around. Donovan was gone. He opened the dressing room door and met the other half of the management rushing in. "Seen Donovan?" chorused both Peter Eden and Geoff together.

A frantic search evolved and the star was found nonchalantly posing for a fan outside the studio. She had a box camera and wanted to take his photo. I decided this interview should be continued the following day. Donovan suggested lunch and we fixed a time.

At a small restaurant off Charing Cross Road, Donovan, Peter Eden, Gypsy and I dug into a huge plate of scampi and mushrooms. This is Donovan's staple diet. Among his new projects, books and poems to be published he told me about plans to produce his first film.

"A friend of mine called Paul is going to help me produce our own film. We want to do a very artistic thing. No script and no actors, just an observation of life. Flies buzzing on a window pane. Sunlight through the trees. A girl's hair blowing in the wind. My father used to be a photographer. I think we'll make a good job of it."

Donovan has just moved into a London apartment that was recently vacated by Rolling Stones manager Andrew Oldham. He lives there with Gypsy, Paul and his wife and their 18-month-old baby. "You know, I'd like to write an article for your paper about my observations on the pop scene," said Don. He wants to call it *The Age of Misinterpretations*, but I think we can talk him out of that! Should be an interesting article. As Donovan got up to leave I noticed his jeans were still sitting down.

"Going to get some more clothes now?" I asked pointedly. "Well, I don't feel obliged to keep wearing the old gear," said Don. "But these are my clothes at the moment, so they'll do."

Donovan revealed to me that he only intends to remain in showbusiness for two years. "I think I could continue for much longer making a living as a singer," said Don. "I've decided on a deadline of two years, then I intend to travel around the world and just write." As we walked out of the restaurant and into the street I noticed Gypsy was looking very miserable.

"What's wrong?" I asked. "Did someone rub out your tattoo?"

"Worse," sighed Dave. "I broke the string on my one-string guitar."

That's showbiz! Keith Altham

— NME JUNE 11 —

"THE BEACH IS out of reach of those who teach, and preach, and screech, and play with clay, in God's hands"

Donovan wrote that. I don't know what it means, but then nothing about Donovan is easy to understand when you first meet him. He can be deep; but open. Friendly; but cynical. This is how I found him in an amazingly frank conversation this week. He told me: "I write songs and poems everywhere. Man, they just come into my head. The police in

Manchester arrested me before I got known. I was thrown into Strangeways Prison for two weeks. I wrote two songs while I was cooped up there. They accused me of breaking into a cinema and stealing 5,000 cigarettes. But when the case came up I was acquitted. My trouble was, they relied on evidence they shouldn't have done. I'd been framed, but the Law didn't know that," he alleged.

Those were out-of-the-rut days for Donovan. He told me candidly: "I don't see much of my parents. It's not a row. We just don't speak the same language. There's nothing there for me, man. So I left home. Sure, I've slept rough. Lots of times, in old houses, on beaches and derelict sites. You don't like it when you're doing it, I wouldn't recommend it. In fact, I wouldn't recommend the life at all. It's not fun. Live like that and you either turn out to be mad or a genius."

I asked him how he thought he would turn out himself. He thought deeply. "I don't know, man. I'm working a few things out with myself. I just don't know yet. There's a lot to do an' a lotta time." Would he ever give up those faded denims and wear a suit? "I don't think so," he told me, "not for long. I couldn't take care of a suit. Too much bother. I might change, though. Who knows? Everyone has a right to change his mind. It's a personal privilege."

Talk to Donovan for long and you get used to the flat, staccato way he speaks and the direct way he puts his views. I like him for this. He may not be an interviewer's dream come true, but he seems almost utterly honest.

I asked him how he felt about the Dylan-vs-Donovan controversy. Was he tired of it all by now? How did he feel about Bob Dylan personally? He pushed back his blue denim cap.

"Some of it's a bit sick," he told me. "I don't like hecklers. Who would? Some of them want to kill me. I mean that. They get really worked up about this business, but occasionally they understand what I'm trying to do, that I mean what I'm doing and they come up and apologise. I think I've convinced some people I'm not a Dylan fraud. Bobby's a good fella and I've met him often on his stays here. Now we've talked, he remembers me from last time he came over. He has a fantastic memory. What else can I say? We're both in the business, he seems to like what I'm doing, and I like him. We get on good. Reporters are funny people sometimes. They ask questions that aren't relevant, that have no connection with the things I'm trying to do," he said, changing the subject.

I pointed out that people would understand more about what he was trying to do if they felt they knew him better. Newspaper articles could help him to explain himself to the public.

"Sure," he said, "but I can't do that in interviews. I'll have to find some other medium."

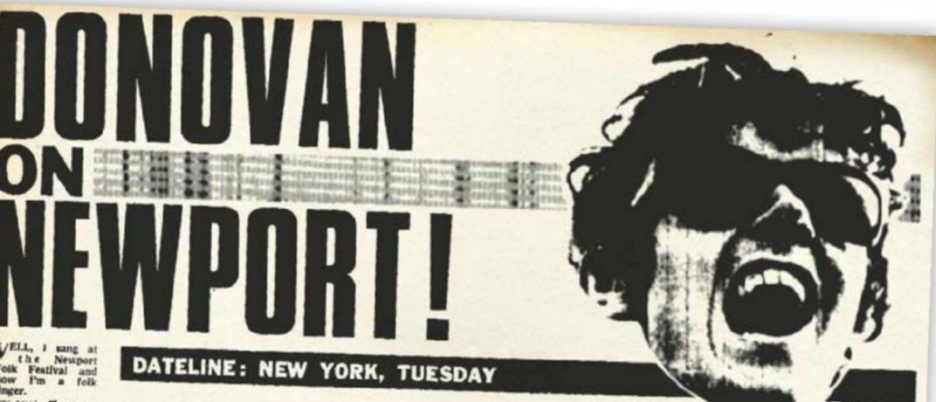
That medium is poetry, but Donovan himself intends to be highly selective about the poems he would like to see in print. "I wrote a lot at school," he told me, "and I carry them about in a book. But I wouldn't want these released. They're not of the right standard. No, man, I don't write much of it down these days. It's all going round in my head. That's the way to write."

"You can't turn out poetry like a machine, it just has to happen. Sometimes I can't remember them for days; the only one I can think of right now is that one about



"Sure, I've
slept rough...
in old houses,
on beaches.
It's not fun"

DAVID GAHR/GETTY IMAGES





the beach. It goes at the beginning or end of something I did, I can't remember now."

Money doesn't interest Donovan at all. "It doesn't mean a thing," he told me. "If I flopped, I'd only be sorry for the people behind me, the people who've helped me. I might buy a big house and look after my friends, but that's it. I look at myself like this: I'm an easy-going guy, and I don't want to do anybody down. I just want to show what I can do." *Alan Smith*

— NME JULY 2 —

DONOVAN DOESN'T WEAR his faded denim cap any more. But this isn't the only change in the life of the young curly-headed folk singer whose disc success looks as if he'll beat Bob Dylan at his own game. Next month he intends to take a drastic gamble with his career. He's releasing an EP of anti-war songs – aimed at the singles chart. Will the fans take four tracks in the vein of "The War Drags On", a ballad about the troubles in Vietnam? Or another song called "Universal Soldier"?

It leaves room for doubt, especially as the record will be Donovan's follow-up to his romantic "Colours", which is No 5 in this week's chart. But, whatever happens, Donovan is happy to take the gamble. "This is what I've always wanted," he told me. "To try and use my position to do good. As I get better known, I'd like to try and make my songs a kind of force for a better world. There are so many wrong things on the Earth. An' I want to try and right these wrongs. What kind of things am I against? It's so hard to tell you just like that. War, naturally, and the way there's lots of things on television that drags people down."

There are more than a few *NME* readers who think that comments like this are Donovan's gimmick and I used to be one. Then I met him. Now, I think he's genuine, as do most of the other people who've observed his shy, almost withdrawn nature at close quarters.

He hated the Dylan-vs-Donovan controversy, because he was a Bob Dylan fan himself: but purely in terms of commercial success it looks as if the American

is having a temporary setback in his country. You'll notice that from this week's *NME* Chart that although Don is still riding high in the Top 10 with "Colours", Dylan's "Maggie's Farm" is right at the bottom. Some form of compensation for the Dylan cult is that his excellent songs are still featuring well in the charts.

Donovan, too, intends to extend his own song-writing activities. "The trouble at the moment," he says, "is that I seem to get so little time. This pop business has kind of closed in on me."

I get the impression that writing is still his main interest. He is busy on a book of poems and he also plans to write a novel. He may do this

"I'd like to try and make my songs a kind of force for a better world"

soon when he goes to France on holiday shortly to stay with an American friend, banjo-picker Derroll Adams. Derroll is an older man, but Don finds himself at home in his company. "We get on real good," Don told me. "He's a solid character and he's taught me a lot."

Don strolled over to the bar of the A-And-It club, a showbiz haunt in London's Tottenham Court Road, and bought us both an ice-cold lager. "I say I'm busy," he said, "but I ain't doing anything right now. I just do shows now and again, when the mood takes me. It all takes time – time to think. And man, I've got a lot of thinkin' to do." *Alan Smith*

— MELODY MAKER JULY 31 —

WELL, I SANG at the Newport Folk Festival and now I'm a folk singer. It was great. There were so many singers there that I can't really remember them all – everybody from a bluegrass group to The Chambers Brothers, a coloured R&B group. The festival turned out to be a big field with boxes and seats, a stage and lights. It was too much! There were around 75,000 people there over the three days and I had about 15–18,000 listening to me.

On the concert I sang "Colours" with Joan Baez, otherwise I was out there on my own. I did some Bert Jansch stuff, and Mick Softley and some of my own things. It went down very well – they were waiting for something and apparently I was it. As well as the concert, I sang in things they called "workshops" in the afternoons. I was in the Contemporary Folksong section with Bob Dylan and Dave Van Ronk. It was nice meeting Bob again.

Of course the people were all ready to do the English Bob Dylan bit, but when I sang to them they were knocked out and nobody said it. Dylan's concert was on Sunday night and I left Sunday afternoon, so I didn't get a chance to hear what he was doing. But we moved about and chatted together a lot. Great!

Pete Seeger told me he wants to do "Colours". Everybody was knocked out by Bert Jansch's songs and wants to do them – he doesn't know about it yet, so I hope he reads it in the *MM*. He is very talented. The audiences were beautiful. They mobbed Dylan and me – or maybe I should say they mobbed Dylan and I was with him. They were just like pop fans – and I must admit that brought me down a bit. I expected people at the Newport Folk Festival to be quiet. But they go round screaming and asking for autographs just like the pop fans they are supposed to put down.

Vanguard Records recorded me at the festival but I don't know what they reckon on doing with it. There also seemed to be a lot of filming going on, but I'm not sure what that was all about.

It was nice to see Joan Baez again – she really got me the festival thing in the first place. Joan has opened a School Of Anti-Violence. What is it? As far as I can make out, a great many kids pay her a fee for a month and she teaches them – anti-violence. You'll have to ask Joan about it!

Right now I'm in New York. John Lock, my road manager, went with me to hear Charles Mingus at the Village Gate. It was very exciting. Greenwich Village is a lot bigger than Soho – all those lights and shops and things. We went down to the Gaslight Club to try and find Jack Elliott. But he was out on the West Coast – maybe we will catch up with him before we get home. I've got to be in Los Angeles tomorrow for a lot of TV stuff. We are flying out tonight at about 9.30pm – I've certainly done plenty of flying lately one way and the other. There's a lot of work lined up for me in Hollywood, but before I get home I hope to pay a visit to that school of Joan's. I find that interesting.

When do we get back? You'll have to ask my manager to find the answer to that. I'm not too sure what's happening at the moment. People keep

asking me what I like and don't like about America. About the only thing that springs to mind that I don't like is the big cities. I don't dig them. What do I like? All the beautiful people that Newport brought together. All those singers – blues singers and folk singers. Everybody was so great to talk to. I could feel it all vibrating. I heard such a lot of people that I now know I dig so much. I suppose I've learned a lot – I've heard so much that was good. They have all impressed me and I suppose it will show, although I'm not planning to write any songs about America or anything like that. Still, it's nice to know I'm now a folk singer.

Donovan Leitch •

1965

APRIL – JUNE

“My posture leaves something to be desired”

Things are getting interesting for **MARIANNE FAITHFULL**, a “journalist’s nightmare” with nice knees. Pop hits. Marriage and children. Meanwhile, someone keeps ringing up and trying to sell her a horse. “I think he fancies me...”

— NME MARCH 19 —

MARIANNE FAITHFULL FRIGHTENS me to death. She is cool, confident, clever and highly successful. The kind of beauty you meet at a party, regulate yourself to 100-1 outsider and move on to more mortal possibilities. I bravely confessed to Marianne during our telephone conversation (a poor medium for interviewing this very visual lady) that her aloof attitude was likely to give the average male a giant-sized inferiority complex.

“I believe in living on several different planes at once,” Marianne explained. “I think it’s terribly important.” I reeled under that piece of mental abstraction and mumbled enquiringly as to what particular plane Miss Faithfull’s fancy was inclined at the moment. “Actually, I’m thinking about this new book I’ve bought,” said Marianne. “It’s written by Michael Braun and it’s about The Beatles. I only bought it because my fiancé is mentioned. You see, he knew Peter Asher because they were both at university together and that qualifies him for a mention in one paragraph.”

Which brought us very nicely (how to succeed without trying) to the subject of the Faithfull fiancé, John Dunbar. The news of their engagement had broken that morning and Marianne had been subjected to endless strings of reporters’ questions like “Can he sing?” and “Does he buy your records?”

“One woman asked me if I thought it was a good investment!” sighed Marianne. “All I’m saying is that John studies psychology at university and that we’re very happy together. We have known one another for ages. Long before I ever met Gene Pitney I was going out with John. Sorry to spoil all those alley-cats!”

We moved hastily on to other planes. Marianne is at present on tour with Roy Orbison and enjoying it very much. She has a foolproof system for avoiding being mobbed. “I faint,” she explained. »

© TONY GALE/PICTORIALPRESS.COM

Marianne Faithfull,
London, 1965



To be serious for one moment, she admitted that she enjoys meeting her fans and being recognised. There was only one occasion when things got out of hand.

"We were travelling through when I saw a fair. I just love fairs, so we all got out and began to make the rounds of the stalls. Eventually I was recognised... The crowd got bigger and we took refuge on 'The Whip'. We spent about an hour on the thing getting sicker and sicker.

"I seem to be recognised in the most unlikely places. I was on a station platform up North at the unearthly hour of midnight. Two little boys recognised me but were not quite sure. I couldn't convince them. One of them said, 'Show us your knees then, 'cos we know Marianne Faithfull's got nice knees.' So I showed them my knees but they were not convinced. We had a very interesting discussion about her after that and I told them just what I thought of Marianne Faithfull."

I heard Marianne stifle a yawn at the other end of the phone and discovered that she had been up until three o'clock in the morning finishing off recording some tracks. She has just completed two LPs, one of which is completely folk music.

"When I first began touring, I tried to put some of Shakespeare's sonnets to music on my guitar. It was purely for my own amusement of course. I'm hoping to include a reading to an accompaniment on the folk LP, 'Full fathom five, thy father lies!' Etc!"

Marianne is very happy about her latest record's progress and thinks it a far better record than "As Tears Go By". "That one took much more guts," she said and then admonished herself: "No don't print that. Say that it has more life."

Personally I like a lady who calls a "gut" a "gut" and that is why I left it in. The faraway blonde was beginning to become more human and I felt the atmosphere become less tense. The reserve cracked and the real person began to show up. "I'm not really aloof," she said. "I'm terribly shy and fantastically introvert. I don't see myself as anything. I stand still and just sing when I am onstage because I'm too terrified to move."

Won't Gene Pitney be upset to hear that you are engaged? I asked just before the end of our chat. "I couldn't care less," said Marianne. "And anyway, Gene was engaged at the time I was going out with him."

Keith Altham

— NME APRIL 9 —

SHE HAS A PERT, childlike face which darts out at you from a cascade of fine, fair hair. The face seems to be concentrated into the blonde fringe and the expressive, blue-grey eyes beneath. Around the bridge of her nose is the merest suspicion of freckles to come this summer. When she is pleased, her whole face dimples into an uninhibited smile, and she plays at being sex-kitten and society hostess in turn. Marianne Faithfull is a very interesting girl.

"I'm a journalist's nightmare," she said. "I never do anything a pop star is supposed to do. I don't own a mink coat, or ride around in an E-Type Jag. There's a man who keeps ringing up to sell me a horse. I think he fancies me. I'd love a horse, but..."

We were lunching at a quite exclusive London club, and my first face-to-face with Miss Faithfull was proving an education. "Sausage and mash," requested Marianne, after perusing the ample

menu. She smiled sweetly. A slightly sickly smile spread over the waiter's face. "We can, of course, do you some," he said, with just the right amount of injured pride. For one desperate minute I thought Marianne was going to verbally barbeque him, then she countered graciously by changing her order to lamb cutlets.

Wine was ordered, and Marianne had "iced water". She recalled the story of a hotel in Switzerland that she knows where the waiters have little sacks of dust to blow over the bottles before bringing them to the tables. Coupled with "Straight from the cellars, sir", it is, apparently, highly effective.

Much of Marianne's fortune lies in that lovely young face. Like Cathy McGowan, Sandie Shaw and Jane Asher, she typifies the "ideal teenager"

and finds herself modelling fashions for women's magazines. "I have been mistaken for Jane Asher," admitted Marianne. "Because my fiancé, John, was a friend of Peter's. I got to know them quite well. There used to be lovely scenes round at the Ashers with Paul McCartney, Peter and Gordon sitting in chairs with aprons tied around their necks while Jane got to work on their hair."

Marianne had recently operated on John's hair – somewhat to his annoyance, I gathered. "He keeps letting it grow longer and longer," smiled Marianne. "He looks at it in the mirror and says, 'Yes, it's getting better now,' and I'm dying to get my scissors to it..."

Only just returned from a short tour in Scotland, Marianne was pleased to find she was working with her old friends The Hollies. She claims that the group are not the most professional on the scene, and that Allan Clarke is the finest mover on the stage.

"I did some cabaret at an RAF camp," said Marianne. "I had to follow Alma Cogan, who is terribly sophisticated and was wearing a low-cut dress with great assurance. I thought, 'Oh no, I can't do it.' Then I tottered on in my dress buttoned up to the neck and said I was going to sing my next record. I was terrified."

We talked about that "bad mistake"... "Blowin' In The Wind". What made you record it?

"Andrew Oldham," she replied, simply. "It's funny; now that I don't work for Andrew I really dig him. I recorded a number called 'Strange World' for the follow-up to my first disc, and then Andrew wanted me to try 'Blowin' In The Wind'. Both discs were presented to Decca, and they made the wrong choice, in my opinion."

Marianne is very much looking forward to the release of her folk LP and told me the story of her return to the folk club in Reading, where she used to play. "They really hated me," she said. "I committed the unforgivable sin of becoming a success. There is this very silly attitude in this country that once someone gets into the Top 20 they are no longer any good. Take The Yardbirds, for example. I think they are great, but soon you get the people who will turn around and say that they knew them before they went commercial. The Beatles and the Stones and all the others are just as good now as when they were unknown."

We talked about *Ready, Steady, Go!* and Marianne mourned its move to Wembley. "It used to be a social rallying point where you could go down and meet old friends. It was an Ad Lib club with lights. I'm sorry it has moved."

We talked about horses; Marianne is a keen rider and took lessons at the Roehampton Stables. "I ride quite well, but not expertly. My posture leaves something to be desired. I don't want to be instructed."

As we left the restaurant, Marianne donned a pair of round-lensed sunglasses and scampered across the road to peer along the rows of shelves outside a second-



"No 1 records
can be a bit of
a bore – you
have to live up
to them"



paired Top Ten girls

MARIANNE

MARIANNE FAITHFULL frightens me to death. She is cool, confident, clever and highly successful. The kind of beauty you meet at a party, regulate yourself to a 100-1 outsider and pass on to more mortal possibilities.

I bravely confessed to Marianne during our telephone conversation (a poor medium for interviewing this very visual lady) that her aloof attitude was likely to give

together and that qualities her for a mention in one paragraph.

Which brought us very nicely (they no success without trying) to the subject of the Faithfulls.

hand book shop. I caught up with her and she linked my arm, blinking like a somewhat bemused mole entering the sunlight. "I must buy you a book," she shrieked. Delighted with the idea, she scuttled off into the shop and returned with a little yellow volume entitled *Big Ben*, a light opera in two acts, by AP Herbert.

Marianne Faithfull is a very interesting girl.
Keith Altham

— MELODY MAKER JULY 31 —

MOST PEOPLE WILL agree, they were surprised when they heard Marianne Faithfull's latest single, "Summer Nights". Marianne has apparently been forming a folk singer image – yet she suddenly brings out a hard, beaty record which is far removed from the soft, warbling "This Little Bird".

As "Summer Nights" climbs the hit parade, Marianne explained to the *MM* her motive behind this unpredictable move. "The main thing is one needs a change, whether it comes off or not. If a singer doesn't change he or she will die the death," said Marianne. "You can't keep making hit records with the same formula."

Is Marianne trying to get away from her folk image? "I've never claimed to be a folk singer. Honestly, images are usually created but this was one that I didn't intend."

"I suppose 'As Tears Go By' first linked me with folk music, and laid the foundation for the following discs. I mean, I sing songs I like – some may be folk songs – all with the intention of selling them."

Hasn't Marianne ever done a number she didn't like for the commercial market? "Well yes, 'Blowin' In The Wind' – I didn't like that, but it was just one of those things." She likes "Summer Nights" then? "Initially I liked 'Summer Nights' because it was something new to me. But I get so nervous every time I make a new disc, I'm so afraid they're going to flop. I get quite neurotic. I must say, though, it has grown on me. When I listen to it now I think, 'That record has the sound of a hit.' I hope it is. It's really my producer Mike Leander's record, because he recorded it so well. I think it is the best my voice has ever been on record. And that harpsichord – we got onto a harpsichord kick when we did 'As Tears Go By', and we thought we'd use it just once more. I don't know what Mike's done with it, but it sounds very different."

Marianne has not had a No 1 with any of her records, folk or otherwise; is she particularly yearning for a chart-topper?

"I'm glad I haven't got one – I'm certainly not crying for a No 1 record. They can be a bit of a bore – you have to live up to them. Like with The Beatles. Everybody keeps saying, 'Are they slipping,' and 'The Beatles are finished'; they're so keen to knock someone who has a good No 1 record. Obviously I'd like one from the point of view of status, but not otherwise, no! This is why you have to always record numbers you like. If you do a record you don't like and it makes the top, you're tied down to a hit disc you detest." Very shrewd!

— NME AUGUST 6 —

"BABIES ARE TAKING over," Marianne Faithfull informed me. "My little 'third party' is going to prevent me going to the US or Mexico as I had planned. The doctor says the sun will be too hot for us out there."

Naturally, Marianne's coming event is occupying a great deal of her time and no little thought. She is at present negotiating for a Sardinian nanny to look after the flat and help when baby comes along. Why go to Sardinia for a nanny? "You've no idea how difficult nannies are to find," smiled Marianne. "I've got the choice of one of those Yorkshire varieties

Faithfull's folk album, *Come My Way*, came out on April 15, 1965 – the same day as her self-titled LP of pop covers



"I suppose 'As Tears Go By' first linked me with folk music"

Sarah is unavailable – she's expecting puppies.

The naming game is currently being played in the Dunbar household and Mr and Mrs Dunbar have decided on the name for their child. "We mutually agreed on the names of 'Nicholas' and 'Lisa'," said Marianne. "One thing I have decided upon is that after the baby is born there will be no more one-night stands in clubs and ballrooms. I'm through with dirty dressing rooms and draughty stages."

Since the success of "Summer Nights", Marianne is resigned to being called a pop singer, but plans to step back into her folk singing style for her next single. "I'm also going to take the best tracks from my British folk LP and, with some new tracks, have it released in America," she said.

Marianne was surprised and delighted to see her own folk idol in the hit parade recently – Joan Baez. "I think the BBC must take the credit for bringing her voice into so many homes with that TV spectacular," said Marianne. "I'm sure that is what put her into the charts."

After returning from a holiday which now looks as if it will be in Brittany "baby permitting", Marianne will return to pick up her career and, of course, to have her child. "I should like to make some kind of future for myself in films," she said. "I think it would be a difficult transfer to make, but I have had several offers, and an acting career is something I have dreamed about."

Meanwhile, what will Marianne do? "I'll just keep making records and having babies," she said. *Keith Altham* •

with a stiff white cap and starched collar, or some gorgeous blonde from a French college. Well, I'm not having the first and John's not having the second!"

Husband John then loped across the room and blew down his wife's ear. Apparently it is his way of getting attention. John's never had a child before, and between utterances like, "This child is costing £200," he is collecting all of his comics.

"You see, he has decided it will be a boy," said Marianne, resignedly. "So, now there are big piles of *Superman* all around the room." We got back to talking about nannies and apparently Marianne was getting so concerned about finding a competent nurse she had even considered "Sarah Bingley", her pet dalmatian. "Rather like that wonderful old English sheep dog in *Peter Pan* who looked after the children. They called it 'Nanna', in fact!" Unfortunately,

1965

APRIL - JUNE



The Kinks in '65:
(l-r) Ray Davies,
Mick Avory, Dave
Davies, Pete Quaife



“In six months they will draw level with The Rolling Stones”

As THE KINKS become stars, producer SHEL TALMY appraises their chances in MELODY MAKER, while NME spends a month profiling Ray, Dave, Mick and Pete. Says Ray Davies: “The idea of tramping around the country with a healthy bank balance appeals to me.”

— MELODY MAKER FEBRUARY 6 —

THE BEATLES ARE first in popularity. The Rolling Stones are second. But who gets the controversial position of Britain's third most widely acclaimed group? Judging by record successes, it must be The Kinks. Since their first No 1 hit, “You Really Got Me”, this North London quartet has achieved plenty.

Today, they are on top again with yet another song written by their leader, rhythm guitarist Ray Davies.

The significant thing about single record releases by The Beatles, Stones and Kinks is their timing. They never compete with each other for the chart top. The Kinks emerged with their current winner – “Tired Of Waiting For You” – just as The Beatles and Rolling Stones were sliding down the hit parade.

The Kinks – Ray and brother Dave Davies and Peter Quaife (guitars) and Mick Avory (drums) – are due back in Britain this week from an Australian tour with Manfred Mann and The Honeycombs. Their recording manager, American Shel Talmy, talked about their new hit and Kinks prospects. »

1965

APRIL - JUNE



"Ray was supposed to look thoughtful": The Kinks in Soho

Friday, March 26, 1965

by
THAM

A KINK A WEEK

once told Mick Avory: "You're the illiterate I have ever met." Mick is lanky, laconic and likes people to that's the Avory way.

er fools gladly and has worked out when it comes to dealing with those: "Why are you called a Kink?" "Of a girl?" "Is his eyes and drones in Bernard Bresslaw good... scene... man!"

ut in someone is pestering the group over ticks sits there wearing his "nit of the week" pass on. "How can you argue with an idly."

Probably the great undiscovered Kink, for Dave share the limelight up front in the tick and beats a rear-guard action on the

in Molesey, Surrey, but he now lives in road manager Brian Longstaff, who is Dave's sister. He had just moved his collection in, which included some old 78s, and a lot of the small jazz records, and said "old Linde Kilgallon version of 'Blind Dogs' a 60."

begin by accident while he was in the box

y sound," can to go down to. They had a one evening, the they asked me y on that old n a clear note

rough time. He remember me. I was a writer who asked as to find a character who "That's not the y," and summed up the world. When ed off the top of ed your mind is at me."

ALLEN
EVANS

pp) since four of te. Cryling. Rom on I say, I'm RS (Gallagher), erty "These are the three fast heaters I thought, I'll Wait On Why."

(Chen) since as ent, rhythm filled melancholy mood London. Women



Meet Mick Avory

On leaving school Mick became proficient in a number of trades. "I started as a printer draughtsman," he told me. "I then became a shoe maker, tin maker, potter, draughtsman, machine maker, stone carver, se brother (in season), navy and a guitar pot he's digger."

That last job requires a little clarification but all I could gather from Mick was that it had to do with sewage pipes. However, if you want a rufly put hole dug, Mick's your man!

"I never was a musician," added Mick and stuck out his chest, nothing "Too proud!"

At one time the other Kinks would maintain that wherever they travelled, Mick insisted on stopping the van with erris of "Look at those lanky-stanky beautiful, I helped get them" or "Those hats are magnificent, I painted them." Of his family Mick says, "I have a brother, Tony, who is a draughtsman. He has shorter hair than me and is an intellectual. The exact opposite of me." Mick is the Tommy Connor of the Kinks the big guy for whom every-thing goes wrong.

"When I go to a club, it's always on off night," says Mick. "When we go through the Customs it's always me they pick on to turn inside out. I radio because

radio in that car doesn't work!" During a recent photo session the group was tempted to adopt expressions which would bring out their characters. "It was supposed to look 'slow' and 'hinking'," said Mick and the merced trace of smile flicked at his mouth. "Ray was supposed to look thoughtful. So he put on exactly the same expression for 36 shots."

"It was a pretty good... scene... man!"

STAR QUOTE

OF Ringo Starr Brian Epstein said in a recent newspaper interview here: "He's a gentle person, and gentleness is one of the greatest qualities a person can possess. I've never known him to lose his temper. I can't remember him not doing anything I asked."

"He's a good drummer and a natural actor. This latter talent should soon emerge for all to

What about the "third most popular group" theory? "I hope so," Talmy answered. "I am realistic about this, but from record successes I think they must be—we haven't missed yet."

"I hope that in about six months it will be possible to draw level with The Rolling Stones. I don't see why this should not be possible. Not if you base it on the fact that by last Friday, sales of the new Kinks single were 65 per cent up on their last two releases up to the same time period."

The Kinks, masters of the aggressive image, were popular—particularly in London—long before they scored a hit.

But "Tired Of Waiting" was a gamble, says Talmy. "It was recorded before 'All Day And All Of The Night', and at the same time as their LP. We saved it because it was a change and we thought it was too much of a change to make for the second attempt at a big hit. We decided it was better kept for the third—and it's paid off. Ray played it to me first on piano and I liked it and the boys liked it very much."

As an American recording man, what did Shel think of the Kinks from a professional view? "No problem—they're just fine," he said in that USingo. *Shel Talmy*

— NME MARCH 26 —

GENE PITNEY ONCE told Mick Avory: "You're the quietest spoken illiterate I have ever met." Mick was delighted. Lanky, laconic and likes people to think he is thick—that's the Avory way.

Mick has never suffered fools gladly and has worked out a perfect defence when it comes to dealing with those insufferable questions:

"Why are you called a Kink?" or "Are you a boy or a girl?" He drops his jaw, rolls his eyes and drones in Bernard Bresslaw tones: "It's... a... pretty... good... scene... man!" When a row breaks out or someone is pestering the group over some petty formality, Mick sits there wearing his "nit of the week" face and antagonists pass on. "How can you argue with an idiot?" he says happily.

This drummer is probably the great undiscovered Kink, for while Pete, Ray and Dave share the limelight upfront in the footlights, Mick sits back and beats a rear-guard action on the skins. His parents' home is in Molesey, Surrey, but he now lives in Muswell Hill with The Kinks' road manager Brian Longstaff, who is married to Ray and Dave's sister. He had just moved his collection of modern jazz records in, which included some old 78s.

"I like Ornette Coleman and a lot of the small jazz combos," said Mick. "I also like this old Duke Ellington version of 'Skin Deep'. There's a fabulous drum solo."

Mick's drumming days began by accident when he was in the Boy Scouts. "I was a terrible Boy Scout," confessed Mick. "I used to go down to the hut to play snooker. They had an office group there and one evening the drummer was sick and they asked me to play. Tapping away on that old snare drum balanced on a chair was the beginning."

At school, Mick had a rough time. He was plagued by a geography master with a large slipper known as "Wilberforce" and a lady teacher who wielded a batch of broken rulers to effect.

"There was also a character who would keep repeating, 'That's not the way to carry on, Ivory.' And clapped me round the ear to each syllable. Worst of all was the giant Welsh gym master who jumped off the top of wall bars and endangered your limbs. He threw medicine balls at me."

On leaving school, Mick became proficient in a number of trades. "I started as a trainee draughtsman," he told me. "I then became a snow clearer (in season), painter, decorator, fireplace maker, stone crusher, icebreaker (in season), navy and a gulley pothole digger."

That last job requires a little clarification, but all I could gather from Mick was that it had to do with sewage pipes. However, if you want a gulley pothole dug, Mick's your man!

"I never was a dustman," added Mick and stuck out his chest, adding, "Too proud!"

At one time, the other Kinks would complain that wherever they travelled Mick insisted on stopping the van with cries of, "Look at those kerbstones. Beautiful. I helped set them," or "Those flats are immaculate. I painted them."

Of his family, Mick says, "I have a brother, Tony, who is a draughtsman. He has shorter hair than me and is an intellectual. The exact opposite of me."

Mick is the Tommy Cooper of The Kinks, the big guy for whom everything goes wrong.

"When I go to a club, it's always an off night," says Mick. "When we go through Customs it's always me they pick on to turn inside out. I had a new car with a radio because the one in the old van is not working and when I get the car home the radio in that doesn't work!"

During a street photo session, the group was required to adopt expressions that would bring out their characters. "I was supposed to look 'slow' and hulking," said Mick and the merest trace of a smile tugged at his mouth. "Ray was supposed to look thoughtful. So he put on exactly the same expressions for 36 shots."

"It... was... a... pretty... good... scene... man!"
Keith Altham

— NME APRIL 2 —

THERE IS A touch of the "Paul McCartneys" about Peter Quaife of The Kinks. Like Paul he plays bass, and like Paul he is the finest public relations man in the group. Pete is the Kink who always remembers your face and generally your name if you have met before. He's the quickest to put you at your ease, and the first to make his presence felt in the interviews. Even after cutting open his head during a fall at his local cinema on Monday and having stitches put in it, he was ready to tell the press all about it when they saw him in hospital!

Pete comes from the tough side of Muswell Hill, where his father keeps a small grocer's shop called "H. F. Billman" (the name of the previous owner). Pete comes from the area where they call a _____ a _____.

"As a teenager, I was part of a gang called 'the Mussies'," admitted Pete. "We had a feud with the Finchley boys, which developed into a grand-scale punch-up one evening at their local dance hall. I was posted as lookout at the door, and when the law arrived

I disappeared under a parked car. I was lucky. I got away. But many of the gang were sent to approved schools. That cured me of being a tearaway."

Pete is not one of those naive characters who believe that success and money do not change you.

"That's a lot of shit," he says, frankly. "The first thing it does is to give you experience and confidence. I've been to America, Australia, Hong Kong and New Zealand. You learn from people and places. When I first began playing in local groups at the Athenaeum, I wouldn't have said boo to a goose. Now I talk for hours to people. Doing interviews brings you out of yourself."

More than any of the others, Pete seems to enjoy being something of a celebrity. He likes the fans, and chats without any self-consciousness to youngsters while signing autographs. Arriving back from a short trip to France, The Kinks were met by the usual crowd of adoring schoolgirls. The others were tired, and smiled wanly while signing their names. Not Pete. He dived into the fray like a veteran rugby fullback and had his audience delighted with his impressions of Paris.

"Not much original talent over there," he confided, signing girls' arms, pieces of paper and even a sticky label off a suitcase. "Most of the French artists copy English groups."

Pete has never had much time for anything but his music, although at school he did consider becoming a scientist.

"We found an old oxygen cylinder on a bombed site by my house," recalled Pete. "I suppose I was only about 13, and it seemed like a good idea to the gang when we lit a fire under it and left it. The explosion blew out windows in the flats for miles around. I was about five miles away at the time, and shook like a leaf when I heard the bang. The neighbours thought it was an unexploded bomb. I decided not to be a scientist!"

It was due to an accident on one of these bombed sites, where Pete played as a youngster, that he took up the guitar. Climbing a huge pile of rubbish, he impaled his hand on a large iron spike. The doctor recommended piano playing as therapy to restore full use to the fingers,

but skiffle was "in" and Pete picked on the guitar instead. On leaving school, he took a job as a trainee commercial artist on a menswear magazine. "I was very much the underdog," said Pete. "I made lakes of coffee, and did very little else. Finally, I left out of sheer boredom."

His meeting with Ray and Dave Davies came at a time when he was switching from Spanish guitar to bass. The Kinks needed a bass guitarist. That was that. "In the early days we didn't really have a name for the group," recalled Pete. "It depended on who secured the booking. If Ray got the date, the group was 'The Ray Davies Band'. If I got it, 'The Pete Quaife Band'."

The group played around the debs' parties for a while, and although Pete liked the money, he was irked by the audience's attitude. "We used to put up with a lot of 'the dear, sweet little boy has long hair' types," groaned Pete. "For a while we were a source of great amusement to these people. A novelty to be tolerated. It's nice to be really appreciated at last."

Only one problem looms large in the happy-go-lucky life of Pete Quaife—money! Not, as you might suppose, too little money. But too much money!

"I didn't have a bank account until two months ago," he confessed. "I used to go through the week quite happily on one pound, but when you start earning hundreds a week, it seems to vanish

into thin air. I look at my bank account some weeks, and I can't believe it's true. Then I add up the taxis where I used to take buses, and the big meals where I used to have snacks. They all help to decrease the savings! I feel a lot less secure now than when I was earning only a few quid a week. You've only got to blink and it's gone."

"I do have one other problem," added Pete, on reflection. "My kid brother, Dave. Last week, I arrived »

"I look at
my bank
account and
can't believe
it's true"



home to find he'd been flogging my shirts to fans as souvenirs! He'll end up just like me - only richer!" *Keith Altham*

— NME APRIL 9 —

“WHEN MICK CAME to audition for The Kinks and saw me, he couldn't believe it,” smiled Dave Davies. “I was wearing a plastic mac buttoned to the neck, moccasins, and I had shoulder-length hair. When he asked me what I was drinking (I didn't drink in those days) I said ‘pineapple juice’ and he practically passed out.”

Dave has a fine sense of the ridiculous and a hellraiser's attitude to life that is quite simply, “To blazes with it all, let's be free!”

“I recently attended a high society party where I knew many of the people from the old days when we played deb parties. I got a lot of snubs that night.”

It could have been something to do with the fact that he was wearing a full-length ceremonial sword and buccaneer's boots, of course! There is a new image about Dave at present. His hair is now a good six inches shorter, and he looks less like a cavalier and more of a successful poet. “Sometimes I look through the old pics when my hair was really long and think, ‘How could I do it?’” admitted Dave.

The mickey-takers had a field day when Dave's locks fell around his shoulders, but for the best jokes, go to Dave himself. “My sister Gwen wore slacks when she came to see us,” grinned Dave. “We look a lot alike anyway and some guy mistook her for me and asked for an autograph. You should have seen his face when she spoke.”

At school, Dave was conspicuous by his absence and became a dab hand at forging dentists' cards and medical certificates. “I once wrote a letter explaining that because of a mastoid in my ear I would have to go to hospital every Friday for a checkup,” he said. “I could never see the sense of attending lessons I disliked.”

Among these were physics, art and English. The keyword on his school reports was “erratic”. He wavered between being brilliant and idiotic. The school left Dave at 13. They were of the opinion that he spent more time absent than present, so it was decided to make it permanent. That upset Dave. “I was very keen on football at the time,” he explained.

As youngsters, both Ray and Dave were very close. Bonding over dustbins and crates in their back garden in Muswell Hill was a regular

sporting event. “From about ten to fourteen, Ray went through a very quiet, nervous stage,” said Dave. “We hardly spoke during those four years and it wasn't until our musical interests brought us together that we became compatible.”

During his period of depression and nervous tension, Ray began composing experiments with sounds. Dave told me that there is one number on an old tape that Ray refused to let him play. “I like weird sounds,” confessed Dave, “This old instrument is the most terrifying thing you've ever heard. It's a horrifying, discordant set of shrieks from the guitar. Some of the harmonies that should be picked out with fingers he played with his thumb. The result is fantastic.”

Usually a very happy person, Dave is subject to periods of moodiness and when things really get him down he has his own way of unwinding. “I go and play one classical record,” he told me. “It's a Bach LP of organ music. It's an eerie record but it has a curiously relaxing effect on me.”

Dave admitted to me that as individuals the group is very mixed. He gets along best with drummer Mick Avory and they have just rented a house in the London area.

“The only thing about Mick is that he insists on being last,” complained Dave. “We have a great competition in the morning to see who is last dressed. It's generally afternoon before I give up.”

Cooking is no problem, as Dave pointed out: “Who needs to know how to boil cornflakes?” His one relaxation in the house is the TV, which has just blown up! “It hadn't worked for about two weeks,” said Dave, “I turned it on in the morning. It went great, I was knocked out. Went out to the kitchen for some food and while my back was turned it blew up!”

One of his great disappointments in life is that he cannot move his “mountains” from his parents' house in Muswell Hill. “I began constructing this giant racing circuit layout in my bedroom,” he explained. “I had 12 model cars and a network of rails and track. Then I began building papier mâché mountains and scenery. Everything's so big now that I can't get it out of the room!”

Among the people he likes in the business he names Marianne Faithfull. “You can talk to her in the most lurid language and she doesn't mind,” Dave explained. “I stood cursing about something one evening after a show and she just took it all and didn't bat an eyelid. Great girl.”

One of his more serious interests is hypnotists. While on tour in Australia, someone taught him the tricks of the trade and he successfully hypnotised a subject.

“Bit scary really,” he admitted. “Afterwards, I told her to write to me. She keeps writing to me. Perhaps I should tell her to stop,” he added thoughtfully. *Keith Altham*

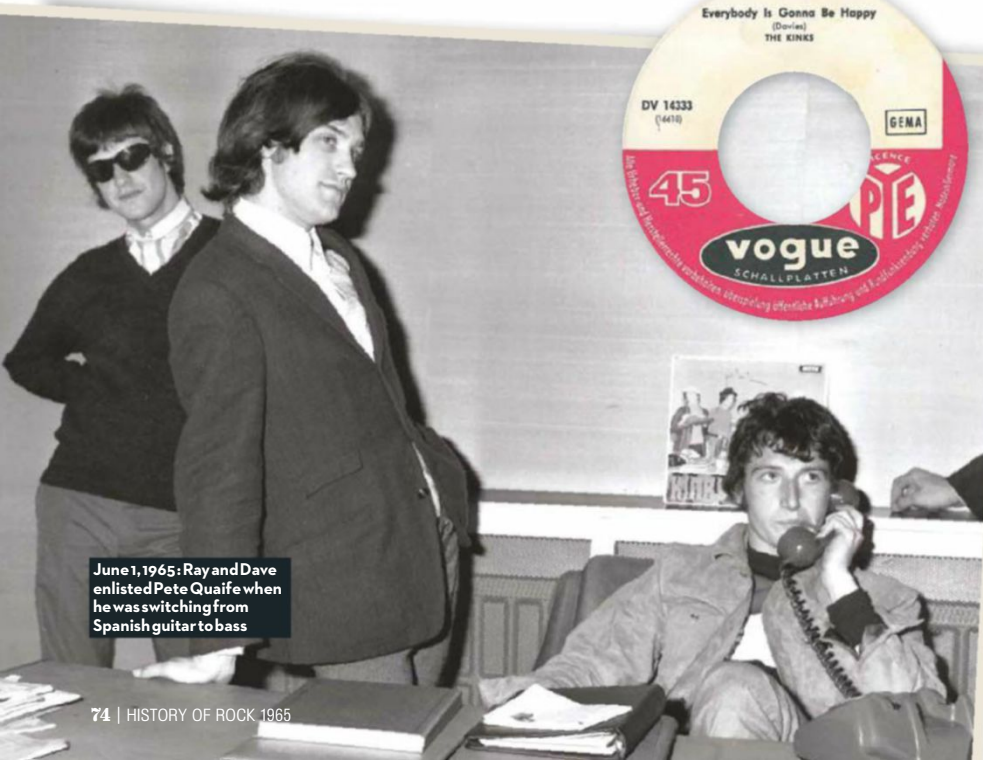
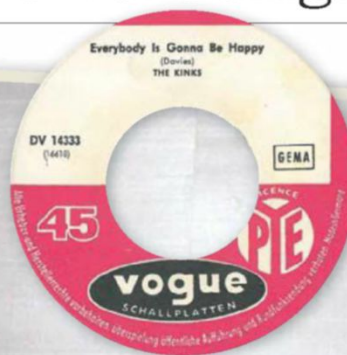
— NME APRIL 16 —

RAY DAVIES IS the King Kink. He composed all their hits and, although there is no official leader in the group, Ray is the driving force behind their success. As a person he is a highly sensitive composition of nervous energy and disciplined emotion. He talks very softly and earnestly. About himself he says this:

“I'm a collection of loose ends. I don't want to be a pop star. I think that this is just a part of my life which will come to an end. I feel there are other developments taking place in my life. For example, I should very much like to produce a film. Something artistic that would convey emotion and reaction. I'm a great admirer of Ingmar Bergman and films like *The Face*.”



“From about 10 to 14, Ray went through a very quiet, nervous stage”



June 1, 1965: Ray and Dave enlisted Pete Quaife when he was switching from Spanish guitar to bass



Mimington ABC
Television's *Thank
Your Lucky Stars*

While we talked, Ray was cutting his way deliberately through a cream caramel and looking around at the other eaters. While he was at art school he spent a great many hours in restaurants and cafes sketching people while they ate.

"You see that girl over there," he said suddenly, indicating a slim, attractive blonde. "I was at Hornsey Art School with her. I haven't seen her for years. Small world – I wonder what she is doing here?"

At school, Ray was very sports-minded, and in particular, a great football enthusiast. "My father would take me to see Arsenal play at Highbury," said Ray. "My idol was Tommy Lawton, and I wanted to be just like him when I left school."

Boxing was something of a disaster for him. "I did quite well in the school championships," Ray recalled, "until I came up against the Schools Champion of Great Britain. I hit him three times and hurt my hands. He knocked me out in the first round."

On leaving school Ray decided to become a draughtsman, but his artistic temperament got the better of him again: "The job lasted about six weeks. I gave it up because I didn't like drawing straight lines. After that I tried commercial art. The first day of my new job, my employer gave me some toilet paper to do a design on. Really though! I explained that with a job of this kind I would need two afternoons a week off to practise amateur football. I thought it was important to have a hobby – the boss did not."

Ray is the married Kink, of course, and being the sensitive type is very conscious of the time he has to spend working away from home. "I feel very sorry for Rasa," he admitted. "It's very hard at the moment, because

she is expecting her first child. I hope we'll have a little girl – I think I'd be jealous of a little boy."

They are both hoping to go away for a holiday this year, but Ray tells me that his organising capacity is almost nil. He arranges to go away somewhere and then forgets to book and consequently he usually ends up staying at home.

"I'm hopeless around the house, too, I'm afraid," sighed Ray. "I put a plug in an amplifier once, and it blew up. My hand was all black. I put a bulb in a socket at home the other night. Same thing – black hand."

Something that Ray misses very much since The Kinks' fabulous success is the free time to get a little fresh-air exercise. "When I was at school, I used to run away for days and take a football down to the local park," said Ray. "I'd pretend I was two teams. Vivid imagination I had."

Being free to do what he wants is very important to Ray, and although he feels restricted in movements now, he is doing something he has always wanted to do.

"Playing and singing my own music is very important to me," he admitted. "I think if I thought I could not improve musically, I would give it all up and become a tramp. The idea of tramping around the country with a healthy bank balance in time of difficulty appeals to me."

It's been said before of many people and is now almost a cliché that they don't care about the money in showbusiness. I don't think I've ever met anyone of whom it could be more truly said than Ray Davies. His brother Dave once said to me: "Ray would be just as happy playing Charlie Byrd numbers in an obscure jazz cellar for 10 bob a night." *Keith Altham* •

“I guess
I haven’t
suffered
enough...”

BURT BACHARACH is a calm man of few words. To those who know him and work with him, though, he’s a man possessed by his calling. Singers like Tom Jones speak of tough sessions with a perfectionist.

— NME MAY 21 —

IT’S ONE OF those good to be alive weeks for Burt Bacharach, the likeable pop genius who this week makes his debut in the *NME* charts with one of his own records! Burt’s “Trains And Boats And Planes” jumps in at No 17, with Billy J Kramer’s rival version at No 24. In the meantime Burt has been seeing something of boats and trains and planes himself—making his way to Las Vegas where he married attractive film star Angie Dickinson at the weekend. London has been a romantic setting for them in the past weeks, although Burt has been almost shoulder high in work.

He was tinkling away at a piano in a specially rented Belgravia flat before flying to America when he told me: “I have a tough schedule here. Really tough. Most of the time I’m working on the score of the film *What’s New Pussycat?* and then I have some recording and a TV show to do.”

Success has made him a fantastically busy man. A typical case was the Tom Jones recording session for “What’s New Pussycat?”, which the *NME* exclusively revealed a few weeks ago. Understandably, Tom has some interesting things to say about the Bacharach approach to the discs! He told me: “This man is really tremendous. I recorded the title number for the film at Burt’s request and I count it as an honour. Angie Dickinson was at the session, a lively, vivacious person, and she sat on a high stool watching everything with real interest. While she was there a call came through from Hollywood telling her she had the role as Marlon Brando’s wife in a new film. »

VAL WILMER/REDFERNS

The 36-year-old
Burt Bacharach,
April 1, 1965



"Burt really throws his whole body into it when he's at a session and occasionally he looks out of the studio into the control box. His co-writer Hal David sits in there giving the thumbs-up sign if everything is all right. It was quite a session – we started around 10pm and went on til 3am. Mind you, the number was a terrific thing to sing. It's a sort of sensuous ballad in waltz time dedicated to a girl affectionately known as Pussycat. The words talk about her 'pussycat eyes' and 'pussycat lips'.

"When I'd finished singing, Angie Dickinson sat up and said: 'Wow, he's a hit! Like Marlon Brando, and he sings as well!' It was very flattering and it threw me a bit, but Burt just grinned amiably! Both of them were really likeable people."

Thirty-five-year-old Burt admits that "Trains And Boats And Planes" is, in his opinion, one of the best songs he has written – but he stresses the importance of the haunting words written by Hal David. Many *NME* readers may have seen them both on the TV spectacular they did in this country recently, with top names such as Dusty Springfield and Dionne Warwick performing the Bacharach-David hits that helped them to fame. It was an enthralling experience for the growing band of pop fans who appreciate their quality brand of music. An extra treat this week is a specially released Decca album, *Hit Maker*, on which Bacharach personally conducts 12 of his own numbers. "Trains And Boats And Planes" is a highlight track, but the rest of the scintillating list includes top hits like "Anyone Who Had A Heart", "Always Something There To Remind Me" and "Walk On By".

One of the fascinating points is the different approach Bacharach has to some of the numbers. This is the way he visualizes them, and sometimes it differs to some degree from the artists. But whatever the approach, there is no doubt that the stars almost worship Bacharach and his work. Gene Pitney once said, "I have worked with many creators of songs, but few have the dynamic talents of Burt." Dionne Warwick speaks of his "charm, personality and talent" and Dusty Springfield describes him as "the absolute end!" My own opinion is that this is only the beginning for Bacharach – a powerhouse of talent. *Alan Smith*

— NME JUNE 4 —

QUIET, DOMINANT, SHY, tough. These are some of the stars' mixed views on Burt Bacharach, the "boy wonder" of the pop world who jumps to No 5 in the *NME* chart this week with his own disc of the composition "Trains And Boats And Planes". When Burt visited Britain recently – he's back again this week – he conducted recording sessions with Tom Jones and Manfred Mann. But they both describe them as the toughest of their careers. Here, then, are the comments of just some of the many stars who regard themselves as privileged to have recorded a Bacharach song.

"The hardest recording session I've ever done." That's the way Tom Jones describes the day he waxed "What's New Pussycat?" under Burt's personal supervision. Tom had this tribute for the American songwriter: "He can be a tough guy when he's working, but he's amiable too and I think he really brought out the best in me. I found him a very creative man. He really seems to take command of the situation in a quiet way. He's intense and he conducts the orchestra like he's really living the music.

"The first time I heard this new song of his was when he called me over to his Belgravia flat, where he was working in the score of the *What's New Pussycat?* film. He played and sang it at the piano. He's no singer, mind, but he admits it. I said I'd like to live with the number for a few days and he said he'd make a demo record for me. I've still got that demo of him playing and singing – and I think I'll be keeping it a long time. It's a souvenir of the occasion." What of Hal David, Bacharach's co-writer? Tom backs up the impression that David prefers to stay out of the limelight. "I hardly noticed he was there," he says. "He was so quiet! But he's definitely half the partnership and they work together in terrific team spirit."

"Burt Bacharach?" exclaimed Cilla Black. "Oooh, he's lovely! He really is! He and Hal David called to see me at the London Palladium last year just after I'd recorded 'Anyone Who Had A Heart'. I was really thrilled. Actually, we didn't mention that number in our conversation but we did talk about 'Empty Place' – it's another of his great songs and I recorded it some time ago on an LP. He said he liked it, and coming from him I was really flattered.

"I don't think I'll do another cover job. I've had enough trouble with those. But an original Bacharach – I would really like to do that!

Said Adam Faith: "When I first heard 'Message To Martha' I didn't know



Bacharach with actress Angie Dickinson on April 1, 1965, a month before they tied the knot in Vegas, and (right) on the set of *Ready, Steady, Go!*, June 4, 1965

it was a Burt Bacharach song. But it had a kind of magic I liked and that's why I recorded it. To get things in perspective, though, I'm not sure I like crazes – people seem to get carried away with them. But one thing is clear is that Burt Bacharach is probably the best songwriter to come out of America in recent times. He's really hit the jackpot. Let's not forget, however, that our British composers are still coming up with good stuff, just as they have been for a long time now. Chris Andrews, for instance, is writing some really fantastic material."

Also to be featured in the film *What's New Pussycat?* are Manfred Mann. The group spent a whole day recording with Bacharach. Mike Vickers describes the session as "pretty tough". "We did a song of Burt's called 'My Little Red Book' and it's so good we might consider it for a single. At the session we had to do it over and over again before he was satisfied. He's a real perfectionist. He was jumping about all over the place during the recording – a real live wire. Manfred's usually a bundle of activity but against Burt he was like a little dormouse."

— NME JUNE 12 —

“BEAT,” SAID BURT BACHARACH, “is not exactly my kind of music. I have heard some very good beat stuff – it would be wrong of me to put the whole lot down. But I don't care for the whole lot of it. I like the more tasteful things – The Beatles are just wonderful. And The Searchers don't make the rough sound. Much of it depends for me on the material. That record about 'Concrete And Clay' was marvellous. But generally I can't really say I like the more... er, the more restful music.”

Bacharach, the 37 year-old golden boy of modern songwriting, was perched on a piano stool drinking Coke during rehearsals for last Friday's *Ready, Steady, Go!*. In the past few years he has soared to prominence as a songwriter and artist. He is apparently accepting this fame with the utmost relish. "Trains And Boats And Planes" featuring his orchestra is high in the Pop 50 and Burt is obviously happy to see his name popping up more and more. "I now consider myself as having arrived properly," he declared. "When you are in the music business, you set out to be a success at everything – writing, arranging and in my case conducting an orchestra. I feel right now with 'Trains And Boats And Planes' having taken off for me that I am in control of things."

How are the Bacharach songs written? He works in collaboration with a lyricist, Hal David, in an 18th-floor office in the centre of New York. "It's our official office," said Burt. "But I like the atmosphere of an ordinary room. So there's a bed, dining tables and things that would go into the room of a house. I guess it's a funny sort of office but it's beautiful – it has a pretty view and I like it. The piano I work on is a small one – I suppose



people might imagine me working at a big grand piano, but I don't want that. It might sound corny, but I like atmosphere when I'm writing."

Did Burt expect to be a solo star with "Trains And Boats And Planes"? "It looks good and the more attention and recognition I get the better I'll like it," he said. Whose songwriting does he enjoy? "Richard Rogers is fantastic and I like Jerome Kern. Lennon and McCartney write some very fine stuff and I think a lot of Goffin and King. Right now, Tony Hatch is writing very well."

Bacharach says he still thinks about and is influenced by jazz. He went through a spell as a jazz pianist and proclaims it was his "first real thing". This came after he had studied serious composition. "I still pay a lot of attention to jazz," he said. "I particularly like Wes Montgomery and I've always said Dizzy Gillespie is fantastic. Also Donald Byrd. The jazz knowledge I've got goes into my general melting pot of ideas for songs."

Which was his favourite work? "I very much like the *What's New Pussycat?* score," he said. "And Tom Jones did a marvellous job with the song. He's good – he's got style, hasn't he? Apart from that I like 'Wives And Lovers', 'A House Is Not A Home' and 'Walk On By'. Jackie De Shannon has a No 3 hit now in Los Angeles with 'What The World Needs Now Is Love'. That ought to be a world hit – I only hope this one makes it in England, but it isn't getting the exposure, is it? I'd say that song is one of my best, and I'll be disappointed if it doesn't make it."

What did he think of other versions of "Trains And Boats And Planes"? "I have only heard the Billy J Kramer record – I haven't heard Anita Harris yet. I very much like the record – I think the Kramer record will beat mine in the States. As I left New York, he was getting the key picks from the radio stations."

Finally, how did Bacharach come to write songs – was he commissioned to write them for a singer or did he turn them out anyway every day? "I go to the office every day to work – just sometimes to do some arranging at home where it's more quiet. I write something every day. If I just decided to hang around waiting for inspiration I'd wait a long time. The best inspiration I have is that someone wants a song."

— NME SEPTEMBER 3 —

"I DON'T KNOW THAT I should tell you," said Burt Bacharach's attractive, blonde mother, "but I always call Burt 'Happy'. When he was young he called himself Happy

Baxter...and he had his own group, the Hipsters! I suppose it kind of stuck."

She smiled as she recalled childhood memories of the man whose haunting music has swept the world. "It's all kinda different now, isn't it? I hear his songs everywhere, like 'What's New Pussycat?' and that one the Walker Brothers have done." I told her both songs were in the *NME* chart and she glowed with pride as she sat back in her room at London's Dorchester Hotel, waiting to leave on a tour of Europe with her husband who calls himself Bert with an "e" and is a New York newspaper columnist.

"You know," she said, "there was a time when we both thought that music would be the last thing Burt would want for a career – it was an uphill fight for many years. We wanted him to study and he didn't. He was absolutely mad about sport – he was playing football at six and nothing else seemed to matter. We kept on at him to study but there were times when we felt like giving up. But we didn't. My father was English and I guess that made me stubborn!"

Suddenly she launched into a flood of motherly reminiscences. "I don't think Burt would have learned to read or write if we hadn't kept on at him. He was so interested in sport when he was younger, but then he won a music

scholarship and everything seemed to change. "You know, it became difficult to get him away from the piano. Then we used to do duets together. I was a kind of pop singer myself then – not professionally, you understand – and he would accompany me.

"The only thing was sometimes I would tell him he needed more feeling. His music teacher told him this and do you know what he said: 'I guess I haven't suffered enough.' How about that? And he was only 13 or 14! Well, then he began to play at high school and he really became interested in pop music. Burt has always been Happy to me. I don't know that he still likes it but it's a name that I think suits him so much. He has always been such a happy person."

In his late teens, she told me, Burt turned away from pop and decided he wanted to be a classical musician. At 22 he went into the army – still wanting to play music professionally, but able to play pop on social occasions. "The officers' wives loved Hap," said Mrs Bacharach. "He and his music were great favourites." I asked her if any particular piece of Burt's music meant a lot to her. "'Wives And Lovers,'" she answered quickly... "and the album of *What's New Pussycat?*. It brought tears to my eyes when I heard it. I think it's absolutely beautiful. Burt has changed so much as time has gone by. When he first started out professionally he used to disturb me by saying something "wasn't commercial enough". He would often talk

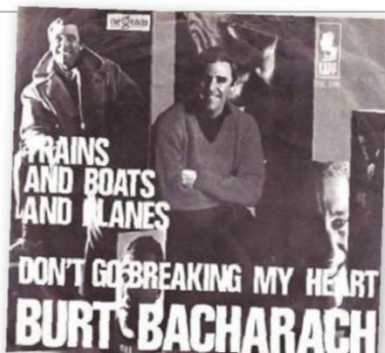
about something having to be commercial. Money is necessary but I used to worry that he might not give of his best because of this. Looking back, I can see that he was tempted for a while. Now he has the happy knack of writing good things that are commercial at the same time.

"I'm glad he took time off for a honeymoon recently. Sometimes I think he works far too hard. He throws himself into his work night and day, writing, arranging and recording. The only relaxation he makes sure he gets is basketball. When he can he plays three times a week – he's still wrapped up in sport in a big way.

"Burt loves England, I know. He says that the British have a knowledge and respect for composers that you don't get in the States and he likes the fact that you have papers like the *New Musical Express* that the public read. We don't have anything like this in the States." Mrs Bacharach smiled again, motherly, proudly.

"Whenever you meet Hap you will see him drumming with his fingers or playing an imaginary piano or conducting an imaginary orchestra all the time he is talking to you. My son really lives music." •

"The best
inspiration
I have is that
someone
wants a song"



1965

APRIL – JUNE



Congratulations: Cliff Richard and producer Norrie Paramor pick up a gold disc for "The Next Time"/"Bachelor Boy", 1963

"Some A&R men crap things up..."

MM APRIL 10 That's John Lennon's verdict. But are producers a menace or the geniuses behind the glass?

ARE THE A&R men, the Svengalis of the recording studios, getting too much attention and growing too influential? More and more, they are putting their stamp on the records they make. Pop records in particular. Time was when listeners recognised the artist on the label by his tone or style, or by some quirk or personality, without a thought for the backroom boys who supervised the record. But now "the sound" has arrived, and in many cases it means more than the individual or group talent represented. Records are identified by this trademarked sound – often a gimmicky background, or balance even – before the principals have sung or struck a note.

Blind Date finds Andrew Oldham saying, "That bass! I know this is a Tamla Motown," and "Another Decca record – I can tell them a mile off," and "Those strings have got to be Norrie Paramor. Is this an EMI record?" Are record producers really all that influential?

Says Kinks leader **Ray Davies**: "The only influence our A&R man has on us is telling us to get to the studio and run through our numbers. Shel Talmy just gets the sound. It takes a good A&R man to get the sound that's there, and a bad one gets the sound that isn't there."

Beatle **John Lennon**: "It's simply that the public is more aware of the existence of A&R

men these days. We're as much involved in the A&R-ing of our records as George Martin. We know the sort of sound we're after, and George agrees. Of course, he's the expert on technical electronics. Some A&R men are so in control they bog things down. They crap records up. They shouldn't be allowed to do it."

Humphrey Lyttelton: "I think A&R men are a menace from a jazz point of view. On the pop scene, obviously they have ideas and gimmicks which may be useful. But on the jazz side, they never seem to know as much about what the audience wants as the musicians do."

John Mayall, whose first LP is out this week: "Is the A&R man really necessary? Not always. It depends on the process of recording. This LP of ours was made live at Klooks Kleek. The engineers were busy in the control rooms and, after discussion, the session was more or less left to us."

Naturally, perhaps, A&R men feel happier about their relationship with recording artists, EMI's **Norrie Paramor**: "The A&R producer, to my mind, is the liaison between the artist and the company. Now in most cases, the spark

comes from the artist, and the producer develops this spark. In my opinion, A&R men should never be dictatorial – they used to be but I don't think they are now."

Denis Preston, an independent producer: "The importance of the A&R man is reflected in the Tamla Motown or Phil Spector sounds. The A&R man has a fourfold role: to recognise the talent; to find the right material for that

talent; to get the best setting for that material; and to direct the whole thing in the studio."

Andrew Oldham of Rolling Stones fame agrees about the A&R man's role growing: "Records must be produced. Even when they are, some are terrible shambles. But at least there was some direction from the producer."

A final word on the standing of the US producer comes from American songwriter-producer **Burt Bacharach**: "A&R men working for a company are becoming minimal in the States because everybody is now working as an independent. But the A&R man is very important of course, and each has his own way of working."

"On the pop scene, obviously they have ideas and gimmicks which may be useful"



The Kinks Set Me Free

A characteristic raucous guitar introduction leads into "Set Me Free" (Pye), which is considerably slower than The Kinks' previous offering – only just above rockaballad pace. Composer Ray Davies dual-tracks, with falsetto chanting from the other boys, and there's some vital raw guitar work. Melody content is not so hot, and it's not as Kinky as usual. The lyric is extremely repetitive, and drums into the mind so forcibly that the disc must register. On this score alone, it should do better than their last. Tempo speeds up for Ray's solo-voice "I Need You"; more in their familiar pattern with rattling tambourine. Might have been the better A-side. (NME, 21/5)

The Hollies I'm Alive

From the pen of "The Game Of Love" composer Clint Ballard comes another obvious winner in "I'm Alive". It's the perfect foil for The Hollies, with their full, enveloping sound and appealing harmonies. Lead singer dual-tracks, with the other boys chanting in support. The rhythm's particularly stimulating, with the drummer's double-time gallop contrasting most effectively with the solid thumps of the tambourine. Broken-beat shuffle rhythm highlights "You Know He Did". Not much tune to this track, but it's forceful and compelling. Parlophone label. (NME, 21/5)

Beach Boys Help Me Rhonda

Yet another disc featuring tambourine backing is "Help Me Rhonda" by The Beach Boys. The leader dual-tracks with falsetto chanting and colourful counter-harmonies, but the rhythm isn't the group's usual surf sound – it's more of a mid-tempo "British" sound. Has fullness and impact, but doubt if the material's different enough. Attractive romantic beat ballad "Kiss Me Baby" also has a fascinating vocal blend. Both written by Brian Wilson. On Capitol. (NME, 21/5)



Bob Dylan Maggie's Farm

Expect to see Bob Dylan's self-penned "Maggie's Farm" (CBS) in the charts very quickly. It has a tremendous sound, an infectious dry beat, superb guitar work, and pounding drums and harmonica. And amusing lyric is much more comprehensible than on many of his discs. An alternative version by Atlantic's Solomon Burke must be second in the running. It's much more in the R&B soul idiom, with rasping saxes, twangy guitar and towards the climax, a brass section. Flips: Harmonica leads into Bob's compulsive and insidious fast-pacer "On The Road Again". And Solomon warbles a mean ballad with gospel-slanted chanting, "Tonight's The Night". (NME, 4/6)



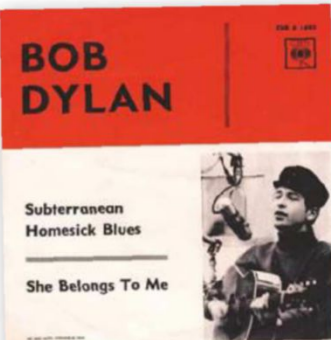
Heinz Don't Think Twice It's Alright

One of Dylan's best-known numbers, "Don't Think Twice It's Alright" is Heinz' latest offering on Columbia. After a steel guitar opening, the Wild Boys strike up a snappy beat, and Heinz dual-tracks with humming support. Commerciality instead of authenticity is the keynote, and it must stand a chance. Flip is a strident, storming rocker, "Big Fat Spider". Orthodox beat group approach to "Masters Of War" (Stateside) by the Talisman unison vocal, embellished by background chanting. There's a moralising lyric, as the title implies, but otherwise it doesn't sound like a Dylan song. Flip is a frantic raver titled "Casting My Spell". (NME, 2/4)

SINGLES

Bob Dylan Subterranean Homesick Blues

I'm a little surprised that CBS has issued Bob Dylan's "Subterranean Homesick Blues" while his current single is still riding high – maybe it's because this one is such a contrast. An uptempo track, more R&B than folk, it features a wild beat, harmonica and the familiar steel guitar. Melody is almost non-existent, much of it being sung on the same note, but he generated a tremendously electrifying atmosphere. Tempo slows to a medium-paced jog-trot for the more tuneful "She Belongs To Me", in the 12-bar format. Both numbers self-penned, of course. (NME, 2/4)



The Beatles Ticket To Ride

The depth of sound which the Beatles create is quite fantastic, and is again in evidence with "Ticket To Ride" (Parlophone). It bounds along at a jaunty pace and with tremendous drive, with tambourine for added effect, at about much the same tempo as

"I Feel Fine". John takes the solo, aided by Paul's colourful harmonies and occasional falsettos in some passages. Catchy, too – you soon pick up the tune. Yes, they've done it again! Pace drops to a slow rockaballad for "Yes It Is". Melodic, with a plaintive quality. John leads, with harmony supplied by Paul and George. Both sides Lennon-McCartney compositions, of course. (NME, 2/4)



Manfred Mann Oh No Not My Baby

Catchy and with commercial words. Paul Jones has a very distinctive voice. Manfred's organ playing is tasty. A record that has the listener hooked, after a couple of plays, and a natural major hit. (MM, 3/4)

Freddie & The Dreamers A Little You

Again, a certain hit, and probably another big one because it's so easily remembered, and has a good "catch phrase" title. The tune is over-simple, but that's probably its strength. (MM, 3/4)

1965

APRIL – JUNE

Motown's UK tour fails to fill halls

NME APRIL 23 Despite the small, polite audiences and bad food, The Supremes say: "We'd love to come back *anytime*"

A FLOP. THAT'S THE only way to describe the much-vaunted, ill-fated Tamla-Motown road show. When it ended its first British tour last week it left behind a trail of near-empty theatres halfway across the country. But before angry *NME* readers round on me for my verdict, let them listen to these words of wisdom from Mary Wilson of The Supremes and one of the top attractions on the Tamla package.

"It was a flop," Mary told me before the girls packed their luggage in a London hotel. "What's the use of denying it?" She wasn't bitter: "The audiences were good but they were kinda thin. We didn't get many people along. So it's being wise when it's too late but my own opinion is that the show was too specialised for British audiences. We should have had a few more of your beat groups with us. Another thing is that over here people like to wait to the end of a number before they show appreciation. They don't like to join in so much. We found it a bit strange at first, then we got to like it. Other times it's disappointing. You might be feeling good, and you want everybody to be happy and sing and everything, but all they like to do is wait until the end and clap!"

With "Stop! In The Name Of Love" high in the *NME* chart, The Supremes have every reason to like it here in Britain. And they do. "We already came here before," Mary told me, "and we just can't wait to come again. We'd like to do some cabaret most of all. We do that kind of work in the States and it's real classy.

You know, we've hardly stopped travelling in the last couple of years—Canada, Bermuda, all over the States, Germany, Holland, Belgium.

"We made our first disc four years ago, and in some ways it seems a long time. We seemed to do just so for a while, then we had 'Where Did Our Love Go' out in the States and things started to happen."

I asked if "Where Did Our Love Go" was a conscious attempt to move away from the "ooh-ooh" style of "Baby Love". "Oh no," said Mary and she seemed more than a little

"We went to the Ad Lib club with The Animals and had one real whale of a time"

surprised. "The thing is, we like crazes a bit more in the States. In Britain, people don't like follow-up discs to sound the same. They have to be real different. In America it's just the opposite. When "Where Did Our Love Go" hit the charts, people started to talk about 'the Supremes sound', so we decided to go with it. The crazes thing is really big in the States. That's why I think The Beatles will last. They started off as a real big craze but they had the talent to live up to it. They'll be round the American charts for a long time."

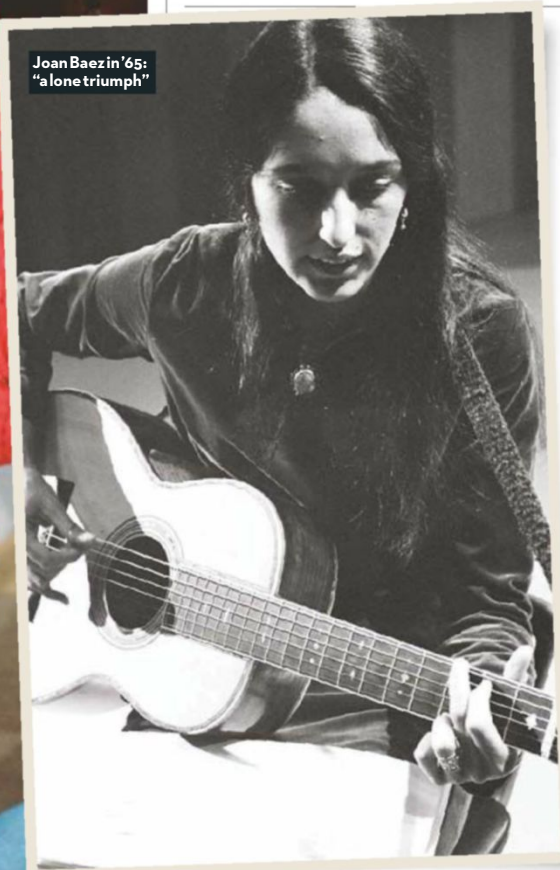
She laughed. "You know somethin'? We've recorded our next single, but I'm so tired at the moment I can't think of the name. We've had a real ball over here. We've met The Rolling Stones and Gerry & The Pacemakers and Dave Clark, but our best friends are The Animals. Those Animals are such wonderful guys. We went to the Ad Lib club in London with them and we had one real whale of a time with them, singing and dancing right through the night. Crazy fellas!"

The Supremes may be relative newcomers to the British charts but they're 21 now and have been singing together since the age of 14. And since then they have had no less than 14 singles released in the US. "You'll be surprised," Mary





Joan Baez in '65:
"a lone triumph"



The Supremes record their
turn on a Ready, Steady,
Go! special, *The Sound Of
Motown*, April 28, 1965

told me, but we even had jobs before we started singing. I worked in a record shop, Diana in a dry-cleaners and Florence as a babysitter."

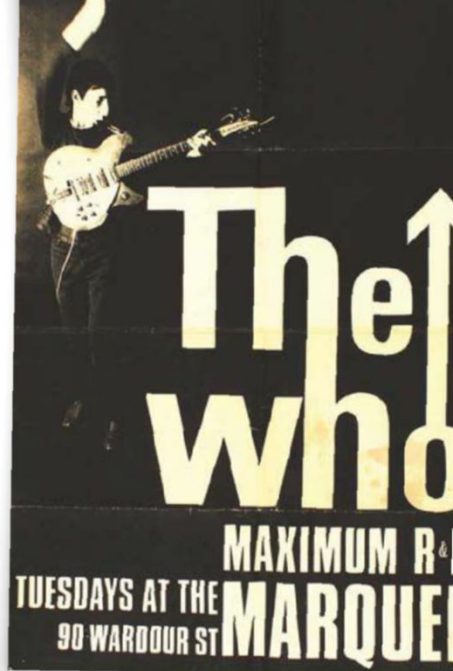
The Supremes seemed to have enjoyed themselves so much in this country (in spite of poor attendances on tour) that I asked them if there was anything they didn't like about Britain. They looked at each other, smiled three dusky smiles and chorused: "Yeah, the food." Said Mary: "I love to cook at home, so I was looking forward to some real nice English meals while we were here. No luck. We hated the stuff we got." Suddenly they all looked apologetic. "But we still like England," they said, "and we'd love to come back *anytime*."

Alan Smith

The Who: smashing!

MM APRIL 17 Live shows make an impact

DESPITE ALL THAT has been written about The Who, one of the latest groups to emerge from the club scene into the hit parade, their act has to be seen. For instance, when Peter Townshend wrecked his speaker last Tuesday at the Marquee, belting it with the end of his battered guitar, feedback screeched out and the rest of the group thundered away behind him. It sounds like a gimmick but the audience loves it. They explode into "Heatwave" by Martha & The Vandellas, "Shout And Shimmy" and "I Don't Mind" by the great James Brown, the inevitable "Smokestack Lightning" and the tremendous "I'm A Man". The Who have to be seen. *Nick Jones*



Joan Baez overcomes

NME MAY 28 The New York folk singer finds an Albert Hall audience in good voice

JOAN BAEZ STOOD, a slender, darkly beautiful girl, in a single spotlight on the Royal Albert Hall stage on Sunday night and for two sessions of just under an hour each held the packed auditorium silent with her clear, well-modulated soprano voice and her crisp, tuneful playing of her acoustic guitar.

At the end she got a terrific ovation and had to give several encores, one her current single hit "We Will Overcome". She varied her repertoire from powerful and thoughtful songs like the one about God being on our side and everyone else's during a war to the amusing audience participation, "Let's Not Have A Sniffle But A Bloody Good Cry". Several times the audience formed a chorale behind her, and that's the thing about folk shows: most of the patrons are singers too. She sang in Portuguese, Spanish, French and German. Joan also did a fantastic echo-effect song, without guitar, and got her greatest applause for the tune everybody knows: "House Of The Rising Sun".

Although her appeal for me wore thin in the second half, she made a lone triumph in that vast building where sometimes orchestras fail. *Andy Gray*

"Oh cripes!" — Beatle's stage fright

NME APRIL 16 Lennon admits to poll-winners' show jitters

"IT'S BEEN NERVES all day — we were more nervous about going on that stage at Wembley than we have about anything for ages. People seem to think that shows don't bother us — but they do. You think to yourself, 'Oh cripes, is this the one we're going to fall down on?' And remember, the NME show was the biggest live audience we've played to since the American tour last summer. On top of all that, we had the strain of following the best — some of them — of the acts in the business. And from a little window in our dressing room we could see how well they were going down. But we were more than pleased with our own reception — we were bloody delighted." *Chris Hutchins*



1965

JULY - SEPTEMBER





“If I wasn’t in a group I think I’d do myself in”

THE WHO are serious young men, thriving on tension and hell-bent on new sounds. As their campaign of “pop art” rock gathers pace, NME and MELODY MAKER try and get a handle on this explosive force. “Our personalities clash,” says guitarist Peter Townshend (19). “If we were not like this it would destroy our performance...”

— MELODY MAKER JUNE 3 —

A NEW NAME is being hurled around in hip circles – The Who. They are four mods from Shepherd's Bush, London. And their popularity is gathering strength in exactly the same way The Animals experienced two years ago. Like The Animals and The Yardbirds, The Who are the products of the club scene. Today, with one hit gone and another on the way, they are reckoned by the "In Crowd" to be on the crest of a success wave that could make them the new rave – on a nationwide scale.

The Who are Roger Daltrey (aged 20, singer); Pete Townshend (aged 19, lead guitar); John Entwistle (aged 19, bass guitar) and drummer Keith Moon, who is 17. Moon is the most popular with fans. They mob him. Already.

Their music is defiant, and so is their attitude. Their sound is vicious. This is no note-perfect "showbiz" group, singing in harmony and playing clean guitar runs. The Who lay down a heavy beat, putting great emphasis on the on and off beats. Moon thunders round the drums. Townshend swings full circles with his right arm. He bangs out Morse Code by switching the guitar pickups on and off. Notes bend and whine. He turns suddenly and rams the end of his guitar into the speaker. A chord shudders on the impact.

Townshend strikes again on the rebound. He rips the canvas covering, tears into the speaker cone, and the distorted solo splutters from a demolished speaker. The crowds watch this violent display spellbound.

The Who started a year ago, changing their name from The High Numbers. They began regularly at the Goldhawk in Shepherd's Bush, but graduated to the plushier Marquee in London's West End. They were billed in small print and played to audiences of 200 every Tuesday. But word spread. The name intrigued. Tuesday audiences grew. They became favourites of the mods. "Have you heard The Who yet?" That was the start.

Mods identified themselves with The Who because The Who identified themselves with them. Pop music is often allied to social trends and fashions. This was how it was in The Who's early days. Pete Townshend wore a suede jacket, Roger Daltrey hipster trousers. Mods playing mod music. It's an exhausting act to watch. But also highly original and full of tremendous pace. What makes The Who click onstage?

Townshend: "There is no suppression within the group. You are what you are and nobody cares. We say what we want when we want. If we don't like something someone is doing, we say so. Our personalities clash, but we argue and get it all out of our system. There's a lot of friction, and offstage we're not particularly matey. But it doesn't matter. If we were not like this it would destroy our stage performance. We play how we feel."

The Who are linking their image with what they call pop art. They describe their current chart success, "Anyway, Anyhow, Anywhere", as "the first pop-art single", and they have started designing their own

"pop art" clothes. "Pop art is something society accepts, but we re-present it to them in a different form. Like Union Jacks. They're supposed to be flown. John wears one as a jacket. We think the mod thing is dying. We don't plan to go down with it, which is why we've become individualists."

Anti-Who people condemn their music as a messy noise. The Who like this: "Best publicity we could have." Their idea of a messy noise is the music of Freddie And The Dreamers, Val Doonican and Ronnie Hilton. "It's just dozy."

Cathy McGowan and *Ready, Steady, Go!*'s Live assistant editor Vicki

Wickham are devout Who followers. The Who are modern, short-haired rebels with a cause. There's sadism in their characters and in their music. But at least what they're doing is something NEW to the pop world. They are undoubtedly the most emergent young group on the scene. And with legions of fans shouting them on, they could well be tomorrow's big stars.

"We just did 'I Can't Explain' to get known"



— MELODY MAKER JUNE 5 —

THE WHO RAN into a big row last week when they visited Bristol to appear on TWW's top show, *Discs-A-Go-Go*.

Producer Chris Mercer expected them to bring a pianist because a pianist plays on their current hit, "Anyway, Anyhow, Anywhere". But The Who didn't take one. They do not feature one regularly. The pianist on their hit is session man Nicky Hopkins. And the *Go-Go* chief said: "I regarded the piano as very important and wanted it represented visually." Retorted Who co-manager Chris Stamp: "Mr Mercer wanted our road manager to mime the piano part. We refused because it would have been ridiculous. There are four members of The Who and that's it." Said Chris Mercer: "As long as anyone stood by a piano and appeared to be playing it

would have been all right. If The Who returned with a piano, or we could arrange to have them live, I would have them back."

Replied The Who: "A pity Mr Mercer didn't seem to notice Donovan's orchestra!" The Who did not play on the *Go-Go* show.

— NME JUNE 18 —

HE SAT TENSED against a hard-backed chair, dressed in a Carnaby Street blue jacket and with a blond, mod hairstyle that showed dark at the back. And he spoke slowly and uncertainly. "I never want to grow old," he said. "I want to stay young forever."

This was my introduction – via vocalist Roger Daltrey – to the weird and way-out group called The Who who are climbing the *NME* chart with their current disc, "Anyway, Anyhow, Anywhere".

There's a strangeness, a sort of vicious strangeness about these four beatsters from Shepherd's Bush. And they admit it. They talk quite happily about the way lead guitarist Peter Townshend handles his guitar, smashing it hard against an amplifier when the mood takes him. Pete says it produces an unusual sound; and I can well believe him. They've already had a taste of chart success with "I Can't Explain", but The Who weren't particularly happy about that record. Says Roger: "We just did it to get known. As time goes by we'll do the kind of thing we really like, really way-out. Arguments? Sure, we have 'em all the time. That's why we get on as well. It kind of sharpens us up. We've all got kind of – well, explosive temperaments – and it's like waitin' for a bomb to go off."

"If it wasn't like this we'd be nothin'. I mean it. If we were always friendly and matey... well, we'd all be a bit soft. We're not mates at all. When we've finished a show and we've got time off, that's it. We go our own ways. We've done all kinds of stuff since we started. Skiffle, trad, blue beat, pop. We got sick of pop and we went over to R&B and long hair, then the Stones came along, so we changed. With the Stones around, people were beginning to say we were copying them. But we don't copy anyone. We play the way we feel."

The James Brown style is going to be the next big thing, according to The Who. They've been playing his material for some time and

DAILYMAIL/REX/SHUTTERSTOCK

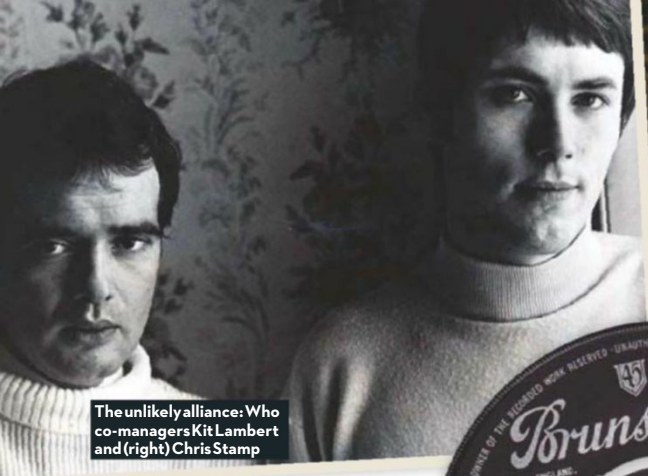
NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

Friday, July 23, 1965

Life-lines of THE WHO



KEITH MOON	ROGER DALTREY	PETER TOWNSHEND	JOHN ENTWISTLE
Real name: Keith Moon	Roger Daltrey	Peter Dennis Blandford Townshend	John Alec Entwistle
Birthdate: August 23, 1947	March 1, 1945	May 19, 1945	October 9, 1945
Birthplace: Wembley	Hammersmith, London	Central Middlesex Hospital, Acton, Chiswick	Chiswick
Personal pointers: 5ft. 9ins.; 10st. 7lb.; brown eyes; black hair	5ft. 7ins.; 9st.; blue eyes; assured hair	6ft.; 10st.; blue eyes; brown/black hair	5ft. 11ins.; 11st. 7lb.; sparkling blue eyes; green to black hair
Parents' names: Mum and Dad	Irene and Harry	Betty and Clifford	Queenie Maud and Herbert
Brothers and sisters: Linda and Leslie	Jill and Carol	Paul and Simon	Shepherd's Bush
Present home: Wembley	Shepherd's Bush, London	Belgravia, London	
Instruments played: Drums	Guitar and harp	12-string guitar	Bass guitar, trumpet, French horn, piano
Where educated: Harrow	Victoria Primary and Acton County	Acton County Grammar School; Acton City Grammar School	Southfield, R 0 3 3 School; Acton City Grammar School



The unlikely alliance: Who co-managers Kit Lambert and (right) Chris Stamp



Appearing on *Ready, Steady, Go!*, August 21, 1965

they think it will catch on quicker than people think. Mind you, it wasn't so long ago that it looked as if they might have to give up the beat scene altogether. Times were hard, and they weren't made any easier by The Who's liking for the very best guitars and equipment.

"We'd be having a lean time," says Roger, "but we'd go out and get ourselves up to the neck in hire purchase debts because we wanted a new amp. We spent 2,000 quid that way. But our stuff is the best in the world. That 'Anyway, Anyhow, Anywhere' hit disc was composed at 3 am," he adds, when he and Peter were locked in a room to make them concentrate on songwriting. The recording session was due the day after.

For once, Peter forgot his other interests ("he's very political, a right Bob Dylan") and the job was finished as dawn broke over Shepherd's Bush.

As Roger Daltrey was leaving, he turned and said, quite seriously: "If I wasn't with a group I don't know what I'd do. It means everything to me. I think I'd do myself in." *Alan Smith*

— MELODY MAKER JULY 3 —

WHAT IS POP ART? For weeks the hitparading London group, The Who, have been at the centre of a big storm. Some say it is a lot of bunk. Others defend pop art as the most exciting musical development since the electric guitar boom started. Who guitarist Pete Townshend defined pop art for the *MM* this week. "It is re-presenting something the public is familiar with, in a different form. Like clothes. Union Jacks are supposed to be flown. We have a jacket made of one. Keith Moon our drummer has a jersey with the RAF insignia on it. I have a white jacket, covered in medals. We stand for pop-art clothes, pop-art music and pop-art behaviour. This is what everybody seems to forget – we don't change offstage. We live pop art."

Trowel-nosed Townshend, aged 20, was sitting in a high-class restaurant wearing a loud check jacket and an open-necked shirt. The Who are frequently ridiculed for smashing pounds' worth of equipment. Why do they do it? Pop art? Pete, the culprit wrecker, answered. "I bang my guitar on my speaker because of the visual effect. It is very artistic. One gets a tremendous sound, and the effect is great. What annoys me is the person who comes up after a show and says: 'Why didn't you smash your guitar tonight?' In fact it's split right down the middle of the neck, but the audience don't realise. If guitars exploded and went up in a puff of smoke, I'd be happy. The visual effect would be complete. Roger Daltrey, our singer, smashes his microphone on Keith's cymbal. He does this every night, because it's a sound. I use feedback every night. That's a sound. But if the audience isn't right I don't smash guitars. They wouldn't appreciate the full visual effect."

What is pop art about The Who's music? "Well, our next single is really pop art. I wrote it with that intention. Not only is the number pop art, the lyrics are 'young and rebellious'. It's anti middle-age, anti boss-class and anti young marrieds! I've nothing against these people really – just making a positive statement. The big social revolution that has taken place in the last five years is that youth, and not age, has become important. Their message is: 'I'm important now I'm young, but I won't be when I'm

"We play pop art with standard group equipment"

over 21.' Even London's streets are making a massive anti-establishment statement, every Saturday night. This is what we are trying to do in our music, protest against 'showbiz' stuff, clear the hit-parade of stodge!

"We play," continued Townshend, "pop art with standard group equipment. I get jet-plane sounds, Morse Code signals, howling wind effects. Mind you, near pop-art discs have been produced before. The Shangri-Las, with seagulls and motorbikes, and Twinkle's 'Terry'. Hey! We should have done 'Trains And Boats And Planes'." *Nick Jones*

— MELODY MAKER JULY 17 —

THE WHO HAVE delayed the release of their first LP due to a last-minute policy change. The drastic move has resulted in the group re-recording nearly all of the LP tracks. The record was to have been released in the US four weeks ago but was cancelled. Says Who manger Kit Lambert: "The Who are having serious doubts about the state of R&B. Now the LP material will consist of hard pop. They've finished with 'Smokestack Lightning'!"

The main contents of the album will now be originals written by guitarist Pete Townshend and singer Roger Daltrey. The LP should be released in early September. Tomorrow the Who appear at the Cheltenham Athletic Ground (July 15), Town Hall, Torquay (17); on Sunday (18) the group split up for an eight-day holiday – followed by extensive rehearsals to change their repertoire.

— MM SEPTEMBER 11 —

POP-ART GROUP The Who had their van stolen last week, with £5,000 worth of gear in it. The van was parked outside the Battersea Dogs Home, where, ironically, the group were buying a guard dog, to put an end to the pilfering they have suffered.

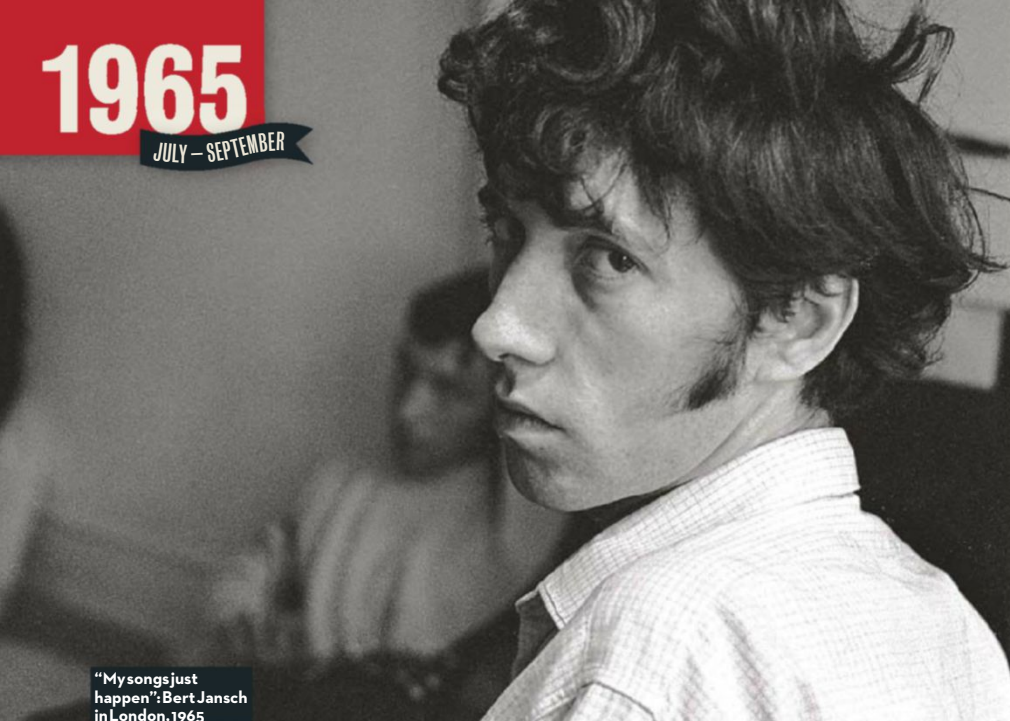
The van was recovered early this week in Grafton Square, Clapham, with two guitar speakers still in it, but nothing else. Said Who manager Kit Lambert: "They must have been very musical burglars and tried out all the gear – they left the only two speakers that were broken. There must be a very well equipped group somewhere in Clapham."

One door of the van was ripped off and there was no sign of the rest of the group's gear, which includes guitars, drums and amplifiers. As yet the group still haven't managed to buy a guard dog to keep an eye on the van. The Who have bought all new gear and they fly to Holland (September 20) for their own TV show, and one concert, just as their latest release "Anyway, Anyhow, Anywhere" moves into the Dutch Top 10. They also plan to tour Scandinavia at the end of the month.

After their successful appearance on *Ready, Steady, Go!* last week, The Who's new single, "My Generation", is to be rush released within the next few weeks. The group will then release their first LP after the single. •

1965

JULY – SEPTEMBER



"My songs just happen": Bert Jansch in London, 1965

"Everyone asks what my message is..."

MM AUGUST 28 A few months after the release of his debut album, MM reviews a classic debut album and catches up with the "taciturn Scot" who made it, **BERT JANSCH**. Donovan is a fan!

BERT JANSCH IS one of the newer crop of folk singers who have spurned the more traditional forms for something approaching a pop-folk style. Well known around the folk clubs, his name has been reaching a wider audience recently, with Donovan singing his praises and his songs—he included a couple at the Newport Folk Festival and at once received enquiries about the composer.

Jansch is a taciturn Scot who started singing and playing guitar around the Edinburgh pubs when he was 16. "I'm a by-product of the folk scene really—though it all began for me with folk music," he told me. "Everybody asks me what my message is. The answer is that I'm not trying to do anything in particular. My music comes from all sources. I've been strongly influenced by a lot of people on the folk scene—Davy Graham is the obvious influence as far as my guitar playing goes.

"I don't agree with the other ethnic attitudes, but I do like traditional folk music. The current folk scene is so confused by its new connections with the commercial world. The people on the scene don't really know what's going on—and I don't think they ever will."

Bert has been writing songs since he first started singing but says: "I haven't written all that many. I'm not one of those people who can turn out thousands. My songs just happen—the way they happen is different every time.

"I came to London when I was 17 and have travelled quite a bit. I think it's true to say that the audiences for folk outside London are very good, and those inside London are very bad."

Bert manages to make a full-time living out of his music. "I worked once," he said. There was a pause while he remembered the full horror of it. "It was something to do with horticulture—and very hard it was too."



SCOTLAND'S BERT Jansch is a young singer and guitarist with a cultivated style, heavily jazz and blues influenced. On *Bert Jansch* (Transatlantic TRA125), his first LP, he sings and plays 14 of his own songs and instrumentals plus Davy Graham's "Angie". "Courting Blues" is an attractive and delicate vocal theme, and "Smoky River" is a guitar solo with Eastern and blues flavours related to "Train And The River". "Do You Hear Me Now" sounds off about the dreaded bomb and the mushrooms, and "Needle Of Death" is a melancholy caution against the "habit". Some of the music is Spanish-influenced, the light voice has American and Scottish layers, and folk blues as well as modern jazz are present in Jansch's musical product. He shows already the kind of international charm that could appeal to a wide audience. And his guitar playing can be very decorative.

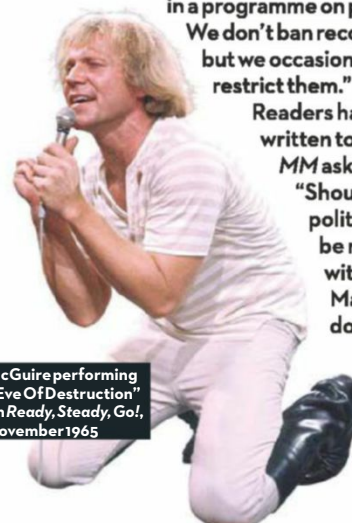
Protest in pop – the debate

MM SEPTEMBER 11 Barry McGuire is latest singer with a "message"

POP PROTEST IS really with us! Songs with a message are becoming more and more common in the Pop 50 – the latest example is Barry McGuire's "Eve Of Destruction", which jumped in at 32 this week. The song – described by Mick Jagger in last week's *Blind Date* as "phony" and "awful rubbish" – follows such pop protest hits as Donovan's "Universal Soldier", Joan Baez's "There But For Fortune", Manfred Mann's "With God On Our Side" and Bob Dylan's discs. And you won't hear "Eve Of Destruction" on BBC pop shows. A BBC spokesman told the *MM*: "We don't consider it suitable for light entertainment. But it could be used for documentary purposes

in a programme on pop. We don't ban records, but we occasionally restrict them."

Readers have written to the *MM* asking: "Should politics be mixed with pop? Many don't



McGuire performing "Eve Of Destruction" on *Ready, Steady, Go!*, November 1965

seem to think so. And hitmaker Jonathan King violently disagrees with Jagger's summing up of the Barry McGuire song. "This is going to be a big hit because it's a great sound, whether it's sincere or not," declared King. "And why should it be sincere? Since when has pop music been a vehicle for sincerity? Pop music combines escapism and imagination."

Other stars have different views.

Donovan: "'Universal Soldier' isn't politics to me. I don't know anything about politics or protest. I'm just singing songs that are written."

Joan Baez: "I regard myself principally as a politician. I like being referred to as a pacifist. And I suppose I don't mind being called a folk singer. But music is secondary to me."

Manfred Mann: "Anyone who records a song has a certain responsibility, and we wouldn't record a protest song if every member of the group didn't agree with the message. But songs tend to oversimplify things anyway, so you can only broadly agree."

Bob Dylan: "All I can hope to do is sing what I'm thinking and maybe remind you of something. Don't put me down as a man with a message. My songs are just me talking to myself. I have no responsibility to anybody except myself."

"Doddy" tops the charts

NME SEPTEMBER 24 Liverpoolian singer/comedian Ken Dodd is in NME's Question-Time hot seat. Subjects include: diddy men and Dutch stew

KEN DODD, WHOSE record "Tears" tops this week's chart, was in great spirits when I talked with him in his dressing room at the Palladium. He had just been told he was No 1, and was naturally delighted. A constant stream of well-wishers popped in to congratulate him, but somehow we managed to conduct Question-Time.

Q. Being a straightforward singer yourself, what do you think of gimmicks?

A. I'm all for them. The entertainment business needs as many colourful characters as possible. Showmanship is the lifeblood of the business. The Rolling Stones, The Beatles, and so on. They're all colourful, and I'm all for that.

Q. You are described as being the latest craze with the "in-set". Are you yourself "in"?

A. Well, of course "in" is short for intellectual, and that's me. I even have a little lion stamped on my head.

Q. Who were your idols when you were a boy?

A. Well, it certainly wasn't GH Elliott. Probably the same people I like now. Nat "King" Cole, Sinatra, people like that.

Q. What is a Scouse?

A. It could be a Liverpool dish or else a person from Liverpool. It's a very thick stew which was brought to Liverpool by Dutch sailors many years ago. A Liverpool delicacy. A Scouser is a person from Liverpool. A lively, exuberant person. If you had one for a neighbour he would think nothing of waking you at three

o'clock in the morning to borrow a cup of sugar.

Q. Lots of singers nowadays try to project an image. Do you have one?

A. But of course. Being a Professor of Tickleology at Knotty Ash University, I must project an intellectual image.

Q. What are diddy people?

A. You mean to say you've never seen one? They're tiny, lovable diddy people. There's one there (pointing to the floor). They come from Liverpool. Only this morning when I was walking around my estate in Knotty Ash on my way to the broken-biscuit repair factory, a little diddy man popped up and shouted, "It's top of the pops, Doddy!"

Q. Who, in your opinion, is the best singer in Britain today?

A. Undoubtedly the Ted Heath band with Harold Wilson. Really, there are several, but I suppose you would find the best at Glyndebourne, Covent Garden or Knotty Ash.

Q. As a part-time disc-jockey, have you ever had a request for a record that made you squirm?

A. Not really. I always appreciate any worthwhile entertainer.

Q. Does being a singer/comedian present many difficulties?

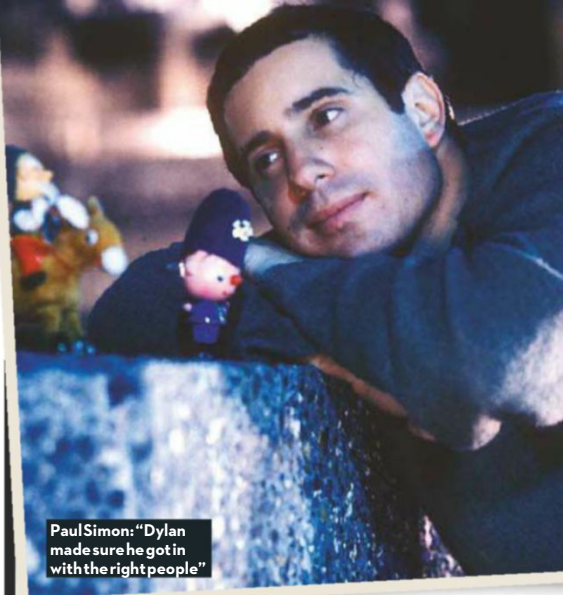
A. None at all. When I sing, people take me seriously. When I joke, they laugh.

A comedian is in a good position to become a singer. We use our voices to project a joke, and we do the same with a song.

Question-Time conducted by Norrie Drummond

"I was in Knotty Ash on my way to the broken-biscuit repair factory..."

The "Professor of Tickleology" arrives at Heathrow Airport, September 20, 1965



Paul Simon: "Dylan made sure he got in with the right people"

"An intense man from Greenwich Village"

No, not that one. **NME** meets Paul Simon – and hears his thoughts on Baez and Dylan. Later, the **Maker** prints his views on an anti-Dylan editorial by Ewan MacColl

A SMALL DARK INTENSE man from Greenwich Village (home of His Folkship, Bob Dylan) came to my office last week and talked about Joan Baez. His name: Paul Simon, a folk singer whose record "I'm A Rock" (CBS) has just been released.

"Baez is probably the only folk singer to have happened naturally," says Paul. "She has become more popular as her voice has been heard by more people, but established herself without the fantastic barrage of publicity that built up Dylan. Al Grossman, who manages Dylan, Peter, Paul & Mary and Odetta, put a lot of hard work into building Bob's image.

"Dylan made sure he got in with the right people. People like Joan Baez. I remember Joan took him to a concert in Forest Hills. He sang two numbers at the end of the concert and got booed off stage."

Keith Altham (NME, July 30)

I think MacColl has a good point – but he is so wrapped up in his own world that he doesn't give Dylan his due. I agree that Dylan is anti-everything – this is something I myself have always resented. Nevertheless I found MacColl's article disgusting and quite infuriating.

So many things in it were right and so many wrong. I do agree with the point about Dylan's poetry being punk and old hat. I think it is just rehashed Ginsberg. Then again, Dylan has written some very good songs. MacColl's whole attitude is hurting more than helping. He is setting himself up as the almighty judge and absolutely dismissing everything else. His points were biased and slanted – although some were a little pertinent. MacColl is exactly what he says Dylan is. For example, he is anti-Dylan. (Melody Maker, October 2)



1965

OCTOBER–DECEMBER

SONNY & CHER have taken the UK by storm with “I Got You Babe”. “When I picked them up from the airport I thought, Gawd, how weird,” their PR recalls. “But after five minutes I realised how interesting and charming they were...”

“The message is love”

— NME AUGUST 13 —

“I NEVER INTENDED TO be a singer,” confessed Sonny when I found him squatting on the stairs in the corridors of a BBC theatre in Shepherd’s Bush. “I was going to make Cher the star. I wrote songs (“Needles And Pins”) and joined in on the occasional record session. Cher hated singing on stage on her own, so I’d wander on and do this bored routine while she sang to me. We built up a big following on the West Coast and I found myself part of a duo. It’s really humorous.”

Sonny finds most things “humorous”, including being unacceptable to a Park Lane hotel because of his way-out clothes. Relaxed, he is a sad, stocky figure with large, hurt eyes which fill with laughter when he smiles. He was wearing a red sweater, leopard-skin waistcoat, and trousers with a huge buckle which tapered down into shredded ends.

“I’ve always dressed like this,” he said sadly. “We’ve got this little beatnik girl called Brigitte who I chained to a sewing machine back in »

DAVID REDFERN/REDFERNS



Sonny & Cher in
London, 1965

1965

OCTOBER–DECEMBER

our Hollywood home. She makes our clothes. My hair was this length when The Beatles first appeared in *Time* magazine. People brought me photographs and said, 'Look, they've got hair like yours.'"

Sonny's first action on landing at London Airport, clad in his leopard skin, was to go up to a London policeman and shake him warmly by the hand. "He showed me his club," said Sonny proudly.

I was introduced to the duo's young managers—Brian Stone, who looks like a hungry George Chakiris, and Charlie Green, who looks like one of The Ivy League. Charlie has a good line in patter. When someone suggested he needed a haircut, he rounded on the duo's British publicist Brian Sommerville, who lacks hair. "You must have one helluva barber," he said. "You're the only guy I know who combs his hair with a face flannel." Brian took it calmly.

Both managers wear golden necklaces with dollar signs on them. Charlie wears his in reverse so he can see it the right way round when he shaves. Sonny & Cher are a good argument for "divided we stand". While they sing together "I Got You Babe" on the Atlantic label, Cher sings solo "All I Really Wanna Do" on the rival Liberty label. And to add to the confusion, Sonny has cut a solo single, "Laugh At Me"—also for Atlantic.

"We've blocked my single to prevent too many discs coming out at one time," said Sonny. "We will continue to record independently, but we've got to watch that we don't lose impact with too many discs out."

Now Cher looks like... Well, I can only echo Eric Burdon's comment when I asked if he'd met her: "Yes please!" "I'm learning English at the moment," she said throatily. She also has a traditional English cold. "I can say 'Big Ben', 'Hello, Rodney', 'Tower Bridge' and 'loo'," she added.

Most often Cher said the wrong things quite delightfully and was shot warning glances by husband Sonny. "We were good friends with The Byrds before I recorded 'All I Really Wanna Do'," said Cher. "Now we're just friends." Sonny sent a warning glance across to her.

I believe Cher genuinely dislikes the competition between herself and The Byrds, and it's all the more embarrassing because they are friends and Cher is outselling them in America with her version. "I used to know the Walker Brothers back home when they sang with their sister as lead vocalist," says Cher. "Great guys—they've recommended a restaurant for us to eat in tonight. It must be good."

Cher leafed through *Rave* magazine in the dressing room and commented on various pictures. "Mick Jagger... he's cute... Donovan, that's a bad photograph... Who's this? He looks like one of The Byrds." That was Wayne

Fontana. Sprawled on a divan opposite Cher was her kid sister Georgiana, who is as blonde and pretty as her sister is dark and attractive. She was regretting her refusal to dance with a boy in a nightclub they had visited the previous night. "Turned out it was Hilton Valentine, one of The Animals," she said. "I hope he wasn't offended. It shows how much I know..."

Both Sonny and Cher had been to see the Beatles film *Help!* the previous night. I asked Cher what she thought and she wrinkled her nose. "The camera work was good," she said. "Some parts were funny but..." She became silent.

Of their several radio and TV dates they have fond memories of one particular show. "*Easy Beat* is a gas," said Cher. "They have this live orchestra playing in the studio and it's on radio! We expected

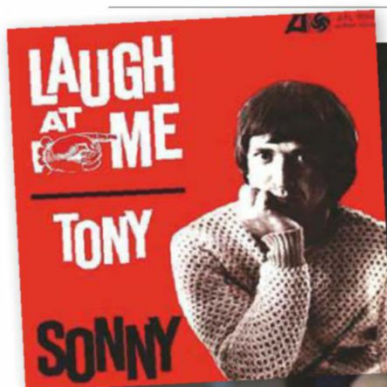
Paul Whiteman to come on. We love that show, honest!"

And Britain has gone for the way-out Sonny & Cher too. They've made their *NME* chart debut at No 17 with "I Got You Babe" the same week as they went to No 1 in America with it. As a cockney might say, What Cher think about that, Sonny? *Keith Altham*

— MM AUGUST 28 —

SONNY AND CHER Bono flopped on a couch in their de luxe Hampshire House suite and caught their breath after two frantic days in New York, which included some

"I'm learning English... I can say 'Hello, Rodney', 'Big Ben' and 'loo'"



CYRUS ANDREWS/MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES/GETTY IMAGES

Melody Maker

28, 1965

9d weekly

JONATHAN KING BLIND DATE: PAGE EIGHT

SONNY, CHER
TOP-BEATLES





interviews, a wild Atco records cocktail reception and a picture-taking session.

And through it all the fondest recent memories were of Britain and the fondest hope to get back quickly. "England is great because you can be a hit overnight there," said Cher. "One day they've never heard of you and the next you've got a smash. They hadn't heard ever of us before we got there really. But everyone's so record-conscious there."

"The adults are much more liberal, too," interjected Sonny. "They were beautiful to us on street corners. We took a film director and a colour camera and a little tape recorder. We went all over London lip-synching our songs from the tape on street corners and all kind of interesting places.

"We sang to a guy on a horse. In another place we found some guards who weren't allowed to smile and we sang 'I Got You Babe' to them. But nobody came along and told us we were a couple of nuts. They just took snapshots of us and a lot of kids followed us all over town. I haven't seen the film yet, but if it turns out, I'd like to make a television deal for it. I think it was a good idea because it was honest and real. I admire those things.

"I guess what I like most about England is that there are some real people there who have something to say. We both love The Beatles. You can't do better than that." "And Donovan," Cher broke in. "He's my favourite person there, the sweetest guy in the world. The thing about Donovan is that he believes."

Next to the British, whom they hope to visit again in November ("they've asked us already"), Sonny & Cher have an infinite love for young people. "I think we owe just about everything to the kids," Sonny continued, "and I want to give something back to them. I've been producing records for eight years – now I want to try movies. I want to create something new. I think that kids want and deserve more in the movies than a bunch of kids with surfboards on the beach or a rock'n'roll group. They want more than that terrible unnatural dialogue that a bunch of executives think they want. I feel I owe them whatever creative thing I can give them that's still fun.

"We'll be off to England probably, and more tours here. These kids have made us what we are and it's only fair to show ourselves to them. We owe a lot to all of them who say, 'I don't care how you dress but I love you.' And those kids made it possible to work without a white shirt and tie. I haven't worn a suit for a couple of years. If someone said I had to wear a tuxedo because that's the rule, I would. I'm not rebelling with clothes or with my hair. I grew my hair like this three years ago because it was fun. Someday I may get it all cut off."

"Never," said Cher, who claims that her hair is very out of fashion right now because it's so long. "But I don't worry about styles. I have my own. I've been wearing the bell-bottom pants for several years and long before they came into style here. I must like them – I haven't worn a dress in a year and a half, because I like pants better."

About message songs, Sonny & Cher have their own specific point of view. "There aren't that many who really have something to say. I think The Rolling Stones are great," Sonny continued. "And *Newsweek's* story last week about their dirty lyrics... Well, you can read almost any meaning you want into the lyrics of a song. With us I think the universal message

is really just love. I build everything around that. I don't think anybody really believes in war, so I can understand why some of the war-protest songs come about. But I don't really know if it does any good to sing about it, you know."

"Everybody," said Cher, "should really love one another, because nobody's here on Earth for that long a time." *Ren Grevatt*

— MM SEPTEMBER 4 —

CHARLES GREEN AND Brian Stone, known in business as York-Pala Productions, are the two closest associates of Sonny and Cher Bono. The two are from New York and both have knocked around as record promotion men and publicists. When they went to the West Coast about four years ago they got very close with Phil Spector and got to know Sonny Bono, who was producing and doing backing vocals

for Spector with such acts as The Ronettes.

Sonny called them one night in the wee hours about a song he and Cher liked and they forthwith tied up, formed a production company, cut the record and sold it to Reprise. That was last December and the disc did nothing. Reprise has now reissued the side called "Baby Don't Go" and it's on the charts. At the time, however, Reprise didn't buy any more from the team and they moved on to Imperial, where Cher cut some solo sides. One of these is a hit now, "All I Really Want To Do" sharing honours with The Byrds' version.

Since then, Atlantic records president Ahmet Ertegun signed the duo to a long-term contract through their York production firm. Ertegun is very close to them, and so are Green and Stone, who are cast a little in the Leiber-Stoller image. They might well be called an Americanised version of the Andy Oldham type. Others close to the scene are Bill Barron (West Coast) and Marcia Jacobs (East Coast) of the Jim Mahoney publicity office. Judy Moll, who is secretary in the York office, is a vital cog in the machinery.

Also of importance are two known simply as Colleen and Brigitte, the seamstresses who buy the material and make the clothes for Sonny & Cher; agent Harvey Kreskey of the William Morris office; engineer Stan (Choo Choo) Ross; lead guitarist Don Peake; pianist Harold Battiste; and one known as Big Jim, their road manager.

Larry Page, the A&R man and Kinks manager who brought Sonny and Cher over to Britain from the States: "I saw them appearing at the Hollywood Bowl and was very attracted to them initially because they were great, on stage and off. I signed them up to come to Britain and was with them almost 24 hours a day while they were here. In that time I got to know them pretty well, and I think it's fair to say that all they want to do is make friends. In fact, I think Sonny would sooner make friends than records. For example, when they were in Birmingham, Sonny disappeared into a pub and started buying drinks for all the locals. He wasn't doing it to be flash, he just wanted to get to know the people there. He likes mixing."

Jimmy Savile: "Sonny and Cher are great characters and have enough talent to be a success without the mad clothes they wear. But their mad clothes brighten up an otherwise dull world. So three cheers between the two of them!"

Ready, Steady, Go!'s Cathy McGowan: "The thing which impressed me most was their complete lack of conceit. They were not flashy or bigtime, and in fact I thought at first that they were rather shy. Cher didn't say very much, but after a bit we got very friendly and she talked to me a lot. One of the things she told me was that when she and Sonny met, he couldn't stand her. He thought she was stuck up and, frankly, awful. But Cher wanted to make a record and so did he, so they decided to get together. Personally, I didn't think their clothes were that marvellous. They were just right for Sonny & Cher."

Donovan: "I think they are great. Like The Byrds, they are showing the way things are going. It's the new thing: good lyrics with rock beats."

Publicist Brian Sommerville: "When I met them at London Airport I thought, 'Gawd, how weird.' But after five minutes talking to them I thought how interesting and charming they were. I even started wearing the check jacket I bought in New York and never had the courage to wear." •



"I don't worry about styles": on the set of *Ready, Steady, Go!*, August 6, 1965



1965

JULY – SEPTEMBER

Their version of “Mr Tambourine Man” earned the approval of Bob Dylan. But even though they are hotly anticipated, **THE BYRDS’** final approach to the UK proves to be a turbulent one. Says Jim McGuinn: “Fear of the unknown is a prominent thing with us right now.”

“We like jet



age music”

The Byrds in '65: (l-r)
David Crosby, Roger
McGuinn, Gene Clark,
Mike Clarke, Chris Hillman

— MELODY MAKER JULY 10 —

AFTER THE AVALANCHE of British groups in America, here comes the retaliation. Solo stars from the States have been gigantically popular – Elvis Presley, Gene Pitney, Roy Orbison. But now two groups are being talked about as the spearheads of America's retort: The Byrds and The Sir Douglas Quintet. Ironically, both groups look British.

The influence of The Beatles and The Rolling Stones among young Americans has been so enormous that The Byrds and the Quintet are featuring long hair and British-style clothes. A sobering thought. The Byrds roared into prominence with "Mr Tambourine Man," a Bob Dylan composition so haunting that it was a natural hit from the moment an opportunist group put it out as a single. Given Dylan's blessing – "They're good musicians," he said – the song was born for the hit parade.

It is on its way down from the top position in the American chart. "But I'm very glad we are getting liked over there in England," said Byrds leader Jim McGuinn over the transatlantic phone from Hollywood this week. McGuinn, at 22, is the 12-string guitarist and lead singer with a folk music background. The other Byrds are Chris Hillman (22), bass guitar, mandolin; Gene Clark (23), guitar, harmonica, tambourine, vocals; Mike Clarke (21), drums, harmonica, congas; David Crosby (23), six- and 12-string guitar.

McGuinn is lead singer on "Mr Tambourine Man." He's an ex-folk singer who used to play in coffee houses. He also played with The New Christy Minstrels and was in Bobby Darin's backing group. He talked of Dylan: "He's a friend of all of us. We like him and his music, and his whole attitude to life, as a matter of fact. I've been on the same scene as him, singing in coffee shops in Greenwich Village since 1961. But I don't think I'd like The Byrds to be called a folk group, strictly. Folk is what we came from. We passed through it. I wouldn't put us down as rock'n'roll, either. We're somewhere in-between. We are keen on all contemporary music. We don't care for labels."

The Byrds have written their new A-side for their American single release, "I Feel A Whole Lot Better". In Britain the major side will be "All I Really Want To Do," another Dylan composition. "We simply like the sort of music that Bob Dylan writes," Jim continued. "Music that is associated with the jet age. All Dylan's material can have the jet age applied to it."

How did The Byrds explain their sudden success with "Mr Tambourine Man"? "I think we were lucky with a combination of circumstances," McGuinn answered. "Perhaps there was a gap between the pop music that was currently going on, and between the folk and rock fields, that needed filling."

"Maybe we filled it. But I don't want to state it categorically. It's all so insignificant. It's part of the evolution of music."

What about the charge that The Byrds are cashing in on Dylan by performing his songs? "Bob's a good friend of ours and we like his songs," McGuinn replied.

— NME JULY 16 —

UNLESS I AM very much mistaken, August is going to see Britain gripped by a new phenomenon – BYRDMANIA. Stand by for the biggest explosion of hysteria since The Beatles first sent love "From Me To You", when The Byrds fly from Hollywood to cash in on the success of this week's haunting chart topper. Mothers should take heed of the warning and lock up their daughters, for I have it on good authority that the group have Pied Piper habits, and at this very moment birds are following Byrds by the coachload across the breadth of America. Leader of The Byrds' disciples is a bearded artist named Carl who – to quote Byrds publicist Derek Taylor – has "wild black hair sprouting like corkscrews from his enormous domed head".

It appears that Carl achieved considerable fame in Hollywood without even engaging a press agent by being an unpaid dance leader wherever The Byrds

played. So impressed were the group's managers at the frenzied results he achieved that they hired Carl to accompany The Byrds on their US tour and he now superintends the coach parties (I'm not joking) of fans who tag on after each Byrds show to follow them to the next city.

Whether or not Carl will be bought to England next month I'm not sure – The Byrds were still "thinking about it" when their leader, Jim McGuinn, phoned me from California the other day. What I did learn is that these five musicians, who have enjoyed more success with a Bob Dylan composition than Dylan ever has, are more than keen on their forthcoming visit to Britain.

"We wanna buy mod clothes in Carnaby Street – then we'll be able to look even more English. And I wanna meet John Lennon, he sounds like a man after my own heart. Who knows, maybe we'll even come home with English accents. Crazy."

I said I would duly warn Carnaby Street and Lennon and, if they cared, lay on a visit to an English castle for added authenticity. They didn't care.

Though it was 3.16 in the morning in Hollywood and The Byrds had just exhausted themselves playing at Jane Fonda's party, I managed to glean the following information. The group has plans to make a film later this year, writing the script – and possibly even directing themselves. Should be fun.

The Byrds were with The Rolling Stones on their last US tour, but "Although we didn't fight, I don't think we really got through to them or them to us!" *Chris Hutchins*

— MELODY MAKER JULY 24 —

THE BYRDS ARE flying high in the Pop 50 but, as a stage act, they remain an unknown quantity. What can British fans expect if and when they arrive for their first tour? Britain's own adopted Americans, The Walker Brothers, know them well. And seem more than somewhat surprised at the current Byrdmania.

"They originally copied us," claims Walker brother Gary Leeds. "When they first started out they used to come to the club where we were working. At that time we were the only group in Hollywood with long hair. They started letting theirs grow and grow and grow. This would be about nine months ago. In those days they were calling themselves The Children – they changed their name to The Byrds later on. They used to watch how we dressed and played. They did our numbers and caught on to just about everything about us. And when they weren't doing us, they were doing The Rolling Stones – with the five guys in the group and everything."

"We weren't really aware of what they were doing in the beginning. They are all very nice guys but kind of quiet. They used to just sit in the corner not saying too much – just listening to us and watching."

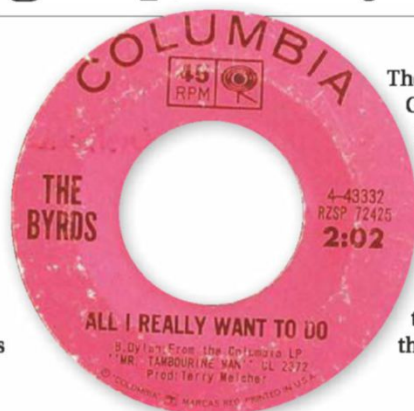
Now, out of nowhere, here they are at the top. Still, at least we were the first with our stuff. And somebody was about due for a break in Hollywood when we left to come to England. The record company found them, I guess. And with Dylan doing the song and everything, that put them right in there."

What do the Brothers think of "Mr Tambourine Man"? "The song is great," says Gary. "We heard the record and thought it was a nice tune. So when we got back here we plugged the thing onstage. Everybody thought it was our record for a while. Then, about a month ago, it started to climb and we thought, 'What are we doing?' We realised we were helping someone else's record along, so we dropped it from the act."

Will The Walker Brothers be around to see The Byrds when they get to Britain? "I guess so," mused Gary, though one didn't get the impression he, personally, would be queueing at the airport gates. "You know, the Dylan thing must have been a big help. He's got so popular and getting together with him must have helped to take it from there. And, I guess, nobody else could do a cover of the tune without Dylan's permission."

Is there a stand-out personality in The Byrds? "No, they are all very quiet guys," Gary continued. "I heard that Jim McGuinn, the lead guitar, had done some work

"I don't think I like The Byrds to be called a folk group, strictly"



with Bobby Darin. That surprised me. As a musician he isn't that good—I don't know what he did with Darin. Vocally, too, the group is kind of weak to our way of thinking. They swing very softly on 'Tambourine Man', so it doesn't really give you much idea whether they have improved. Still, maybe a hit record has had a big effect for them. One thing, it looks like their record label must be doing real good."

What are the chances of a Hollywood sound sweeping the world? Are there other groups waiting to follow The Byrds to the top of the chart? "I doubt it," says Gary. "I can't think of any other groups out there that could make it. I expect they are all kinds of busy growing their hair right now. And there's probably a few more doing a Sir Douglas thing—though he comes from back East. There isn't too much original stuff on the West Coast." *Bob Dawbarn*

— MELODY MAKER AUGUST 6 —

THEY'RE HERE, GIRLS! AMERICA'S hottest pop group property for years — The Byrds — flew into London early on Monday morning, and were greeted by coachloads of fans, who had waited hours to see the group.

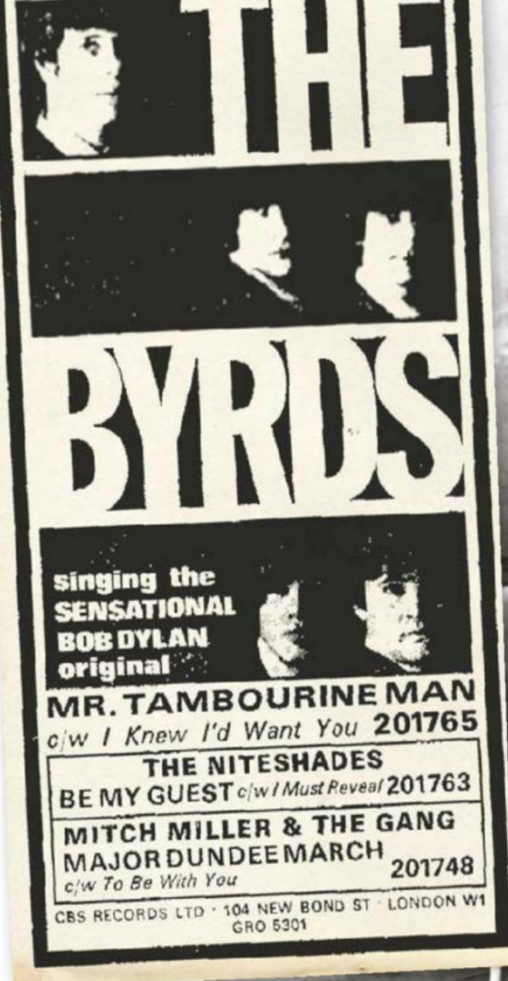
The five-man outfit who reached the top of the chart with a Bob Dylan composition have arrived to undertake 16 days of TV and personal appearances. Although the group has had only one hit record, The Byrds will very probably become the biggest group ever to come from America. Already in the US they are hailed as the leaders of a new cult in pop music, and it shouldn't be long before the same happens in Britain. They are untidy, long-haired, intelligent and extremely modern. They are all devoted to music and regard Bob Dylan as the master of folk tune-making. Although their first disc, "Mr Tambourine Man", and their second, "All I Really Want To Do", were written by Dylan, the group regards itself as a rock 'n' roll band — not a folk group.

"We still play a lot of rock," leader Jim McGuinn told me at London's Savoy Hotel. "But Dylan is really the best folk writer of our times. His phrasing is unique. He is a product of the 20th century and completely tuned to the present time."

In actual fact, Bob Dylan attended the group's recording of "Mr Tambourine Man" and was completely satisfied with the result. "It all depends on the treatment of the song," continued Jim. "Dylan's original version of 'Mr Tambourine Man' ran to more than six verses. We tried to add a little more feeling into the song with guitars and so on, but the Dylan original is still fantastic."

Softly spoken Jim explained the current trends in folk music. "My own opinion," he said, "is that most people in the world today are worried. The folk music of today is a reflection of present-day life. Folk music changes all the time, but the essence is the same. Life is like that too, and music is life," he said philosophically.

The Byrds were formed only eight months ago. Leader Jim used to be with The Limelites, and also played lead guitar with Bobby Darin's



"It's like a ball being passed over the Atlantic that grows all the time," says Jim McGuinn of the mid-'60s music scene

backing group. "Darin is a wonderful person to work with," he said. David Crosby, who arrived at the Savoy wearing a green suede cape, was until last year a solo singer guitarist. "But I think joining The Byrds was the best thing I ever did," he said.

Gene Clark played with The Young Christy Minstrels for a year before joining The Byrds, and Chris Hillman, the group's bass guitarist, used to play mandolin in a bluegrass outfit. Drummer Mike Clarke used to wander around the States working whenever he could find it. He is still rather dazed by the group's success. "I never thought we'd make it," he said simply.

The group has toured the US with The Rolling Stones, and they all have a great admiration for the British music scene. Jim peered over his tiny sunglasses and explained: "The British groups are new and fresh. They have presented music in an original manner. The music itself is not new. It's a mixture of all types. America contributed a lot to popular music, Britain added something else, and now we want to inject a little more. It's rather like a ball being passed over the Atlantic that grows all the time." I asked Jim about a slide-rule he had in his jacket pocket. "Oh, that," he said. "I always carry it, just in case..."

The Byrds look very, very English, and I asked Dave Crosby if this was a deliberate attempt to cash in on the success of British groups in America. "Not in the least," he said. "Our hair has always been like this. But we do like the English mod clothes."

"There are lots of groups in the States with long hair now," he said. "It's getting very popular over there." »

And what of the American groups? "There are lots of groups," said Dave, "but very few have anything to offer. There is one, though, which I think will be very big, called The Lovin' Spoonful. They're really great."

"But in the States, Britain is still regarded as the Mecca of pop. This is our first tour of Britain, and we're very excited about it, because everyone over here, even the older people, seems to have an interest in the charts."

The only thing that worries The Byrds is that they want to do so much, but have so little time. "We want to go to Carnaby Street for clothes," said Dave, "and we want to meet The Beatles, and see the historic places in England."

"Ever since I was a kid I've wanted to see Great Britain. There's so much tradition. I suppose I'm talking like an American tourist now!"

Why do they spell their name with a "Y"? Jim explained: "We didn't want to be confused with the English slang for girls, and so we changed the 'I'."

When the group returns to the States they hope to write, direct and star in a film. "That should be a real gas," said Jim. *Norrie Drummond*

— NME AUGUST 20 —

A LONG WITH SONNY and Cher, I went to see The Byrds onstage at the Finsbury Park Astoria last Saturday [August 14]. Following on their No 1 hit "Mr Tambourine Man", the group arrived in this country with a publicity theme along the lines of "America's answer to The Beatles". On Saturday's performance, it was a pretty pathetic reply!

After tuning up for a full five minutes behind the curtain, they were treated to a traditional slow handclap by the impatient audience. Then their first two numbers were completely drowned by over-amplification. I have it on good authority from Cher that the first number was "Feel A Whole Lot Better". But the vocals on that and the next number were inaudible. The "chiming whining" effect which runs through their numbers may be good for a few, but not for all seven tunes in their repertoire. Stage presentation is non-existent and so is any communication with the audience. Although at one stage Jim McGuinn did say "hello".

Numbers I could distinguish, from having heard them before, were "The Chimes Of Freedom", "The Bells Of Rhymney", "All I Really Wanna Do", "Mr Tambourine Man" and "The Times They Are A-Changin'". But they need much more stage knowhow to make an impact.

Keith Altham

"The criticism that we were too cool on stage may be justified"

— MELODY MAKER AUGUST 14 —

"FLOPSVILLE" WAS LONDON'S verdict on the much-publicised Byrds following their weekend club appearances. They left a trail of hot, tired, bored and disappointed fans who waited hours to see them give a performance described as "very, very dull".

The Byrds were due at the Flamingo Club allniter on Friday [August 6] and enough people packed in for it to take on the appearance of the Black Hole of Calcutta. Apart from being airless, the heat was intense enough for anyone to bake bread or fry and eggs on the floor if they felt so inclined. The Byrds didn't arrive until 2am and giving Trojan service in keeping the crowd happy were Geno Washington's Ram Jam Band.

A roar of applause greeted The Byrds when they finally arrived and fought their way to the stand. Paul McCartney was among the Byrd diggers, which helped raise the temperature of several young ladies present even more. Eventually the Byrds began their act, lasting only half an hour, during which they performed six numbers, mostly in the familiar Dylan-"Tambourine Man"-Searchers mould. Their reception grew remarkably tepid and the biggest applause came when promoter Rik Gunnell announced that gramophone records would be played and the return of Geno Washington was imminent.

"The Animals are still the top for attendance figures," Gunnell said later, "then Georgie Fame and The Byrds in that order. I think there are a lot better pop groups in the country than

The Byrds. They are definitely a miss!"

At Putney's Pontiac Club at the Saturday Allniter session [August 7], The Byrds got a polite reception and played for half an hour. Apart from "Mr Tambourine Man" and "All I Really Want To Do", they played an extraordinary version of Vera Lynn's "We'll Meet Again". They managed to dispense with the formalities of announcements and made no attempt to communicate with the audience. It was a broody scene. Said Denise Hall (19) squashed in the audience: "I think they are a drag; absolutely no stage presentation and they ignore the audience. All their numbers sound like "Mr Tambourine Man". They are completely competent but they don't go out of their way to do anything. They are not bad, just very, very dull."

It seems a shame to be so hard on our American guests, especially after the receptions British groups get in the States, but it proves they can't beat The Beatles yet. At the end of their Pontiac stint, one girl asked: "Aren't you going to say anything?"

"Goodbye," said David Crosby. *Chris Welch*

— MELODY MAKER SEPTEMBER 4 —

CHRISHILLMAN: "WE'RE all glad we came. It was good for us—but we weren't always completely happy. We still feel that there was a slightly negative reaction towards us, as Americans, and as a rock'n'roll group offering what was interpreted as a challenge to the British. This seemed to be based particularly on the way we dressed, on the length of our hair and on our music. I seem to remember that England was as shocked as America by the length of The Beatles' hair."

"This negative feeling wasn't around all of the time; it was just a certain atmosphere we sensed now and again. We certainly didn't receive it from



"Not bad, just very, very dull": The Byrds at the Imperial Ballroom, Nelson, Lancashire, August 4, 1965



"The criticisms stung": The Byrds performing for a British TV show at Wembley Studios, 1965



The Beatles. They were marvellous from the outset and we certainly hadn't expected them to make a special visit to a club to see us. The good thing about The Beatles is that right from the start they have acknowledged the influence of Americans, like Chuck Berry, Carl Perkins and Little Richard. And I think most of the rock'n'roll groups in England still prefer American artists.

"On our part, of course, we acknowledge a tremendous debt to The Beatles, the best of the pop movement in England, because it was 'A Hard Day's Night' and the creativity of The Beatles which swung David Crosby and Jim McGuinn away from folk and took me from bluegrass and mandolin playing.

"What we wanted to do in England, we did. We wanted to play British audiences and absorb some of the vitality which had been around the London scene since The Beatles first became famous. We were heard by thousands of people and, so far as we could hear from the screaming, most of them seemed to enjoy themselves.

"The criticism that we were too cool on stage may be justified. We are not Jimmy & The Jets. We don't have any stage choreography or unified stage movements. We don't laugh and joke with the audience and maybe we were a little cool. But it wasn't intended to be an affront to the audience. Nor did it mean that we didn't wish to communicate. It was simply that we expected our music to do the communicating for us. One of the results of the criticism was that we did examine our stage lighting and we did learn to make announcements on stage. Maybe we didn't speak for very long, but at least we did say 'Hello' and 'Goodbye'. So we learned something in that respect.

"The pop scene generally we found tremendously exciting. London seemed alive and vibrant and *Ready, Steady, Go!* was certainly the best TV show any of us had ever worked on.

"It seemed much freer than American shows. It didn't have all the routines and the nonsense – the discotheque dancers and the extra clutter and junk of American TV. It was just a case of: 'Present your music and the kids will logically and naturally participate in the enjoyment.' TV in England seems much more efficient and organised than it is in America. I am talking now of the network shows.

"The treatment we received from the TV crews and backstage personnel was marvellous. British radio we enjoyed tremendously, too. Radio, too, seemed better in London than in Los Angeles. In Los Angeles they are more concerned with advertisements and gimmicks.

"There was one marked difference as far as we nonconformist long-haired Americans were concerned. Nobody called out after us in the street or queried our right to dress, walk and look as we please. In fact, the only piece of abuse any of us had during our stay in England was in an elevator in a hotel – and that was from a squat, middle-aged American lady.

"The problems we experience in Los Angeles are unbelievable. 'Hey Ringo,' they call after us. Or, 'Are you girls or boys?' We knew we were on our way home when the rubbish started at London Airport when we had to meet up with our countrymen again. It was a marvellous trip to England – ridiculously busy with more than 30 shows, including TV, in 14 days. The people handling our equipment tried manfully to provide us with our sound, but somehow we never quite achieved the sound we get in America.

"We are grateful, especially for the sharp scrutiny of the musical and national press, though naturally the criticisms stung. We will certainly be back, but in the right places at the right time, and we are going to have a few nights off to relax with some of the many friends we met.

"Thank you for having us. We will see you again in 1966."

A MERICA'S LONG-HAIRED BOYS The Byrds fly home today (Thursday) to Los Angeles after their brief but hard-working tour of England. The five Hollywood artists' latest disc, "All I Really Want To Do", this week moved 10 places up the Pop 50 to No 9.

The Byrds' publicist Derek Taylor told the *MM*: "They will certainly not be returning before next year. No, there is absolutely no question of a Christmas show. The group will return to England when the bill is right and at the right time and in the right place. They have immensely enjoyed the tour, learned a tremendous amount how more closely they are scrutinised by English press and fans than in America, and more about stage presentation and production. It's been a hard but valuable experience."

The Byrds will be recording their next single to be released in America almost as soon as they get back, but it is unlikely to be another Bob Dylan number; probably an original composition from guitarist Jim McGuinn and singer Gene Clark. Two of The Byrds' concerts at Portsmouth Guildhall were cancelled last week, owing to "indifferent support at the box office". •

1965

JULY – SEPTEMBER

Dylan recording Highway 61 Revisited in Columbia's Studio A in the summer of 1965, New York City



"It will offend the folkies and it won't appeal to pop fans..."

MM AUGUST 7 One reviewer takes offence at the "expressionless dirge" of Dylan's "Like A Rolling Stone"

BOB DYLAN'S LATEST American chart entry is the world's longest single – a six-minute epic entitled "Like A Rolling Stone". In Britain, CBS have no plans to release any Dylan single in the immediate future. And when a single is released, it is by no means certain to be "Like A Rolling Stone".

For once I'm on the side of the record company. Frankly, I can't see "Like A Rolling Stone" pleasing either faction of Dylan's British fans – the folk collectors or the pop pickers. To start with, Dylan is saddled with a quite horrific backing dominated by syrupy strings, amplified guitar and organ. Mick Jagger fans will also be distressed to learn

that the song title refers to a rolling stone and not a Rolling Stone.

The lyric has its moments of typical Dylan imagery, but the monotonous melody line and Dylan's expressionless dirge just cannot hold the interest for what seems like the six longest minutes since the invention of time. There are times when Dylan sounds faintly like Eric Burdon and, in fact, the song would be a much more suitable vehicle for The Animals than for the composer himself. My copy of the disc bears the legend

backing noises one can concentrate on what the man is saying – and some of the writing is magnificent. What other popular writer would sing, "The lamp-post stands with folded arms"?

He no doubt enjoys confounding the critics and upsetting the folk fans

The problem posed by "Like A Rolling Stone" is the problem of Dylan himself at this stage in his career. His talents have become too diffuse – folk singer, writer with a social conscience, composer of hit songs, poet, satirist, pop star. The trouble comes when he starts mixing the roles. "Like A Rolling Stone" will offend the folk

purists with its strings and electric guitars. It is unlikely to appeal to pop fans because of its length, monotony and uncommercial lyric. Those Dylan lyrics are another problem. He seems to be getting more and more obscure – there is an almost surrealist feel about some of his recent stuff when compared with the directness of songs like "Masters Of War", "Blowin' In The Wind" and "Don't Think Twice, It's All Right".

One imagines that this is all quite deliberate on the part of Dylan. He no doubt enjoys confounding the critics and upsetting the folk fans, who first bought his records, by going over to the electronic enemy.

That is his privilege. But it is also the record buyer's privilege to reject sub-standard Dylan. And that is what "Like A Rolling Stone" is!

Bob Dawbarn

MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES/GETTY IMAGES

BYRDS' BLIND DATE

ROLLING STONES: "Satisfaction" (Decca).

Mike: I think they might make it (laughs). Definitely a number one, like it was in the States. I like it, man, I like it a lot. Jim: One of the best they've done!

BOB DYLAN: "Like A Rolling Stone" (CBS).

Mike: A great song. I'm not sure that it's really top 10, if it's going to do a Stones or a Beatles. I think it might. I love the record. Jim: It's good to see longer records coming out.

RAY CHARLES: "Love's Gonna Live Here" (HMV).

Mike: Ray Charles. I don't think it's a number one but he always has something going. Chris: Buck Owens did this and I liked it better.

Three Byrds—Jim McGuinn, Mike Clarke and Chris Hillman—were rounded up from the far reaches of London's plush Europa Hotel for Blind Date. They listened intently to the discs in Mike's bedroom.

GUY DARRELL: "One Of These Days" (CBS).

Mike: It's the same as everybody else and a lot of people do it better. Chris: That's a drag except the organ is nice. Jim: I liked the tune.





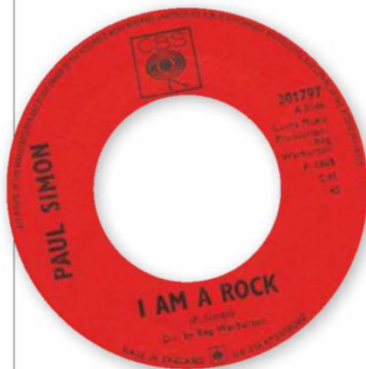
SINGLES
REVIEW
ALBUMS

SINGLES

THE KINKS See My Friends

No doubt about the hit potential of The Kinks' latest – it's so nagging in its insistence and repetition that it almost hypnotises you into playing it over and over again. Another Ray Davies composition, "See My Friends" (Pye) has a distinct R&B flavour and a plaintive riff opens the track and underlines the vocal throughout. The mid-tempo rhythm is rather slower than many of the group's hits. The combination of that insidious, resonant guitar work and the simple lyric, which requires no effort to memorise, is sure to mean another high chart placing.

Also composed by Ray, "Never Met A Girl Like You Before" is an uptempo, bouncy finger-snapper, charged with typical Kinks compulsion. (NME, 30/7)



PAUL SIMON I Am A Rock

"I Am A Rock" hit me with considerable impact when I first heard it, and I shouldn't be surprised to see it as a smallish hit.

Paul Simon, from New Jersey, sounds not unlike our own Donovan in this self-penned folksy item, with its self-sufficient, contemplative lyric. There's some intriguing guitar playing, and the beat's carried along by Paul's own foot tapping. In more wistful vein, "Leaves That Are Green" has a descriptive and nostalgic lyric. Equally appealing and again self-penned. CBS label. (NME, 6/8)

SONNY Laugh At Me

One half of the Sonny & Cher team, Sonny, has a certain Bob Dylan quality in his handling of "Laugh At Me" (Atlantic). After a spoken introduction, he breaks into a nasal, but somehow appealing, drawl – aided by a crashing, indeed shattering, backing which slowly peters out, and then returns for the final crescendo. An unusual disc, with a lyric that makes you listen. And with his current exposure here, it could happen. But I mean the B-side – it's a bit of a take-on. "Tony" by Sonny's Group, is purely instrumental – just a beaty riff, with no melody. (NME, 13/8)

RICK NELSON Come Out Dancin'

Clint Ballard, composer of "I'm Alive" and "The Game Of Love" – also wrote "Come Out Dancin'", which Rick Nelson dual-tracks on Brunswick. It's exciting and dynamic, with exuberant yeah-yeah chanting – with the lyric exhorting you to take to the floor. The middle eight is semi-spoken with shouted instructions, and there's a wild instrumental segment

with rinky-tink piano. Full of enthusiasm and atmosphere – but, alas, Rick doesn't seem to mean much in Britain now. (NME, 13/8)

DONOVAN The Universal Soldier

New Donovan release is an EP, but is included in these columns because it is being given full singles promotion by Pye. Title track "The Universal Soldier", written by Buffy St Marie, concerns the attitude of the regular serviceman to war, and how his approach is one of the basic causes of strife. Wailing harmonica leads into Don's self-penned "Ballad Of A Crystal Man", another song with a message – this time concerning race hatred. Snappier pace with more bounce for "Do You Hear Me Now", which is more forcefully projected by Don. Finally, "The War Drags On" tells of the hopeless frustration of the Vietnam problem and is semi-spoken. All the tracks are tuneful, with a throbbing beat. But they're all terribly profound and deep. Far from being hit material under normal circumstances, but with Donovan's following it's bound to sell well. (NME, 20/8)



THE BYRDS All I Really Want To Do

The Beatles and the Stones may prevent The Byrds' new one reaching the top, but in all other respects "All I Really Want To Do" (CBS) has that No 1 look about it. The pattern is much the same as before, with those familiar high-register harmonies – clearly influenced by the West Coast surf sound – coupled with strident twangs throughout, rattling tambourine and crashing cymbals. Another Bob Dylan composition, it has a haunting melody – particularly to the oft-repeated title phrase – which you find yourself singing over and over once you've heard the disc. It can't miss! Fractionally faster is "Feel A Whole Lot Better". Leader dual-tracks with chanting support and a storming, driving shake beat. An excellent flip. (MM, 7/8)



THE ROLLING STONES Satisfaction

Here it is – the disc which topped the American charts and won a Gold Disc for the Stones – "Satisfaction". Recorded in the States, it opens with a buzzing, rasping guitar, which permeates the entire record, then in comes Mick Jagger in a hushed whisper, which suddenly explodes into full pelt with the boys joining in spiritedly.

It's highly repetitive, and therefore registers quickly. Runs for nearly four minutes, with rattling tambourine and that insistent, nagging guitar riff throughout. Once you've heard it, you just can't lose the extremely simple melody line. Perhaps their most compulsive disc to date.

"The Spider And The Fly" (like the top side, a Jagger-Richards number) is a lazy, relaxed, bluesy item. Opens with a lengthy harmonica solo, then leads into a casual, reflective, tongue-in-cheek Jagger vocal. Decca. (NME, 20/8)

SIR DOUGLAS QUINTET The Tracker

A jog-trotting beat that's almost like a sleigh-ride jingle-jangle, superimposed on an insistent organ riff, plus a compulsive solo vocal in much the same style as "She's About A Mover" – that's the new one by the Sir Douglas Quintet, "The Tracker" (London). Not quite as fast as their last one, nor so lively. Halfway through, there's a gripping R&B organ solo with encouraging screams. A bit monotonous, but therein lies its attraction! Humming support for the wistful item "Blue Norther". Slightly more tuneful than the A-side, but poor diction mars the lyric. Steady beat. (NME, 13/8)



“People don’t hate us as much...”

With “Satisfaction” a worldwide phenomenon, by August **THE ROLLING STONES** are in the throes of stardom: managing recordings, tours, movies and the media. Only one Stone is unconvinced. “They can do a follow-up story on us,” says Charlie of the newspapers. “When we’re dustmen...”

— MELODY MAKER AUGUST 28 —

“**S**ATISFACTION” WILL NO doubt be a giant hit for The Rolling Stones in Britain – just as it already has been in the States. But why the long delay before British fans can catch up with their American counterpart? I asked Mick Jagger to explain.

“We cut ‘Satisfaction’ in Los Angeles when we were working there,” said Mick. “We cut quite a lot of things and that was just one – contrary to some newspaper reports it only took us just half-an-hour to make. We like it, but didn’t think of it as a single. Then London said they had to have a single immediately because ‘The Last Time’ was long gone and we had a *Shindig* TV date and had to have something to plug. So they just released ‘Satisfaction’ as a single.

“In England we already had the EP all pressed, the covers done and the plugs lined up before we ever knew that ‘Satisfaction’ was going to be a single. We weren’t too happy about the single, as we hadn’t thought of it that way, but now, of course, we are happy. Anyway, after the EP, The Beatles had ‘Help!’ and it seemed silly to issue ‘Satisfaction’ then. If ‘Help!’ hadn’t come out then, we would have brought ours out a month ago.”

Did Mick think the sales of “Satisfaction” would be affected by the long advance plugging of the American disc on pirate radio? “That is just one of those things,” shrugged Mick. “We didn’t really know what to do – we were between the deep blue sea and frying fat, or whatever the expression is. In fact, advance orders for ‘Satisfaction’ are very good. The point is that the Stones aren’t in control of everything – some things are out of our hands. We make the records and have a large say in what is released in this country. But America is so different. In the States they will put out an album made up of already-released singles. So what do we say? If it sells a lot in America then we are forced to bring it here. I don’t want anybody to

think we are putting America before Britain – it’s just a case of looking after the needs of one country at a time.”

“Satisfaction” is a successful songwriting collaboration by Jagger and Keith Richards. How do they set about writing a song? What comes first, title, lyric or melody? “I get the idea for a lyric quite separately from the songs. And Keith gets his ideas quite separately from my lyrics,” explained Mick. “Keith may play a phrase and it fits with one of my ideas for a lyric. In the case of ‘Satisfaction’, we thought of a phrase and the riff first and worked from there.”

Did Mick hear anything new on his visit to the States last week? “I was only there a couple of days, so I didn’t get the chance to go anywhere much – except the Beatles concert and the party afterwards,” said Mick. “Keith and I had a lot of trouble in New York. We were only there two days, but there were a lot of kids outside the hotel – and of course, we didn’t have the security that The Beatles had.”

— NME SEPTEMBER 3 —

THE NEWS OF the big Stones shake-up broke in the *Ready, Steady, Go!* canteen last Friday evening as Bill Wyman and I sat chatting about their new No 1, “Satisfaction”. An evening paper lying on our table not only announced their million-pound film projects to be financed by Decca Records (an *NME* exclusive the previous day), but that Allen Klein, who negotiated the deal, was to become their co-manager, replacing Eric Easton.

“It’s perfectly true,” confirmed Bill. “We had a decisive meeting with Allen at the Hilton Hotel this afternoon. He is handling our business interests and the Tito Burns organisation are taking over all other agency work. You can also reveal that our tour manager, Mike Dorsey, resigned a few days ago after writing and explaining he must leave for personal reasons. We understand he is now in New York.”

Also as part of the Stones’ streamlined worldwide »





"Satisfaction took us just half an hour to make": Brian Jones and Mick Jagger on the set of *Thank Your Lucky Stars*, 1965

policy is that they will now record exclusively in American recording studios. The group flies to America tomorrow (Saturday) to record several tracks, including their next American single, at the Los Angeles studios. They return on Tuesday for a rare one-nighter in the Isle of Man. I spoke to Mick Jagger, who has always had a preference for US recording techniques.

"Please don't make this look like a 'turning our backs on Britain' bit," said Mick. "We are recording in the US solely because we believe we can produce our best work there and we want to give the British fans the best. We will record right through from six o'clock at night to six o'clock in the morning without so much as a tea break, and the engineers are first class. We should be able to complete most of our recording while on tour in America and it will not be necessary to make these special trips often."

Definitely not a part of their new plans is to live in America permanently. I spoke to Brian Jones about this rumour. "I think this got started because I've just bought a house in Los Angeles," he said. "It's purely a business investment and neither I nor any of the others have plans to settle out there. The idea is ridiculous – Bill, for example, has just bought a new house in Kent."

The boys had mixed feelings about their managerial and financial revelations in the papers that evening. A man of few and seldom wasted words, Charlie observed, "Knockout – about all that money. They can do a great follow-up story about us all in a few years' time when we're all dustmen." As a postscript, he added, "I can't see me in films – I've got such a ridiculous voice." They may make a silent movie, just for Charlie!

I tackled Keith over why they had decided upon an American as their new business manager. "Let's face it," said Keith, "when you are handling worldwide transactions, America is the only place to work from and we do so much business there it's very useful to have a man on the spot." Also at RSG was the permanent section of the Stones' management, Mr Andrew Oldham, who deployed his time between the telephone and answering calls on the loudspeaker system. I asked him if he had anything to add on the new management situation.

"I have every confidence in Allen," said Andrew. "I don't think even he could say more." He paused, added "...without being libellous," and smiled. When The Rolling Stones' contract with Decca Records recently expired I asked Andrew if he had thought of signing the group to his own newly formed 'Immediate' label. I got a typically pointed reply. "I'm primarily concerned with distribution in Britain," he said. "I would never jeopardise a deal which would make all the Stones dollar millionaires!"

The story of their chart-topping "Satisfaction" I got from one of its composers, Keith Richards, who was back in the canteen wearing a jacket that would have made Joseph's coat of many colours look positively funeral. "I didn't think much of it when we first recorded it in Chicago about two months ago," said Keith. "We had a harmonica on then and it was considered to be a good B-side or maybe an LP track. A week later we recorded it again in Los Angeles. This time everything went right. Charlie put down a different tempo and with the addition of a fuzz box on my guitar which takes off all the treble we achieved a very interesting sound. We introduced the number on the finale of *Shindig* to the US and there was a big band backing us on the fade-out. It made quite an impact and when they needed a new single for America in a rush it was decided to launch 'Satisfaction'. Our next single will probably be our own composition again but it doesn't follow we will only record our songs from now on. We'll cut the best number available."

At that point Charlie came across to our table and endeared himself by one of his frequent lapses of memory which make one wonder if he is not really a visitor from another planet. He put a friendly hand on my shoulder and said, "Er hello man, have you got, eh... whadderyercall them..." – curiously he looked around him before inspiration came – "a cigarette," he finished triumphantly. Reporters who find Charlie unquote-worthy just don't listen!

Mick Jagger had a few ideas about how their first film would develop. "I want it to say something. I don't want to do a slapstick thing where they make out we are all clowns. I want people to come out feeling they've seen something new. It should be an emotional film. I don't see that we are confined to playing ourselves. If we did a period film they would



expect us to have long hair." *Ready, Steady, Go!* had been living up to its name lately and the Stones' appearance proved no exception. The fans got to them during their closing number and Brian Jones took a diving header over about six people as he was pulled into the audience. Bill continued playing – with two girls hanging on to his black leather waistcoat, and Keith disappeared under a pile of arms and legs.

"Fantastic," exclaimed Andrew. "I must see a run through," declared a triumphant but rumpled Jagger by his side. *Keith Altham*

— MELODY MAKER SEPTEMBER 18 —

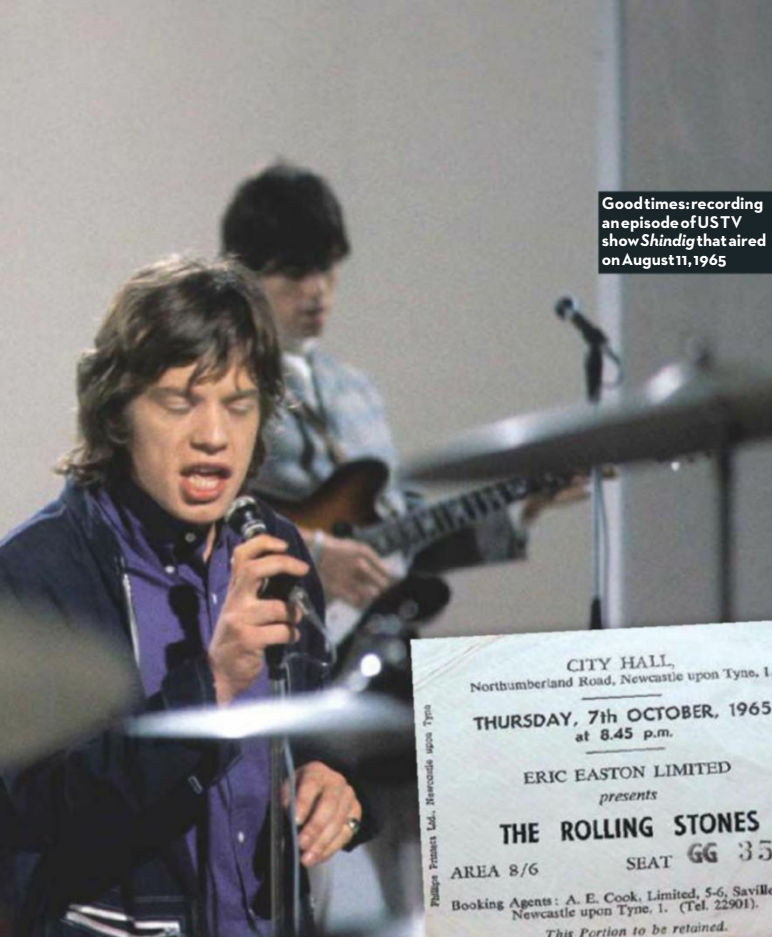
A PART FROM THE Beatles', one of the best-known faces in the pop scene is Mick Jagger's. And apart from his occasional solo items like *Blind Date*, he's always seen with Charlie, Brian, Keith and Bill. That's the way it's going to stay, too, for Mick told me last week he'd never leave the Stones to go solo. "Why Should I? I'm happy with the group as it is. I've always been happy to be a member of the Stones and I've certainly no intention of going solo. We get on very well, always have, so why split a successful partnership? I'd hate all that 'building Jagger up into a star' rubbish. I don't want to be a star by myself. I'm quite content for the Stones to be successful."

But Jagger may go solo, despite his categorical denial – though only for one small film. It's an idea he and photographer David Bailey, a good friend of Mick's, have had for some time. "I've been trying to do this film with David for some time, but have been prevented from even starting it because of lack of time. We're hoping to start on it later in the year when things slow down a bit. It'll be a zany comedy short which we're hoping will be accepted for release on one of the major circuits. I'll be featured in it with other people, but none of the other Stones will be in it."

Last week, Mick and the Stones flew to Los Angeles for a recording session from which it was hoped a single for US release would emerge. But Mick isn't knocked out by the States, much as he likes recording there. "Recording-wise, they're way ahead. I much prefer to cut our records in an American studio, although I don't particularly like America. Touring over there is a drag. It's like playing a different country every night. We like to feel we're progressing musically, too. I suppose most groups or artists do. For example, the difference between our

"I much prefer
to cut our
records in an
American
studio"





first record 'Come On' and 'Satisfaction', which was cut in the States, is fantastic. Just listen to them and you'll see what I mean."

"I think that 'Satisfaction' and 'It's All Over Now' are the best things we've ever done. Our image as a group is changing, too. I think it's softening. People don't hate us as much as they used to. We're becoming more accepted, mainly because people are getting used to us. We're not knocked nearly as much as we used to be. The *Melody Maker* has stopped knocking us, for example. At one time, it was always running anti-Stones articles, but even your paper has gone over to our side. You don't knock us determinedly anymore. Of course, you still have the occasional little go but nothing like the way you used to. You see what I mean?"

Mick said that knocking from the national press didn't worry him or the group. "We ignore any knocks from the nationals. They are just after a story and knocking us provides it. We are sensitive to criticism, but only from people we respect musically. And fortunately, the people who we respect dig what we do."

The Stones are released on Decca at present. Their manager Andrew Oldham runs the new Immediate label. Would the Stones switch when their present contract ran out?

"No, why should we?" said Mick. "There wouldn't be any point." Early next year, the Stones start their first ever full-length feature film, but Mick wasn't talking about it. "It's such a bore. I won't say anything about it. People have been reading about the Stones' film for two years now and it's still non-existent, it still hasn't been made. So I'm just not saying anything more about it. It's a bore. So let's drop it."

Mick thought the pop scene today was a lot better than it was a few weeks ago. "It was too flat then. Now there's a Beatles hit and some unusual records in the charts and things are much better. I feel there's going to be a good period in the near future. Hope so, anyway."

— NME SEPTEMBER 24 —

IN THE SPACE of four weeks, 100,000 people will sit, and stand, and scream. More than 90,000 ice-creams and hysteria-cooling drinks will be sold. Hot, eager hands will clutch another estimated 90,000 bumper, picture-packed souvenir programmes. Around Britain, scores of cinema attendants are no doubt cringing at the prospect. Some may even be on a crash programme of strengthening press-ups. The police are also standing by. Many have had their leave cancelled. The Red Cross

will also be there. On average, 25 girls will swoon and receive first-aid treatment every night.

This is the prospect as theatres all over Britain stand at the ready for the biggest pop package of 1965 today – THE ROLLING STONES!

Security will have to be tight because Stonemanía seems to have taken on a greater-than-ever intensity in the past few weeks, spurred on by news of the fantastic incidents that took place during the group's German visit last week. Will they be duplicated here? Mick Jagger put his hand to his head, thoughtfully, as he pondered the question back home in London on Tuesday. Said Mick: "In a way, I hope not. Fan demonstrations knock us out but these were ridiculous. There were riots and fights and an East German train was smashed up to the tune of £18,000. The Communists are claiming compensation. No, we don't feel personally responsible for all this. The same could happen at a football match. So many people have asked me about this tour. I've got to feel like a talking machine. But do you know it was absolutely incredible: that 20,000 seats were broken, and the damage cost £40,000?"

I asked him if, after riots like this, he would regard a Stones show as a failure without them. Mick: "No. Riots aren't the sign of a good show. It's enough if people just clap and cheer. When there's a lot of screaming I know that most people can't hear us playing, but what can you do? Is it better to let 5,000 people in so they can hear you clearly, or let 15,000 in just to kind of take part? I wouldn't know. In Berlin, the back row seats were about eight miles away from the stage and they were dirt cheap.

"I wouldn't say this was the worst tour we've been on, as far as riots go. To be honest, I couldn't see that much. It was dark, and you don't realise what's going on after the first few rows, not till you see it in the papers the next day. In Germany, at least 70 per cent of the audience were boys. There must be a lot of reasons for it, psychological and so on, and I've tried to work them out, but I haven't come up with an answer."

This new British tour brings back nostalgic memories for Mick – even though he admits that a lot of things that happen to the group he simply forgets. He told me: "All these tours and things get hard to remember. All the memories merge, into a kind of fuzz. Sometimes you're hard just recalling something from last week. This is the, er... one, two... yes, fifth tour we've done. The first time we went out on the road we were fourth on the bill, and we had three numbers, and sometimes they'd cut it to two

when the show was running short. In the middle of the performance we used to be able to amble out and have a drink in the pub across the road, then amble back. Nobody disturbed us. After a couple of hits it got a bit tougher, especially in the ballrooms. They're the worst, because often you have to go in at the front because there's no other way."

He grinned at the thought. "I used to think very seriously about disguises at the time, I had this idea of dressing up as an attendant, with a moustache and so on. Then I thought it would be great to go in flat out on a stretcher. Heh-heh! That would have been a good one. Gave the ideas up in the end, though. They'd never have worked. One tour we did, some girls had hidden in the toilets all day just so they could be near our dressing rooms. Some came in through the roof. Jeez! That's determination for you. A lot of girls are sensible when they see you, but there's those that go a bit soft and faint and cry. We try to be nice to them all.

"Yes, being on tour has its moments. It's a nice break when you get visitors – on one of our early tours when we weren't too well known, George Harrison came along, but some people aren't so pleasant. We don't mind having the local papers there when we're in the provinces, except that some of them get nasty. Once, a girl reporter was so rude and horrible that we threw her out of the dressing room. We're not usually rude to anyone, but if they're nasty to us, we're the same to them. There was one reporter who did a snide story on us for a daily paper and got 50 quid. It's true, believe me. They write these stories – and it's so hard for us to answer back."

He had been intense, earnest, but he calmed down again. "It'll all happen again on this tour," he said, "but I guess we've got used to it. I only hope the security's good. It has to be. Once I was trampled all over by fans, and I really did think it was the end. Most times you feel safe. But sometimes – when there's thousands of people out there, and rioting – I don't mind telling you I get pretty scared." *Alan Smith* •

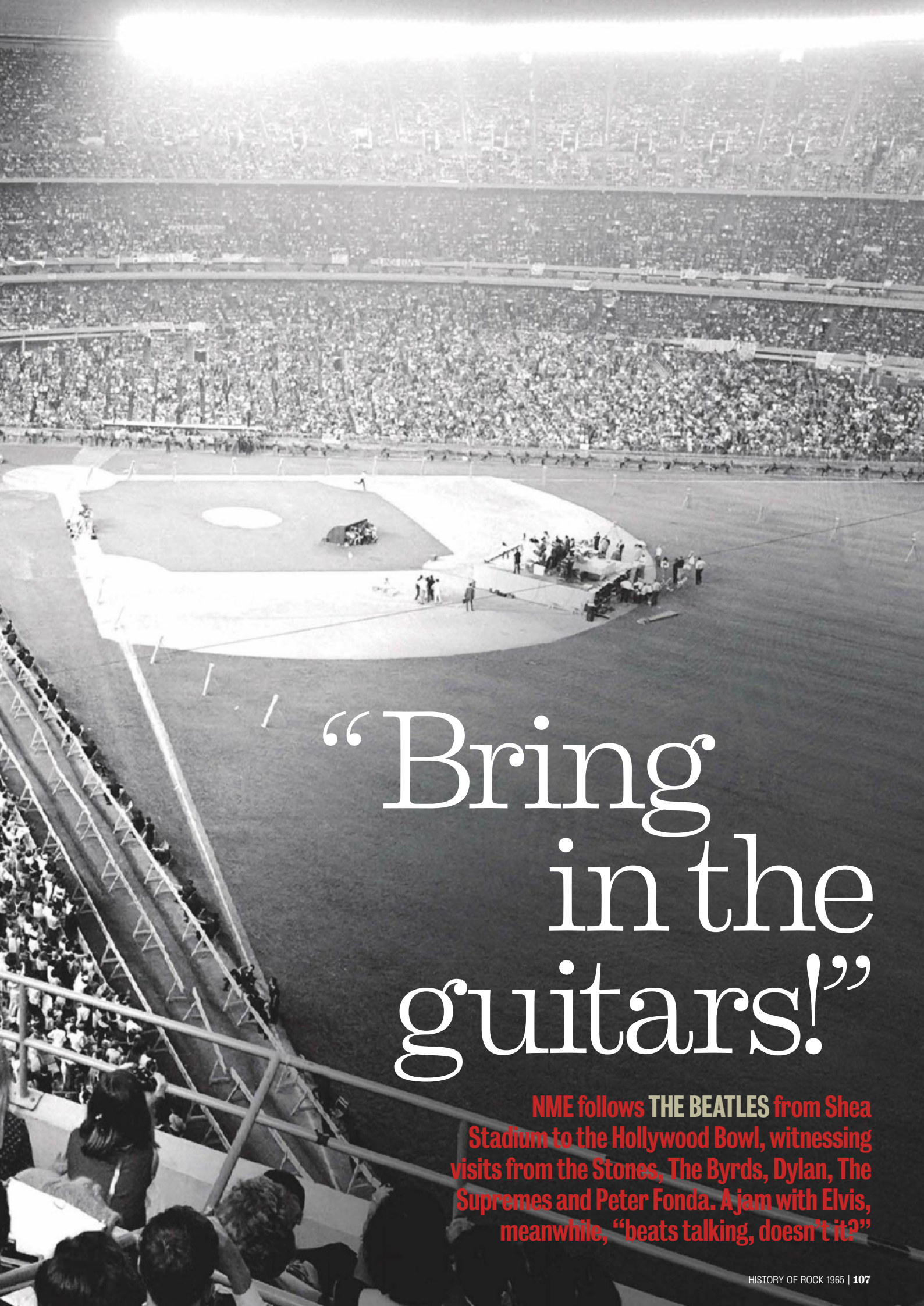
1965

OCTOBER—DECEMBER



NY DAILY NEWS ARCHIVE/GETTY IMAGES

August 15, 1965: a record 56,000 concert-goers await The Beatles at New York's Shea Stadium during the band's second US tour



“Bring in the guitars!”

NME follows THE BEATLES from Shea Stadium to the Hollywood Bowl, witnessing visits from the Stones, The Byrds, Dylan, The Supremes and Peter Fonda. A jam with Elvis, meanwhile, “beats talking, doesn’t it?”

1965

OCTOBER–DECEMBER

— NME AUGUST 20 —

THE MOST SPECTACULAR concert in American history! An invitation to a party from Frank Sinatra! Royalty treatment from civil authorities! And a police force that cordoned off a square mile of New York City!

These are just a few of the thrills The Beatles have encountered during their first four days of this historic American tour. During these four days, John, Paul, George and Ringo have been the sole occupants of the 33rd floor of New York's Warwick Hotel.

To get within half a mile of the hotel you have to prove to police at specially erected barriers that you are either staying there or are visiting another building nearby. Even the hotel's employees have to show a Beatle pass to get to work! At the Warwick itself there are guards in the lobby, riding in the lifts and on Floor 33. BUT THE SAME SECURITY WHICH HAS KEPT THE FANS OUT IS ALSO KEEPING THE BEATLES IN!

On the night we arrived (last Friday), The Beatles had to cancel a plan to go to the Copacabana and see The Supremes! The atmosphere in the streets here is hot and sticky, which stimulates Beatle frenzy, and the police refused to allow them out – in case riots started.

And on Monday night The Beatles had to say “no” to an invitation from Frank Sinatra to a late-night dinner party. “We would love to go,” said George Harrison, “but the police won’t give permission for anything. We would cause a lot of chaos if we went out.”

Sinatra’s representative was sent on his way with word that The Beatles would be pleased to entertain him in their suite if he’d care to visit. But he didn’t care. The Supremes, Del Shannon and Bob Dylan were the only callers that night. Another star disappointed earlier in the day was Paul Anka. He arrived to wish The Beatles well but was unable to get to Floor 33.

On Saturday, The Beatles were sprung from their hotel by a pre-prepared plan and driven through the streets of New York with a heavy police escort to the CBS studios to film their appearance for *The Ed Sullivan Show*. The journey was not a difficult one: all traffic had been stopped minutes beforehand on the route!

At the show they renewed their friendship with Sullivan, who welcomed them back to America, and then got down to rehearsals. John said later: “We have never worked so hard before in our lives. They couldn’t get the sound balanced, and by six o’clock we were ready to give it in and go home!”

I sympathised with him. For four hours I sat in the studio audience with Cilla Black (who is also on the TV show) while The Beatles went over and over their numbers as engineers fiddled with the controls. The boys did exactly the same programme of songs as they featured in *Blackpool Night Out* on August 1. After it, they went back to their 33rd floor prison!

“They’re locked up in their hotel, unable to take a car ride”

August 13, 1965: ongoing Beatlemania as hundreds of teenagers gather at Heathrow to see their heroes fly off to the US



I TRAVELLED TO Shea Stadium on Sunday night with Mick Jagger, Keith Richards and Andrew Oldham after spending the day with them on board the luxury yacht *Princess*, which belongs to the Stones’ American lawyer Allen Klein.

During the day I talked with The Beatles over the yacht’s radio telephone and Mick spoke to George Harrison about plans for that evening. At that stage The Beatles were anxious to come aboard the yacht after their show, but police security later prevented it.

George was talking through the hotel switchboard, but during the conversation he gave us the hush-hush number of a private line to their suite. He didn’t realise, however, that he

was speaking to us on a radio telephone with something like 2,000 other vessels in the Hudson river basin tuned in! Needless to say, that secret number was jammed for the rest of our stay in New York.

After the call and as we lazed in the sunshine, Mick told me: “I don’t envy those Beatles. Look how much freedom we have and they’re locked up in their hotel bedrooms without being able to take a car ride, let alone do something like us.” Then he played Bob Dylan’s latest single, “pressed secretly for us eager maniacs”, and danced on deck in the extrovert style that identifies him onstage.

We found that a radio station had monitored the call and broadcast the Stones’ plans to land at a berth near the stadium. We had to run ashore and jump into a waiting car, which took our small party through an entrance at the side of the stadium. On our way in we were able to gaze amazed at the 56,000 ticket holders, stacked in tiers from the open side of the horseshoe-shaped stadium. “It’s frightening,” exclaimed Jagger. “It’s deafening,” retorted Richard.

The roar of the crowd already enjoying the show was like a dozen jets taking off. WITHOUT ANY DOUBT IT WAS THE GREATEST, MOST AWE-INSPIRING SIGHT ANY OF US HAD EVER WITNESSED.

August 14: Fabs fans behind police barriers near New York’s Warwick Hotel, where the band are “imprisoned” on Floor 33





August 14: the host has a quiet word with his guests before their slot on an edition of *The Ed Sullivan Show* that will be aired on September 12

We were rushed in through the artists' entrance and met The Beatles, standing ready to go onstage.
 "It's the famous Stones!" yelled John Lennon.
 "Who are all these people?" yelled a harassed cop.
 "They're the same as Beatles," roared Lennon.
 The cop bawled back: "Nobody can stand in the aisle. There's a fire regulation."
 "Then put it out," quipped George.

The cop gave in just as The Beatles were called onstage. They had to run across the baseball diamond to the rostrum in the centre. And as they did, 56,000 fans went hysterical. We all knew beforehand that this had to be The Beatles' greatest concert with an audience like that. But nobody could have foreseen the pandemonium unleashed as the four went through hit after hit, building the fevered excitement with each number. The crowd roared approval as Lennon played an organ with his elbow in "I'm Down". And many fans broke through the 2,000-strong police cordon around the edge of the baseball diamond only to be brought down in rugby tackles by a new line of guards nearer the stage.

It was an unbelievable experience. But it also was a great relief when it ended. There was a great tension – not only from the brilliance of The Beatles, but from the feeling of apprehension of what could happen if the crowd got out of control.

But it was all's well that ends well. Said George to me in the hotel afterwards: "It was terrifying at first when we saw the crowd. But I don't think I have ever felt so exhilarated in my life. It was unbelievable that so many people wanted to see us. Even though we are used to big crowds, this surprised us."

John added: "It could have been better still if we could have heard what we were playing. I wasn't sure what key I was in in two numbers. It was ridiculous!"

Paul said: "Fantastic! Wonder if we'll ever be able to do it again?" Ringo nodded, but said nothing. Later the Stones joined The Beatles in a rave-up celebration – back on Floor 33!

There were near-riots when our chartered jet arrived in Toronto two hours late on Tuesday afternoon after being delayed with engine trouble in New York. The first show at the Maple Leaf Gardens was delayed by more than an hour, and fans had to be quelled by police clutching riot sticks.

The Beatles were rushed to the Gardens, but somebody overlooked the fact that the rest of the show was stranded on the airplane and should have gone first to start the show! *Chris Hutchins*

— NME AUGUST 27 —

I WATCHED THE Beatles face death at the weekend. As world headlines have proclaimed, one engine of our charter plane belched black smoke and we landed on three engines at Portland (Oregon) Airport. Anything could have happened. A fire engine rushed out on to the tarmac in case flames enveloped us as we landed.

I was so fascinated watching The Beatles I forgot to be frightened myself. It was an unforgettable, though terrifying, experience observing the foursome facing a possible calamity. John and Paul sat silently, with fixed, serious expressions. Pale-faced Ringo wanted to know what was happening and what to do if we crashed. George stood by the emergency exit, and remarked ironically: "Now perhaps people will stop joking about how long we're going to last."

I don't think he meant it as a laugh, but it broke the tension, as did John's shout of: "Beatles, women and children first!"

We all heaved sighs of relief when the plane landed safely and the fire engine wasn't required! This was one dramatic highlight of many since

I wrote to you last. We hopped from Toronto, Canada to Atlanta, in the southern American state of Georgia, on Wednesday last for what will probably prove to be the best concert of the tour.

During the afternoon before the show I went shopping with Brian Epstein. Or that was the intention. Beatles fans were quick to spot their manager! He was chased through the first store we went into and had to take refuge in the changing room! Back at the Atlanta Stadium we found The Beatles in the middle of a press conference.

"Do you like being Beatles?" asked one reporter. »

"It was
terrifying
at first when
we saw
the crowd"

1965

OCTOBER–DECEMBER



August 15, 1965: making their way across the baseball diamond to the rostrum at Shea Stadium

"Sure! If we didn't we'd be Rolling Stones!" answered John.

Before they went onstage at Atlanta, The Beatles opened huge cartons of presents sent them by fans. Contents of the parcels ranged from tape recorders and a camera to an electric boot polisher, teddy bears and dolls! "Great! It's Christmas every day," exclaimed Ringo.

"I like this Atlanta now! Look at us, digging in like soft kids," shouted Lennon, opening more packages.

No present is being discarded on this trip; they're being packed into the front of the plane and the toys will go to John Jr, and Ringo's expected baby. As they sorted out the gifts, read the notes and looked at numerous paintings and drawings of themselves, a crowd of 35,000 fans waited eagerly outside in the magnificent open-air Atlanta Stadium.

Once onstage, The Beatles sang and played their hearts out with the benefit of what Paul described later as "one of the greatest sound systems we've ever had". Every note could be heard and the balance was so good they could have been miming to their records. The fans loved it! They stood, screamed, shouted and waved banners like: 'Tallahassee Lassies Love Liverpool Laddies.' Yes, The Beatles will go home with happy memories of Atlanta.

Not so of Houston, Texas, however! An incredible situation developed on our arrival in the early hours of Thursday morning. Police security failed miserably to keep the 2am fans back, and they swarmed around the aircraft as it came to a halt. Many of the hundreds outside were obviously not fans, but hoodlums, and there were fears for The Beatles' safety. These mischief-makers

"It happens every time we come to Texas – we nearly get killed"

climbed on to the wings and banged on the windows. To taxi the plane away was impossible. Starting one of the turbo props suddenly would have meant slicing at least six people in half. A tractor came to tow the plane away, but it moved slower than the crowd.

The police chief refused to call out a fire truck with hoses to clear the mob. "They'll turn it over," he called back to our chief pilot.

After being besieged in an aircraft for a terrifying 40 minutes, The Beatles were finally "sprung". They were dropped nine feet from an emergency exit at the rear of the plane, directly into a service truck, which had braved the crowd. It got the boys away.

The rest of us in the aircraft had to wait another half-hour for the crowd to disperse. At a press conference later that day The Beatles were asked how they felt about the incident. "I was terrified," said Ringo.

"It happens every time we come to Texas – we nearly get killed," answered John, and he spun round in his seat as a poster fell from the wall behind their table. "I thought we were getting shot," he yelled.

The temperature was 102 degrees in Houston and the heat seemed to generate extra excitement. All our nerves were on edge and for the first



SID BERNSTEIN PRESENTS THE BEATLES

IN PERSON



PLUS ALL STAR SHOW

SHEA STADIUM
AUG. 15-1965 7:30 P. M.

All Seats Reserved: \$4.50, 5.00, 5.75 - Phone 265-2280 For Information

TICKETS NOW AT

SINGER SHOP RECORD DEPT. Rockefeller Center Promenade, 49th - 50th Streets on Fifth Ave. (130)

time on the tour John went into his shell. We heard nothing from him on the plane that night; even the other three did not attempt to probe his mood.

At the press conference in Minneapolis on Saturday afternoon, a 14-year-old boy broke through the tough questioning to tell Ringo he'd been learning to play drums by studying The Beatles' records. "You'll never get anywhere listening to me," drawled Ringo.

"And he's been playing drums for 30 years," added John. At the conference, George was presented with a new guitar, and was so pleased with it he used it on stage last night.

There were two shows at Portland's Coliseum on Sunday, and between them The Beatles were visited by two members of top American group The Beach Boys—Carl Wilson and Mike Love. The Beatles listened amazed as Carl explained that group leader Brian Wilson arranges and produces their records, but no longer appears in shows with them. Instead he provides

a substitute. "Sounds fun. You three can get a stand-in for me on the next tour," joked Paul.

On returning to Portland Airport that night we learned that our plane had been taken out of service and substituted by an older aircraft which was to take an hour longer to cover the 600-mile journey to Los Angeles. Needless to say, everyone was nervous on that flight. I sat with George—reputed to be the most nervous Beatle where flying is concerned—and we talked between his bouts of air sickness.

Of all the Beatles, George has been the major surprise of this trip. Ringo has reverted to the role of the silent one and, to the delight of his millions of American fans, George has opened up. "I was tagged this quiet Beatle here before, it's true, but on this tour there have been more banners out with my name on and I have been asked more questions at the press conference, so I suppose it's given me a little more confidence."

Incidentally George disclosed that he is buying a house in Liverpool for his parents. "They have been looking at different ones for ages and quibbling about whether I would like them or not, but it doesn't matter to me because I have my own. Anyway, they saw one they liked recently, and even though they wouldn't make their minds up I told the office to go ahead and buy it on my behalf just before the tour. Otherwise they would have waited another year!"

We reached Los Angeles at three on Monday morning and The Beatles were driven direct to the ranch-style home they had rented for their stay in Benedict Canyon, just behind Beverly Hills. The horseshoe-shaped house has been staffed with cooks and maids for the week. The Beatles are there and the four have hired their own corps of guards, following advice from the Los Angeles police that they could not be responsible for their security this time.

Monday was their first day of rest and they spent it around the swimming pool in the garden—George reading the *NME*, Paul strumming a guitar, John and Ringo inspecting a selection of American casual clothes which had been sent from a Hollywood boutique to the house on their request. The day also presented the first visitors in the form of The Byrds, summoned by The Beatles. They had met first at a London nightclub quite recently. *Chris Hutchins*

THE PALM-FILLED, STAR-STUDDED city of Hollywood West is about to stage the production of the century—the meeting of Elvis Presley and The Beatles! I can reveal it is about to take place after visiting Elvis and learning that the singer from Memphis and the group from Liverpool still run something of a mutual admiration society. The only problem now is which of them will accept the other's invitation first! Elvis is keen to entertain them at his rented home in Bel Air. But The Beatles are besieged by fans in their house in Benedict Canyon. Their departure wouldn't be easy.

On top of which they both have managers keen to preserve their artists' prestige, and neither man is falling over himself to send his star act around to see the other. Enter the *New Musical Express*! Last year »

August 29: press conference at the Capitol Records Tower, Los Angeles



MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVE/GETTY IMAGES

LIVING with the **BEATLES**

Intimate
report from
America

GREAT SMASH HIT!

HORST JANKOWSKI

**A WALK IN THE
BLACK FOREST**

PLUS EXCLUSIVE!

I arranged the Elvis Presley-Paul McCartney telephone hook-up on behalf of *NME*. Now I have the job of setting up the historical meeting, preferably on neutral territory!

Yesterday's meeting with Presley was my first. I took the day off from living with The Beatles to spend it with Elvis' manager, Colonel Tom Parker, at Paramount film studios. We were on our way to lunch when, quite unexpectedly, the Colonel led me through a door into a darkened room – and there was Elvis, watching television! The light went on, and the tall, well-tanned figure (as handsome as his pictures suggest) of Elvis jumped up to shake hands (as courteous as his reputation promised). He was wearing a green shirt with puffed sleeves clipped in at the cuff and a pair of tight-fitting slacks.

I told him we had been surprised to learn that he was back in Los Angeles. "We got through filming in Hawaii sooner than expected, and came straight back to finish the picture in the studio," he commented in his rich Tennessee accent. We talked of other things, of which I'll tell you next week.

He asked for news of the Beatles tour, and if they were comfortable in their house, adding: "My girlfriend drove up around there yesterday, and said there were a heck of a lot of fans outside. Those guys can't get much peace at all." He didn't name the girl! In the afternoon I was taken to the *Paradise, Hawaiian Style* film set; I'll tell you about that next week too.

At the end of the afternoon's filming I took the Colonel up to The Beatles' house, where he was asked about Elvis' career. He answered the boys' questions frankly. As he left he assured The Beatles that they would have their long-cherished meeting with Elvis, subject to me being able to fix up a convenient time and place for it. *Chris Hutchins*

— **NME** SEPTEMBER 3 —

FOR FIVE DAYS The Beatles basked in the glorious Californian sunshine by the swimming pool of their rented house in Benedict Canyon. Although the house was several miles out of town beyond Beverly Hills, it seemed as though every fan in Los Angeles made a pilgrimage at one time or another to stand and wave at the gates for a few seconds before being moved on by the police.

Some came by the helicopter they had saved for months to charter and waved from the sky. Others walked up the long, steep hill in the intense heat. One little girl took four-and-a-half hours to climb the hill on crutches and hand to the guard at the gate a ring she had made for Ringo and a letter. Then she turned round and started the journey back.

The Beatles rarely slipped out and only did so by night. Early in their stay, George and Paul went to a Byrds recording session and heard the American group wax its new US single, "The Times They Are A-Changin'". There were frequent visitors to the house, including Joan Baez, who spent most of Monday chatting to John by the pool.

The Beatles travelled by road on Saturday. On the return journey their limousine broke down and they had to wait by the roadside outside a mortuary for a replacement vehicle.

Another regular visitor to The Beatles' home was actor Peter Fonda, but after two entire days at the house he got the Beatle brush-off when he arrived for a third. "Please call me soon, Rosemary Clooney," was typical of the telegrams that arrived hourly from The Beatles' star neighbours. "We don't even know her," said Paul, putting the message on one side.

Each day The Beatles swam, but John and Ringo, with sensitive skin, wrapped themselves in towel coats to keep the sun from burning, so don't be surprised that only two Beatles arrived home tanned. Each evening a chef prepared steaks on a charcoal grill in the garden for their dinner. They rarely went to bed before dawn or rose before noon. John was excited when somebody gave him an old copy of Gene Vincent's "Be-Bop-A-Lula" and it was played incessantly.

After two days
at the house,
Peter Fonda
got the Beatle
brush-off

Needless to say, The Beatles' two Hollywood Bowl concerts were enormously successful. They collected £15,000 for each one, but had the Bowl been three times as big they would have filled it. But despite the success of their tour and the rich living they enjoyed in the house on the hill at Benedict Canyon, John, Paul, George and Ringo were all homesick before the end of their third American stay. And I know that by this weekend they will all be happily settled back in their own homes with countless souvenirs of a tour all America has saluted.

ELVIS PRESLEY WAS playing bass guitar, with the benefit of a little instruction from Paul McCartney;

John Lennon was on rhythm guitar. The record they were backing was Cilla Black's "You're My World". Suddenly John exclaimed: "This beats talking, doesn't it?" And that's how it was – the world's No 1 solo star and the world's No 1 group were meeting for the first time and communicating through music.

The get-together took three days of planning and was shrouded in secrecy to avoid the two armies of Beatles and Presley fans gathering in one spot. The Beatles had accepted Elvis' invitation to spend last Friday evening (August 27) at his home. It was my great privilege to be the only journalist invited. There is not a picture in existence to record the great event. No-one with a camera was allowed inside.

Colonel Parker escorted The Beatles to Presley's Bel Air home shortly after 10pm. Police stopped traffic to prevent fans tailing them. The Colonel's associate, Tom Diskin, and I collected Brian Epstein from Los Angeles Airport, to which he had flown specially from New York to be present, and we arrived at the house a few minutes after The Beatles.

When we entered, Elvis was sitting with Paul on one side of him and his current girlfriend on the other. John sat next to Paul. George was cross-legged on the floor. Ringo was at the other side of the room inspecting Elvis' collection of records. They were watching a colour television set in the centre of the room but the sound was switched off. Later an American hit blared from the record player.

"Somebody bring in the guitars," said Elvis. One of the 10 pals he employs as his constant companions obliged. Three electric guitars were plugged into amplifiers scattered around the room. "Here's how I play the bass. Not too good, but I'm practising," he told Paul, and joined in to accompany a record on the player. John added a few chords, while George studied the third instrument before playing.

That's how it went for the first hour. Elvis, John and George providing the costliest-ever backing to a selection of British and American discs, including one by The Shadows. Presley, dressed in a red shirt and close-fitting black jerkin with the collar turned up, gave the occasional hint of his famous wiggle, even though seated in his chair strumming the bass part to each record. The Beatles were also casually dressed. Ringo, in a white jerkin and white trousers, looked at the guitarists without smiling. "Too bad we left the drums in Memphis," Elvis consoled him.

I wandered around the room. Prominently placed was a wagon, lit on the inside and announcing on its cover "All The Way With LBJ". A white grand piano occupied a corner by the bar and next to it was a jukebox which contained no British records and only one by its owner, "Return To Sender". Elvis' companions kept up a supply of drinks for The Beatles, but the host himself neither touched one nor accepted any of the cigarettes offered by those who either didn't read or didn't believe his biographies.

MOVING with the BEATLES

HOLLYWOOD WEST — This palm-filled, star-studded city is about to stage the production of the century—the meeting of Elvis Presley and the Beatles!

I can reveal it is about to take place after visiting Elvis and learning that the singer from Memphis and the group from Liverpool will run something of a mutual admiration society (writes Chris Hutchins).

The only problem now is which of them will accept the other's invitation first? Elvis is keen to entertain them at his rented home in Bel Air. But the Beatles are intrigued by fans in their home in Benedict Canyon. Their departure wouldn't be easy.

On top of which they both have artists' egos to preserve and neither man is falling over himself to send his star act friend in over the other.

Enter the "New Musical Express"! Last year I arranged the Elvis Presley-Paul McCartney telephone look-up on behalf of NME. Now I have the honor of being the meeting place.

That's what NME's CHRIS HUTCHINS is doing in America. This week he reports on—

JOY in ATLANTA; TERROR in HOUSTON; GIGGLE in MINNEAPOLIS; DRAMA in PORTLAND

ELVIS and the BEATLES!

...night we learned that our plans to have taken out of service and substituted by an older aircraft which is to take an hour or so over the 500-mile journey to Los Angeles.

Hurdles to our progress were removed on that night. I sat with George Harrison in the new airplane that was flying in comfort—and a warm welcome was given to him by all the Beatles. George had been the master surprise of this trip. He had reverted to the plan of the one who had, to the delight of his millions of American fans, George had spoken up.

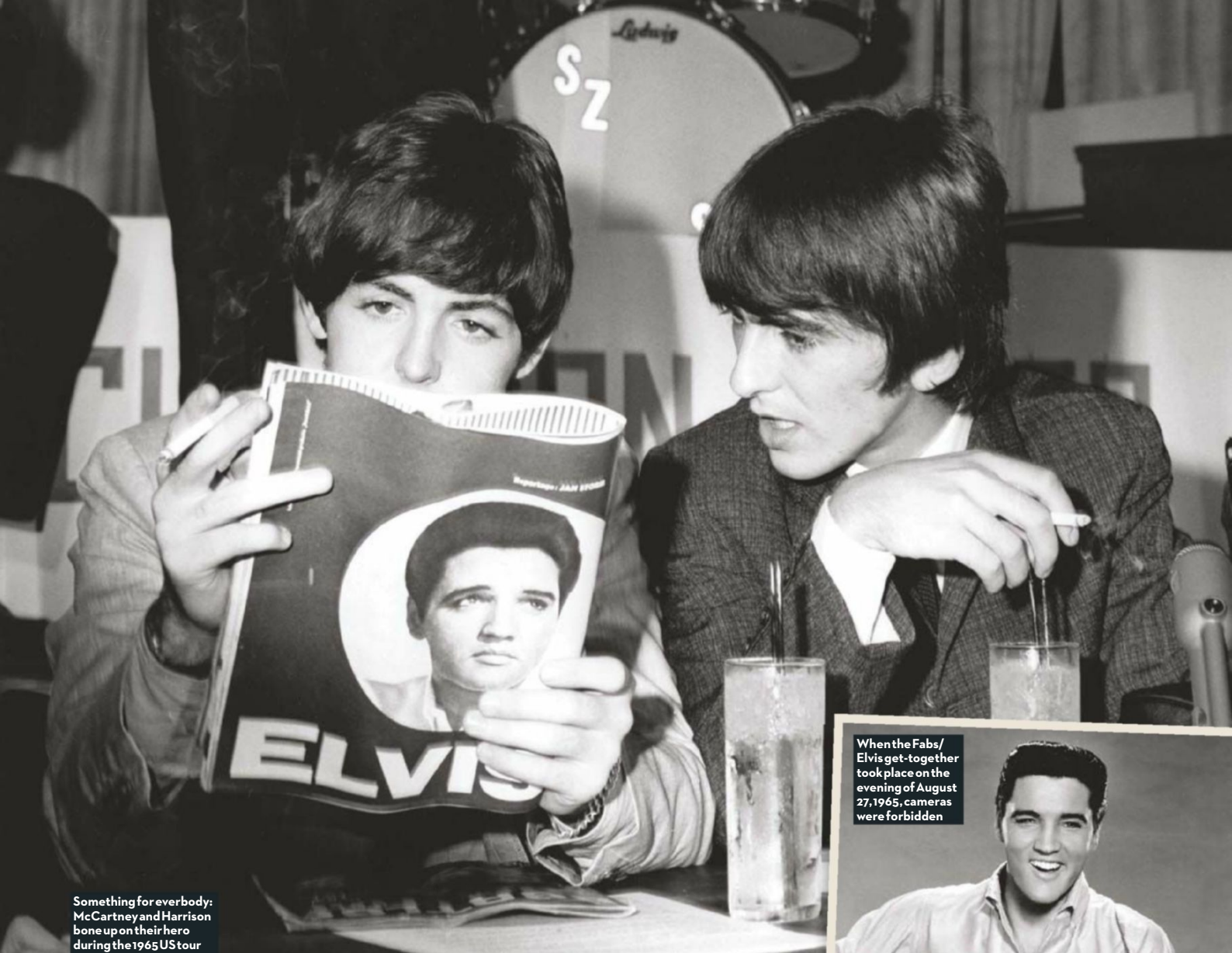
I was tagged the quiet Beatle but before, it's true, but on this trip he has been more talkative and more at ease and I have been asked to question at the Press conference.

I suppose it's given me a little confidence.

Incidentally George discussed that party. "They have been looking different ones for ages and quite a while whether I would like that and, but I don't prefer to me be a star, my god."

NME's other writers were in the Beatles' plane during





Something for everybody: McCartney and Harrison bone up on their hero during the 1965 US tour

When the Fabs/Elvis get-together took place on the evening of August 27, 1965, cameras were forbidden

Even in this relaxed, carefree atmosphere, I never heard him swear.

I'm sure The Beatles were as impressed as I was with his balanced way of life. "Zis is ze way it should be," said Lennon in a mock Peter Sellers accent: "Ze small homely gathering wiz a few friends and a little muzic!" Elvis smiled.

At the back of the room, Brian Epstein and Colonel Tom Parker (the latter, by the way, was making one of his rare appearances at the house) sat chatting and watching over their stars like parents. They later adjourned for a little roulette in the games room. Epstein won some, Parker lost a little.

When they tired of their music, Elvis, John, George, Paul and Ringo sat back and relaxed. Our host opened a new chapter of the unique conversation when he said: "Some funny things happen to you on the road, don't they? I remember once in Vancouver we'd only done a number or two when they rushed the stage. I was lucky we got off in time. They tipped the whole rostrum over."

Paul: "We've had some crazy experiences. One fellow rushed onstage and pulled the leads out of the amplifiers and said to me, 'One move and you're dead.'"

Elvis: "It used to get pretty scaring at times."

John: "But you're just one. At least we've got each other up there. If somebody pushed me onstage and said, 'You're on your own,' like they did with you, I'd just break up."

The conversations turned to planes and Presley told The Beatles of some of the experiences that had unnerved him for flying. "I once took off from Atlanta, Georgia in a small plane that had only two engines and one of them failed. Boy, I was really scared; I thought my number was really up. We had to remove sharp objects from our pockets and rest our heads on pillows between our knees. When we landed our pilot was soaking wet

"Too bad we left the drums in Memphis," Elvis said to Ringo

with sweat, although there was snow on the ground outside," Elvis told The Beatles. In return, George related the story of his flight from Liverpool when the window beside him sprang open. The talk of close shaves exhausted, the topic switched to cars. Said Elvis: "I've got a Rolls-Royce Phantom Five..."

"Snap," exclaimed Lennon. "Saw yours outside. Mine's just the same, only I've had all the chrome bits painted black."

Shortly before 2am – early for The Beatles but late for Elvis – someone decided it was time to go. "Softly As I Leave You" was spinning on the record player as The Beatles shook hands with Elvis inside his home, and they thanked him for the large boxes of all his records each one had received from Colonel Tom Parker on Presley's behalf.

As they climbed into their limousine in the courtyard a handful of fans keeping vigil on the wall surrounding the house chanted alternatively, "Elvis is King," and "We want The Beatles." All the way home, John, Paul, George and Ringo chatted about the experience and agreed that the meeting was an unforgettable and pleasant highlight of their lives. *Chris Hutchins* •

1965

JULY – SEPTEMBER



John Coltrane onstage
at the Half Note club,
New York City, 1965

ADAM RITCHIE/REDFERNS



“We
don’t
believe in
standing
still”

At the Antibes jazz festival, **MELODY MAKER** gets a private audience with – and private performance by – **JOHN COLTRANE**. The musician is keen to move on, but not to leave his fans behind. “You get on a new thing,” he says, “and keep playing until it comes together.” Back in London, **ORNETTE COLEMAN** drops by the office for a chat.

— **MELODY MAKER** AUGUST 14 —

OF ALL THE jazz musicians currently exploring new directions, John Coltrane has always seemed to me to be the only one with a map and compass. To begin with, Coltrane was way-in before he became way-out. His evolution from rhythm and blues has been constant and logical. He is a musician of many virtues. He has a passionate sincerity, a simple dignity and a command of the tenor saxophone which in my view is without equal in the jazz world.

No other musician to my mind has broken away with such consummate success from the theme-solos-fours-theme which has, for many, become the ball and chain of jazz. If you want a contemporary equivalent of Charlie Parker then you need look no further than Coltrane. As his bass player Jimmy Garrison says: “Now that Ornette don’t come out, John is the only one who’s keeping things alive.” »

When I met Coltrane in his hotel room during the Antibes jazz festival, I was immediately impressed by the apparent contrast between the man and his music. He is a big, slow-moving man with an extremely gentle disposition and an economy of conversation. You have the impression that he expresses himself so completely in his music that when it comes to interviews there is little left to say. In the music of Coltrane you can find anger, bitterness, anguish, sadness. In the man you are conscious only of a great inner peace and serenity.

It was a fascinating meeting. Because for the first hour and a half, Coltrane expressed himself through his tenor and soprano. He stood at the table blowing into a portable tape recorder and then playing it back. Unhurriedly, he changed reeds, adjusted mouthpieces, tore off characteristically intricate and extended runs. He was practising for the concert that evening. When he finally laid down the tenor I asked him how long his reeds lasted. "A good reed lasts me three weeks – but it doesn't seem too easy to get a good one these days." Then he picked up the soprano and practised for another half an hour.

My appointment had been for four o'clock. By the time we got to talk it

was 6.30pm... and even then I somehow felt that Coltrane would much rather have played than talked. But as he tucked into a slightly bizarre dinner of two raw egg yolks, clear soup, milk, iced water and fresh peaches – he's trying to keep his weight down – he answered my questions amiably and thoughtfully. How often does he practise like that?

"Not as often as I should. I have been thinking about writing so much recently that I haven't done too much practising. I think four hours' practice a day would be good for me. That little bit of practising just then – well, I didn't play a thing I didn't know. But after four hours I would get through all that and then maybe I'd break into something new."

What was he listening to on the playback? "Just to see how the notes were coming out, whether they were coming through clear and in tune." Does he have intonation problems with the soprano? "Funnily enough, I have more problems with the tenor than with soprano. I was lucky with my soprano. I've had it five years – it was the first one I bought. It was a good one, but it's beginning to go off a little now."

How do you think your playing now compares with your work with Miles Davis five years ago?

"I don't think it has changed basically – though I suppose I've grown a little, musically. But then in some respects I think I might have been a little more inventive in those days."

What would you say were the faults in your playing – do you feel there is anything missing?

"That's hard to answer. I don't know if you can ever be a complete musician. I'm not. But I don't think I'll know what's missing until I find it, if you understand me. Perhaps my main fault at the moment is that I have a natural feeling for the minor. I'd like to do more things in the major. I want to work to bring that up – and there are many other modes I've got to learn."

I asked him if in his search for new directions, he'd ever found himself in a dead end. He laughed: "I doubt if there are any dead ends." Then on reflection added: "There may be though. I suppose I've had some things which didn't work out, but usually if you get on a new thing, you just keep playing it until you get it together. I'm very lucky – I work with very fine musicians. They are very inventive – I don't have to tell anybody what to do. I just define the different sections and leave the rest to them. We have great confidence in one another. That's essential – that's how it hangs together. They're with me in wanting the band to move to a new area. We generally don't believe in standing still."

A philosophy which, while commendable, also raises an audience problem. At the first Coltrane concert in Antibes, the audience were a little puzzled to hear just one piece, "A Love Supreme", played for 47 minutes. What about giving audiences a chance to catch up, I asked Coltrane.

"This always frightens me," he said candidly. "Whenever I make a change, I'm a little worried that it may puzzle people. And sometimes I deliberately delay things for this reason. But after a while I find that there is nothing else I can do but go ahead." (In fact this underlines Coltrane's anxiety to carry the audience with him. He changed the concert programme for the second concert and featured some more established pieces like "Impressions" and "My Favourite Things" – but without sacrificing any of his individuality or inventiveness.)

Coltrane says he hasn't yet composed anything he is completely satisfied with. "I plan to do more extended works – I have sketches of them in my head. I want to get to a point where I can feel the vibrations of a particular place at a particular moment and compose a song right there on the spot – then throw it away. I try to avoid repeating things as much as I can."

It has been said that Coltrane has recently discovered God. I asked him about this. "Rediscovered would be a better word. Religion has always been with me since I was a little kid. I was raised in a religious atmosphere

A Love Supreme/John Coltrane



John Coltrane A Love Supreme HMV

Religious feeling has always been closely interwoven into jazz, but direct religious inspiration is rare in modern jazz. However, the new John Coltrane album finds the controversial tenorist dedicating his four compositions as, and I quote from Coltrane's own sleeve, "a humble offering to Him... an attempt to say, 'Thank you God'".

This is something out of the ordinary for modern jazz, although most of the great music of the western world stems from religion. Nevertheless, this record doesn't contain music for a vicar's tea party. It is Coltrane's personal statement on how belief in God has affected his life, and consequently his music. And as jazz, it is superb. The quartet are by now the most accomplished unit in modern jazz and the styles of the four musicians create an atmosphere that bristles with creativity. There is always something happening, so to speak.

Coltrane's ability to disturb even the most indifferent ear with the ferocity of his lines has never come across better on record. On all four tracks he becomes intensely involved with the rhythmic whirlpool by the Tyner, Jones, Garrison team, building his solos to hoarse, shattering climaxes. The rest of the group are as usual nothing short of superb. Tyner stalks the tenorist's thoughts to perfection, and his own solos are filled with the individuality of phrasing and thought which make him a stand-out in any company. *Bob Houston*





a highly extrovert character with a grudge against his musical enemies. In fact he is a gently spoken, modest and most friendly man. What is he doing in London?

"I had it in my mind to make a tour round the world," he explained in-between discussions about hotel prices. "This is my first stop. I shall be here about two weeks and meet my drummer and bass player in Paris when I leave. If I manage to get TV or a concert in London I will have them stop by. The problem is having the right equipment to express what I'm trying to do—I can't just play with different people. That's why I hope to have my rhythm section, David Izenzon and Charles Moffett, travelling with me all the time. I've perfected it with those two guys and I need them more than anyone else. It may be more expensive to book three instead of just me but it's truer. The people are hearing exactly what you are saying."

Ornette has a new album which will be released on Blue Note. I asked what else he had been doing. "I've been finishing some music for a movie," he told me, "I used a large band, a 14-piece, and did all the scores. The guy making the movie is American but a lot of it was done in France. Really, I'm beginning to have more opportunities to go ahead. Everything is working out fine. Recently I've been playing mostly concerts and at some universities."

Does Ornette feel that musically he has achieved his aims? "It's all still over the ridge," he smiled. "That's one of the reasons I feel like going to places—the time has come to do more playing after I've done so much writing and developing. Now I want people to hear it for themselves. Sure I've been very discouraged and dispirited with the music, but I find that music is so much more than a social outlet in some ways, than a personal outlet. A person has to find out what direction he wants to go and then try his best to get there. That applies to all forms of music. You find your own thing before someone condemns you."

"How did it all start? I'd been playing regular music—some form of bebop and rhythm and blues. I came to realise that music is basically a language. Once you assimilate the alphabet you can create a personal language. But it has to have some logic to it if the language is to have a definite meaning. That's one of the things I've

come to discover. Once a person absorbs the total structure of an instrument—in relation to the harmonies and routine forms—then it is just a matter of assimilation of the musical alphabet before you speak the language you want to speak. It's then a personal choice—people hear from you what they choose to hear from what you are doing."

Despite its label, free form, Ornette's music must require more

discipline than conventional jazz. "That's true," he agreed. "The main thing is that the person will have to be more of a complete musician. When things are working out right, it's what I call creative composition—the creation of a tune with the same laws of composition as a regular song. It has the same structure as a regular song yet the performance isn't restricted. But you retain the ardour of the song as the grammar of the language."

How did Ornette come to add violin and trumpet to his alto sax playing? "I started playing violin in the middle of 1963," he told me. "I wrote something for a string quartet and they had difficulty playing it. So I took up violin so I could show them. I took up trumpet a little later. There are things I don't hear on sax. One extends

the other simply because of the range and the musical key it's in."

Does he still play a plastic saxophone? "Yes, but I haven't been able to get a good plastic one in the States," replied Ornette. "There is always something wrong with them. So I'm going to visit the factory while I'm over here and get one in good condition. I like the trumpet I have, but I might find a better violin too."

What are his immediate plans? "After I leave London I will go to Paris and see what I can find in Europe," he said. "In October I shall be playing at the Berlin film festival. Until then my plans aren't too settled." *Bob Dawbarn* •

and it has stuck with me throughout my life. Sometimes I feel it more strongly than others." Does he listen very often to his own records? He smiled. "No. Perhaps two or three times a year I'll take them out and evaluate them, but I'm more concerned with how I'm playing right now."

More often, Coltrane listens to African and Indian music. "There's a harp record I play quite a lot, too. I got very interested in harp for a while. But I think when I get tired of blowing I'll take up guitar or piano."

How far has he extended the range of the tenor? "Well you can't get below B flat. But there's at least another octave above the normal top limit which can be fingered."

And talking of extending limits, which musicians do you think are making important new contributions in seeking new jazz expression? "I think the Jazz Composers Guild are doing good things—I admire Albert Ayler, Archie Shepp, Dewey Johnson, Pharaoh Sanders and John Tchicai."

Has Coltrane definitely abandoned more orthodox jazz frameworks? "Not necessarily. I've been thinking of doing another album of ballads—just playing them straight. Though generally I do feel that normal forms have been pretty well used up. I'm also thinking of doing an album with a couple of horns and Latin percussion." *Mike Hennessey*

"I came to
realise that
music is
basically a
language"

— MELODY MAKER AUGUST 14 —

A N UNEXPECTED VISITOR to the *Melody Maker* office this week was Ornette Coleman. From the fire and fury of his music, and the controversy it has aroused, one might expect Ornette to be

1965

JULY – SEPTEMBER



Charlie Watts: knocked out by the Greenwich Village jazz scene



"We had to tone it down": the Stones at NYC's Academy of Music May 1, 1965

"Musically, the best thing we've done"

MM DECEMBER 25 Charlie Watts lifts the lid on the Stones' latest batch of US studio sessions

WHEN THE ROLLING Stones made a lightning three-day trip to Hollywood a couple of months ago, the West Coast recording session produced two big hits. These were "Satisfaction" and "Get Off Of My Cloud".

Now the Stones have spent a whole week in the same Hollywood studios and the results were described in London last week by Charlie Watts as "musically, the best thing we've ever done". Charlie flew back with Bill Wyman after the sessions, which wound up almost two months in the States for the Stones.

Charlie talked about those sessions. "We did 10 numbers altogether," he told the *MM*. "They are all originals written by Keith and Mick, and although I don't say they are the best songs the Stones have ever written, I think that musically they are the best thing we've ever done." One of the numbers lasts 12 minutes and is destined for a future LP, while the remainder of the stockpiled material could well yield one or more future British—or even American—singles.

Charlie is a renowned jazz fan, and despite recent reports that jazz in New York is dead, Charlie was knocked out by the scene he found at Greenwich Village's Village Vanguard.

"I went there with some American friends and was absolutely knocked out by Earl Hines, who was playing with Gene Ramey on bass and Eddie Locke on drums. This was fantastic; the music they played was unbelievable. I caught the last act and I still haven't got over it.

"I also heard Billy Taylor at the Hickory House and Eddie Thompson was playing well. I also

caught Wes Montgomery at the Half-Note with Richard Davies.

"I didn't get to hear any jazz anywhere else at all. When we were on the West Coast we were too busy. One thing about the American jazz clubs, they are open late although the sets are usually shorter and there's usually a good bar. I'm hoping to get down to the new Ronnie Scott club after Christmas, too."

Before this last tour of America, the Stones were a group which had had two No 1 hits in the US charts. This tour made them more than that... now they are big star attractions. They are still not overtaking The Beatles, who, reports Stones manager Andrew Oldham, are still the phenomenon of American entertainment, but their tour did tremendous business. They grossed 900,000 dollars on the trip, half of which will be left after all expenses are paid.

Charlie said that some of their dates were on the status-symbol college circuit played by people like Bob Dylan and Peter, Paul and Mary. "At first, we were amazed, because there was no screaming. They listened and then applauded at the end, just like a jazz concert. I think we'd have enjoyed this a lot more if we'd realised right away what was happening."

The Stones thought at first that it was a luke-warm reception until the college kids started

standing up and applauding enthusiastically at the end of each number.

It was reminiscent for the Stones of their early days at Richmond, and, Charlie said, "We found we were playing too loud as there were no screams. We had to tone it down."

They featured numbers like "Little Red Rooster" and "Moaner", with Brian Jones playing solos on these quieter dates, not that they had many of those. At the end of six weeks' hard, gruelling work, said Andrew Oldham, the Stones just wanted to stop work and relax. They are a group on stage but individuals off and don't hang around together all the time. Once they had finished all their US commitments, they split up for a two-month holiday.

Apart from TV in February to promote a new record, they will not be seen by British fans until after their first feature film has been made. The group's next single release in the States is a ballad. It's the Marianne Faithfull number "As Tears Go By", which features Mick singing to a string quartet background.

Arranged by Keith Richards and Mike Leander, the song will not be released here. "In America, each record is judged purely on whether it will sell or whether it's a good record," said Oldham. "If we released this here, we'd only be accused of copying and people would say it was another 'Yesterday'."

"We were amazed. They listened and then applauded at the end, just like a jazz concert"

How does it feel?

NME **OCTOBER 15** The pick of Dylan's responses while on tour

A PROFOUND AND deep-thinking young man, sincerely believing in the philosophy and the protests he utters, unlike some self-styled folk singers, who are merely in the game for its commercial value. A complex, and at times controversial, character who originated and leads one of the most powerful cults of the days – and in consequence, has earned himself a permanent niche in the annals of pop music. That's Bob Dylan, a man with plenty to say and a unique way of saying it.

Although many of his beliefs and messages are contained in song, Dylan can be equally verbose in conversation. He talks freely and it is a rarity for him to give the same answer to a stock question. During his recent British tour, he was bombarded with hundreds of questions, and we have selected a few of his answers which we feel are of particular interest.

They are a composite of what he told the *NME* and the replies he gave to Sheffield University reporters Jenny De Yong and Peter Roche for their students' paper, "Durls".

You must have been questioned many times about your attitude to Donovan. What do you think of him? I specially liked his record "Catch The Wind". It was a good song and he sang it well. But he's still very young and people might try to make him into something that he isn't. He'll have to watch that!

Would you agree that "Catch The Wind" was a lot like your own composition "Chimes Of Freedom"? Oh, I don't care what he takes from me. Frankly, I don't care what other singers do to my songs either. They can't hurt me any. Like with The Animals' "Baby Let Me Follow You Down". I didn't worry about that. I met The Animals in New York and we all went out and had a ball together. Yep, The Animals are OK in my book. I liked their "Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood."

How do you choose which of your titles will be released as singles? I don't. That's up to the record company. They say to me, "It's time to do your next album", so I go along and record enough tracks for the LP. What they do with the songs then – well, that's their decisions. But I record albums. I wouldn't, and I couldn't, record a single.

Do you think there's a move afoot to turn you into a pop star? They can't turn me into anything. I just write my songs and that's that! Nobody can change me and, by the same token, they can't change my songs. Of course, I vary things once in a while, like with the different backing I had on "Subterranean Homesick Blues". But that was entirely my own doing. Nobody talked me into it. Just so happens we had a lot of swinging cats on that track, real hip musicians.

What are your own favourite songs? You mean of the ones I've written? It depends on how I'm feeling. To be a really good song I think it has to hit you at the right moment. But one of my own favourite songs is "I Don't Believe You".

Would you say that your style is changing? Certainly my work as a writer has changed over the last couple of years. The big difference is that the songs I was writing last year were what I call one-dimensional songs. But I'm trying to make my songs more three-dimensional. There's more symbolism, and they're written on more than one level.

How long does it take you to write a song? Sometimes a couple of days. Sometimes a couple of hours. Depends on my mood.

Would you say that your songs contain sufficient poetry to be able to stand by themselves, without music? If they can't do that, then

they're not what I want them to be. Basically, I guess I'm more interested in writing than in performing.

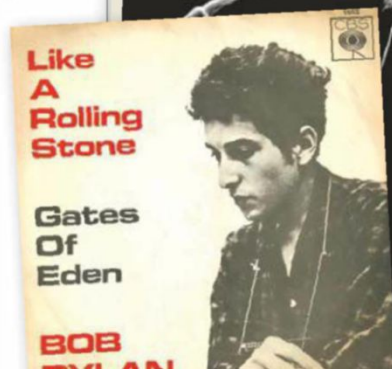
How about those poems on the backs of your albums? Well, I used to get scared I wouldn't be around much longer, so I'd write my poems down on anything I could find – and that included my albums!

Why do you suppose the national press tries to label you as angry, bored and disinterested? That's because they ask the wrong questions, like "What's your favourite colour?" and "What did you have for breakfast?" ... stuff like that. So who cares? Newspaper reporters are just hung-up writers, frustrated novelists. They don't hurt me by putting fancy labels on me. They've got all these preconceived ideas about me, and I just play up to them.

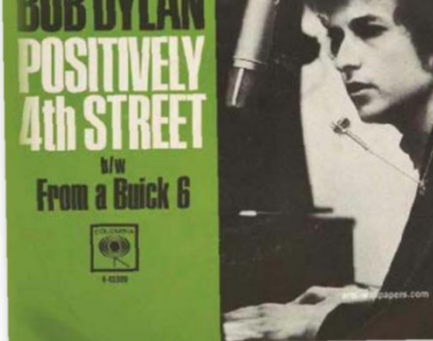
How do you feel about being called the voice of your generation? I don't know, really. I mean, I'm 24. How can I speak for someone who's 17? I can't be anyone else's voice. If they care to identify themselves with me, that's OK – but I can't give a voice to people who have no voice, can I?

Do you think there are too many protest songs around just now? Yes. Half of 'em don't understand what they're trying to say. I'm all for protest songs if they're sincere. But how many of them are? *Derek Johnson*

"I'm trying to make my songs more three-dimensional"



Bob's last stand as a folkstar: performing for a BBC TV show at White City, London, June 1, 1965



JULY-SEPTEMBER
1965

➤ Bob Dylan shocked his fans in Hartford, Connecticut by appearing with a five-piece band backing him for the second half of his concert. They rocked it up and as Bob walked on to an organ to accompany himself in "Ballad Of A Thin Man", he was mocked with the cries of "Go back to England" and "Get rid of the band". He took this in his stride, however, as he continued with "It Ain't Me Babe", "Baby Let Me Follow You Down", "Positively 4th Street" and "Like A Rolling Stone". He left after that number, not saying more than two words during the whole show.



➤ A film of The Rolling Stones called *Charlie's My Darling* is likely to be shown on British TV in the New Year. It's a full-length 60-minute black-and-white feature shot during the Stones' trip to Ireland this year. Andrew Oldham produced the film and Peter Whitehead directed. Scenes include the Stones being interviewed and performing on stage. There are several comedy moments with Mick Jagger imitating Elvis. In America, The Rolling Stones are due to spend a week recording in Hollywood when their current US tour finishes on November 5, cables Ren Grevatt. The sessions will last for about a week.

1965

OCTOBER–DECEMBER

“We never want to grow old”

At the end of 1965, it looks as if **THE WHO** may not last long anyway. Punch-ups. Mounting expenditure. A singer who, according to the drummer, “can’t sing”. **NME** and **MELODY MAKER** take the unruly patient’s temperature.

— **NME** NOVEMBER 12 —

ANYONE WHO HAS ever seen a demolition gang smashing down a building will know what it’s like when The Who get up steam. Their music rolls and crashes and throbs like a berserk thunderstorm – and naturally, it doesn’t do their instruments any good. Vocalist Roger Daltrey slumped into a chair at the *NME* this week and told me: “This isn’t a gimmick and I’m telling you no lies, but we have to get new guitars and drums every month or so. They just get smashed up. And it’s costing us a fortune!”

Then he sat up and gave it to me straight: “It’s so expensive, you could even say The Who are running at a loss at the moment.” There wasn’t even the slightest trace of a smile. For Roger Daltrey, who helps to produce the group’s screaming, searing brand of music, is the most serious person in the world. This is the kind of dedication that has seen The Who’s “My Generation” absolutely C-C-CRASHING up the *NME* Chart this week. It stands at No 3 in the current list, a jump of 12 places. So many theories have been »

BOB BAKER/ALAMY



Much too much? The Who filming for German TV at the Marquee Club, London, May 1965

advanced about the disc and its shattering gimmick that I asked Roger if one story credited to them – that the number is about someone who was “blocked” (or on drugs) was true. He denied he had ever said that. “The song just tells about a young kid who’s tryin’ to express himself, y’ know?” Then he grinned, “Apart from that it was freezing in the studios when we recorded it. That’s why I stutter on the lyrics!”

As usual with The Who, “My Generation” was recorded and released in about two weeks flat. They have always done this and they intend to go on for as long as possible. Even the song itself was written only a few days before the session. There was also a bit of disagreement about “My Generation” and the treatment they should give it. “Near punch-ups”, according to Roger.

He has never disguised the fact that quite often the members of The Who can’t stand each other. He claims that this is all to the good. “Don’t believe whatever you’ve seen before,” he says hastily. “The Who will never split up. We have arguments all the time, but this is what gives us that extra spark. The Who thrives on friction.”

Like it or not, Roger’s regarded by many as an avant-garde mod spokesman in the pop business. I asked him for his views on the current pop scene. He feels that it is in a “bad state” at the moment, but that discs like Ken Dodd’s “Tears” are purely a momentary lapse! At the same time, according to Roger, he doesn’t want to stick out his neck by making a prediction about the next big pop trend. “We don’t want to follow anybody else’s trend,” he told me. “We want to set it. The worst thing about starting something new, like we have, is that everybody else jumps on the bandwagon. Then you get dozens of imitations.”

He looked thoughtful. “In one way I suppose it’s a good thing, because it makes the change to something new. And that’s what we want to do – keep changing. We just feel that we never want to get in a rut or grow old.”

Alan Smith

— NME JULY 3 —

THE WHO STAND firmly for pop art. By their terms, pop art means how they behave and dress both on and off stage. Onstage, an ordinary performance can end with guitarist Peter Townshend smashing a £150 guitar on an amplifier. Offstage, it means adopting pop-art techniques into the design of their clothes... and spending what to most pop fans is a small fortune every week to maintain this image. The fantastic extremes to which the four musicians have gone to foster the image of violent emotional reaction, the closest ever pop music has got to a “happening”, is expensive. Here, The Who count the cost...

Pete Townshend

The real wrecker of the group, guitarist Peter Townshend has nine guitars, all on HP. Five of them cost £170 each, four of which are already smashed to bits. He also has an imported 12-string guitar, costing £50, a six-string, £50, a six-string bass, £200, and an acoustic, £50. Total is £1,200 in guitars. That’s not all. Mr Townshend claims to have every amplifier and speaker he has ever possessed – he uses them for home recording. They are three amps at £150 each; two stereo amps at £80 each; four 100-watt amps which cost £160; five £80 speakers and three four by 12s which are £160 each. Peter records many singles for the group and other artists in his own studio, which cost £1,000 to set up. He gets through eight sets of strings a month at one guinea each – and 100 picks a month at 2s each. He buys four or five guitar and amp leads a month for the group and himself, costing about £10. The group have a £50 per month repair bill for their gear. Clothes-wise, Pete spends about £20 a week on a jacket.

Keith Moon

Drummer Keith hasn’t done at all badly. He joined the group 10 months ago and then thundered his way through no less than three drum kits. Kit number one cost £150, number two £400, and his latest full regalia left little change out of £500. That makes £1,050, all on HP. Keith has a phenomenal



drumstick bill. He breaks about four pairs of sticks a night at £1 a pair – over £100 per month. A cymbal usually cracks every two weeks. So that’s £40 a month. And he reckons on £10 worth of hi-hats going monthly. He cannot estimate how many skins he gets through because it varies. They cost 25s each. Keith spends a great deal of money on personal items like record players, cameras, tape recorders and clothes like white leather jackets that aren’t for stage wear. He spends a good £8 a week on LPs.

Roger Daltrey

Singer Roger possesses a £500 PA system which he pays for himself on HP. His particular stage feat, apart from singing, is accompanying the wilder guitar along with that screeching of his mic against a cymbal. An occasional bang smashes the mic. Roger’s mic bill comes to £35 a week. An exuberant driver, he owns the group car (£1,000 on HP), which gets the boys to a date in dire emergencies. They contribute to the running costs, but not the car’s purchase. Like the rest of the group, Roger spends about £2 a week on haircuts and stage makeup. Most of his shirts are hand-made and cost anything from £6 to £10 each. The usual form is for the boys go to London’s Carnaby Street and spend £200 on one visit. This is not on expensive suits, but on things like T-shirts, shoes. This takes place about once a month. The Who expect at least one article of clothing to be stolen per week, mainly from dressing rooms.

John Entwistle

Bass guitarist John is the maniac guitar buyer in the group. He has two guitars on HP. They cost on average £150 each. He also owns four bass speaker cabinets, for which he will pay £150 each, and three 100-watt amplifiers, which cost £160 each. For various experiments in sound and pop art, John also has a £150 piano bass and a £50 piano. He has nearly £3,000 worth of equipment. To add to the expense, John is a stickler for having good-condition strings for all of his guitars and he gets through about eight sets a month for £4 a set. He is also adding a £150 go-kart to his collection. A sport which all of the group are going to take up. On clothes, he contributes to the £200 they spend a month. He likes flashy things like suede jackets (£25) and he got the first “Union Jack” jacket made for £30. Funnily enough, he has just lapsed into wearing Cuban-heeled boots, but he just puts it down to comfort. Nick Jones

— MELODY MAKER NOVEMBER 20 —

THE WHO JOIN the great chart chase to the No 1 spot this week, as their new record “My Generation” hurtles into the Top 10 at No 4. This is the first time The Who have hit the Top 10, and rumours circling the pop world this week suggested that it would be the last. Wild tales in London’s in-clubs flashed the news that 20-year-old singer Roger Daltrey would be leaving the group.

It was said that young singer Box, of The Box People, would be Daltrey's replacement. It was also thought another drummer would be brought into the group so that Keith Moon could "explore other fields of percussion".

The Who's co-manager Chris Stamp told the *MM* this week "This is absolute c-c-crap! Quite seriously, I've never heard such a lot of rubbish.

Does anybody in their right mind think The Who would split at a time like this? Everybody knows there is conflict within the group, and there have been some hefty rows lately, but this doesn't mean that the group will bust up.

"They just argue about their 'sound' and talk about all the things they want to achieve sound-wise. They each have different ideas. If any of them went through with it we'd probably see a 20-piece orchestra backing The Who, with seven drummers and nine guitarists or something.

"We hear rumours that Roger is leaving everywhere we go. In South Wales, the fans have got their little stories about The Who splitting up. It's just crap. The Who, once and for all, are not 'breaking up'."

This week The Who continue to record numbers for their first LP, titled *My Generation*, which will be released before Christmas. Nine of the tracks are originals from their guitarist Pete Townshend. "One of the numbers," said Stamp, "is appropriately called 'Lies'!"

— NME DECEMBER 10 —

WHAT'S WRONG WITH The Who? Rumours that all is not well with the group have been circulating in showbusiness circles for some weeks. A firm denial was recently made that vocalist Roger Daltrey was leaving, but friction obviously exists between some members. Constant criticism has been levelled at the group by papers and magazines who declare that they are always late and frequently don't turn up at all for interviews or photograph sessions.

To find out the answer to these charges, I went down to *Ready, Steady, Go!* last Friday and spoke to that combination of drummer and threshing machine, Keith Moon, in the studio canteen. He was two hours late for rehearsals. The reason: "Well you see—it was warm in bed," said Keith. Then he paused and said reflectively, "No, that's wrong, I'm ill."

To be absolutely fair, this was probably the truth if the selection of throat lozenges, cough mixture and tissues I had just witnessed him buy in a nearby chemist were anything to go by, but what about those other occasions? "It's the organisation that is at fault," said Keith. "We are constantly being set up for interviews or photo sessions when we are playing way up north that night and need to buy new clothes for the stage. We have a choice of doing the interview or losing money and being late for the booking. We only get one day in London nearly every week. If we could get all the interviews and photo sessions arranged for that day there would be no problem, but they are never arranged like that.

"We must get some spare time to ourselves and it's not that we are lazy. Look at Pete—he's written about 10 originals in the last six weeks."

John Entwistle, The Who's bass guitarist, who claims that no-one has ever interviewed or asked him anything about The Who, added at this point: "We also get papers that tell us that if we don't do the session when they say, we will never get another. We need the publicity, but we refuse to be kicked around—so we don't do the session."

Were the reports that there were arguments and fights within the group true?

"Yes," said Keith, wide-eyed and innocent—"It's Roger—he hates me!" Why? "Because I told him he can't sing," said Keith. "I don't like half of our records and Roger is the reason. He likes all this soul material and far-out stuff. I like The Everly Brothers and Dion sounds. I've got every record Dion produces. Great sounds like 'The Wanderer' and 'Ruby Baby'. Roger and I disagree on a number of things."

The Who are following in the long line of those who like to be masochistic about their own records—they have recently slammed their new LP. "It's not true to say that we do not like the LP," said Keith. "There are some old

tracks which we did not want released, but Pete has written some great songs for the album. I particularly like 'Kids', 'The Good's Gone', 'It's Not True' and 'La-La-La-Lies'. Some of the old tracks are disgusting though."

What kind of answer do The Who have to those critics who regard them more as electricians than musicians? "I should say about 10 per cent of our numbers might be feedback," said Keith. "Because this is different, people notice that more than anything else. We are moving away and doing different things, but people tend to notice the unusual."

It's the unusual which makes The Who what they are. They talk differently and execute exciting new sounds. Brian Jones once said to me that The Who now occupied the position which The Rolling Stones held after their first few hits. "They are the only young group doing something new both visually and musically," he said. "Originality usually means success." I have a feeling that 1966 will prove him right. *Keith Altham*

— MELODY MAKER DECEMBER 11 —

IF YOU'VE EVER been struck a stinging blow to the nose by a flying microphone while watching your assailant miming to a stutter, you might feel Roger Daltrey is a violent, incoherent f-f-f-fellow. But probe deeper into the man and you will find an approachable, communicative and slightly bewildered singer holding down one of the toughest lead vocal jobs in beatdom. Onstage, Roger explodes in response to the internal combustion of The Who. He'll glower into space, attack drummer Moon's gear and, given sufficient provocation, hurl microphones at the audience.

Is there really that much hate in the group? "We are all so different and we've all got different points of view," said Roger this week. "We still don't go around with each other, but things aren't as bad as they were. We find friction in the group helps anyway because we play emotional music.

"We might take a month arguing about 20 new numbers and end up with four. But we are so busy now, we don't get much time for rehearsals. We feel very pleased about our success, but wary. I just want to go on doing what we're doing, for as long as we can, and make money."

Two examples of the internecine strife of The Who are guitarist Pete Townshend's poor opinion of the group's first album and the dominating drumming of Keith Moon, which often renders Daltrey's vocals inaudible. How does Roger react? "Well, I like our LP but I don't usually like our singles. And Keith is a show drummer, which is why we got him in the first place. It's bound to bother me, but that's the way Keith plays, so what else can you do?"

On recent appearances The Who have been seen wearing almost conventional clothes. Are they getting bored with pop art? "What is pop art? If it had come off... well, you know. It started in a little way at the

Marquee with us wearing badges and things. Unfortunately it backfired on us. It woke a lot of people up, but in the end it did us a lot of harm, especially with the press."

The Who were hailed as beat innovators. So what's next? "This beat generation is moving so fast, people are running out of ideas. The people who invented electric guitars, whoever they were, will have to think of something new. The groups have exploited them to the full. Maybe we'll go back to violins. Still: we were always on the fiddle!" •



RECORDS: Recorded two years ago as the High Numbers, but commercial success came with their name change, to the Who. "I Can't Explain", and "Anyway, Anyhow, Anywhere", both reached number 11 in the Pop 50 and their latest, "My Generation", is speeding toward the top ten. **PERSONNEL:** Roger Daltrey, 28, singer; Pete Townshend, 20, guitarist; John Entwistle, 20, bass guitar; and Keith Moon, 18, drums. **The Who** lead the new group revolution and for this 1966

“We are mods”

NME OCTOBER 15 After only four months together, nattily attired East Londoners the Small Faces are one of the best groups in Britain. They talk about their 80-year-old fan, and plans for their first film

THE FOUR YOUNG, Carnaby Street-clad mods filed into the pub and I immediately realised why they call themselves the Small Faces. It's simply because they're probably the smallest group on the pop scene. They're all less than five feet six inches! They introduced themselves, bought a round of drinks and we settled down round a table. “Although we've only been together four months,” began Steve Marriott, sipping ginger beer, “we think we have got quite a good act. The fans seem to think so, too.”

Part of the Small Faces' success onstage seems to be that they themselves have a ball. As Ronnie Lane, known as Plonk, explained, “It's all a gas! We go onstage and really enjoy ourselves. We play the music we like and we improvise on well-known numbers. Goes well.”

Steve continued: “The fact that we are enjoying ourselves seems to make the audience feel more at ease. They find it easier to let themselves go. On the rare occasions we've had only a handful of people come to see us, we still enjoy playing for them and our own amusement.”

Although the group is still getting a great big kick out of what they're doing, they realise that the pop business is not one big giggle. Now that “Whatcha Gonna Do About It” is climbing the NME Chart, the group is taking life a bit more seriously. “We now feel that we'll have to think about follow-ups and so on. We didn't have much to worry us before but now we'll have to work hard,” said Steve.

The Small Faces formed more or less by accident. When Plonk left school at Plaistow (London) he started working in a fairground. After it closed for the winter he decided to form a group round his bass playing. First he wanted a drummer. His brother suggested someone he had heard playing at the local pub – Kenney Jones. Kenney joined Plonk and shortly afterwards they met lead guitarist Steve in a coffee bar in East Ham. They soon recruited him and he suggested the fourth member, a guitarist-organist, a friend of his called Jimmy Winston.

During their first week together the group played at a working men's club in Sheffield. “We went onstage and started the set we'd

planned. Halfway through the manager stopped us, said he was sorry but we were just not right for a working men's club. Anyway, he paid us before we left! But strangely enough there was a woman about 80 who loved us. She knew all the James Brown numbers we played and kept asking for more. The other people, however, just didn't go for our kind of music.”

That episode didn't particularly worry the Small Faces, but what does worry them is that they have been compared with The Who.

“We admire The Who,” said Plonk, “but we have never tried to copy them in any way. We are mods and appeal to mods, but that's about all we have in common with them.”

Kenney added: “At the moment we are trying to get a sound of our own. We want people to recognise us immediately. But we don't want to do this by copying anyone else.”

Being a mod group, does this mean that their appeal is limited to the London area –

the heart of mod territory? “Not in the least,” Steve replied. “There are many places in the North and Midlands that are mod – if not moddier – than London. A crowd of rockers arrived at one of our gigs and we thought a punch-up likely. But they just formed themselves into a circle and danced about. It was great!”

When the group returned from up north, they started working in an East Ham pub. While playing there, an agent liked them and gave them a one-shot at London's Cavern Club in Leicester Square. The group was so popular, they were booked for a five-week residency! Their reputation gradually grew and soon agent Don Arden wanted to sign the Small Faces without seeing or hearing them. The group insisted that he must see them first. When eventually he did see the group, he signed them on the spot.

At the moment the Small Faces are playing dates all over the country – and loving every minute of it. “We've met quite a few well-known groups who have been playing for some years and they all warn us that after a while we won't think it's as much fun as it is just now. But we'll worry about that when the time comes.”

Although they have only been together a short time, the group is already preparing for its first film. “It will be a comedy thriller and we'll be playing several numbers in it,” Steve revealed. And to prove how well they get on together, Steve concluded: “It's hard to believe that six months ago we didn't even know each other!”

Norrie Drummond

**“It's all a gas!
We go onstage
and really enjoy
ourselves”**



Small Faces, November 20, 1965: (l-r) Kenney Jones, Steve Marriott, Ronnie Lane, Jimmy Winston



Macca: happy sharing royalties



“I don’t begrudge the lads their money...”

NME OCTOBER 22 Paul McCartney talks about Matt Monroe’s US hit with “Yesterday”, while MM assembles a celebrity panel to declare their preferred version

ALTHOUGH HE HAS only met Matt Monroe once – and that was long before ‘Yesterday’ was even written – Paul McCartney is delighted at the success of Matt’s hit, “...even if it is a bit – well, you know, not quite round,” he said on Tuesday. “I’m always pleased when somebody has a hit with one of our songs – it’s almost as good as us doing it. One or two people thought we should put ‘Yesterday’ out as the title track of an EP, but of course it’s too late now. So good luck to Matty!”

As a consolation for having missed the British hit parade with his own version, Paul does, of course, have the satisfaction of knowing that it has sold more than a million copies in America. Since he wrote most of the song and his recording doesn’t include any of the other Beatles’ vocal or instrumental talents, didn’t the mind sharing the royalties with them?

“Oh, go away! Of course not! After all, mine wouldn’t have been a hit if I hadn’t been a Beatle, would it? If Ringo got a record to the top of the charts, I’d expect to get a quarter of the money off him. I don’t begrudge the lads their money.”

The best Yesterdays of our lives

MM OCTOBER 22 Which is the best “Yesterday”? The one by The Beatles, by Matt Monroe, or by Marianne Faithfull? MM asks the stars to name their favourite

TOM JONES: It’s a good song and they both do a good performance of it, but I think somebody else could do a better version. Solomon Burke should have done it.

DANA GILLESPIE: I prefer Paul’s because it’s earthy, untrained and youthful. Matt’s is much more polished.

SCOTT WALKER: I prefer Monroe’s because I lean in that direction. I like Paul’s version, too, but I like Monroe’s arrangement.

MANFRED MANN: McCartney. It has a special quality and it’s original in the full sense of the word. It’s got a funny kind of haunting quality. It’s the better record.

PETER ASHER: I like Marianne Faithfull’s and Paul’s but personally prefer the original. I’ll certainly buy Marianne’s.

BARRY McGUIRE: I’ve only heard Paul’s version and I think it’s a work of art. I haven’t heard Matt’s record and I think a fuller backing brings something more.

PAT SHARPE, Nashville Teens: Matt Monroe’s version – it was tailor-made for him. Commercially, The Beatles’ version would have done better. Thelonus Monk could have done it better!

CHRIS ANDREWS: I prefer Paul’s to Matt’s because I imagine that’s the way Paul wanted it to sound. I like Matt’s, but it is a bit “squarer”, though it’s the best record Matt has done for ages.

“Paul’s has got a funny kind of haunting quality. It’s the better record”

PAUL SAMWELL-SMITH, Yardbirds: Paul McCartney’s version. It’s more direct and personal than Matt’s, although his is very good. A terrific number and Paul’s arrangement is fabulous

ELKIE BROOKS: Matt Monroe’s version because Paul McCartney doesn’t need the money!

BRIAN JONES: I prefer the Paul McCartney version because I love the string quartet he uses. The Matt Monroe record is a drag. It’s the sort of thing that is played once on the BBC and then forgotten. I quite like Marianne’s, but I get the impression it was done in a rush.

GRAHAM NASH: I’ve heard an acetate by Cilla Black, and although I much prefer it to Matt Monroe’s, I’m not sure which I prefer between Cilla and Paul’s. Matt makes it a pop song. Paul’s is slightly mystical.

ANDY WILLIAMS: I think Paul’s version is terribly orchestrated, the violins badly voiced. It sounds like a high school string section. But I like the way Paul sings it. Brilliant melody. A class singer doing it would not ring true.

STEVE MARRIOTT, Small Faces: Paul McCartney wrote the song. He knows how it should be sung. It’s nice by Matt Monroe, but Paul is the gunner.

FREDDIE: Matt’s record because he’s a better singer and it has better orchestration. “Yesterday” is one of the best songs the Beatles have written, but Paul’s singing doesn’t do it justice. **DUSTY SPRINGFIELD:** Paul’s version. It has beautiful orchestration. It has a touching quality and I love the string quartet – it’s such a sweet record.

BENE KING: I’ve only vaguely heard Matt’s version. In the States The Beatles are tops, and Paul’s “Yesterday” is very good.

WAYNE FONTANA: Paul’s version because it’s nice and simple. Matt’s record has far too much orchestration.

JOHN CARTER: The Paul McCartney version because he sings it with sincerity. Matt’s version is nice, but it’s more lush than Paul’s.

PETER MURRAY: I’m a great Matt Monroe fan, he has a great voice. I’m delighted he has a hit with “Yesterday”. But I prefer the less sophisticated and more plaintive version by Paul.

MICK JAGGER: I like the Paul McCartney version because it’s the least pretentious of all. I like Marianne’s version because I quite like Marianne. The Matt Monroe version is well sung, but the arrangement is so corny!



1965

OCTOBER–DECEMBER

“Sometimes I think I’ll throw it all in...”

It’s been a successful year for **THE WALKER BROTHERS** – a band that has turned a child actor, a failed pilot and Eddie Fisher’s protégé into stars. Now they can invest in Bentleys and Jack The Ripper’s front door, but are still being thrown out of their flat. **NME**

— **NME OCTOBER 8** —

AFTER THREE WEEKS of intense concentration Gary Leeds announced, “Look, man, I can do the twist,” and so saying – broke his leg and passed out on the floor. That was why four years ago the US Airlines lost a potential pilot and The Walker Brothers gained a drummer. In spite of a few “minor errors”, like getting into the wrong flight corridor over Los Angeles and thus finding himself confronted by a Boeing 707, Gary obtained his pilot’s licence!

“I just looked out of the window and there it was,” Gary said, recalling the incident. Fortunately my instructor was with me and we dived underneath the airliner. But up there for a moment it was really ‘hairy’ [his most overworked word for things that scare him].”

The great difficulty with interviewing slow-talking, slow-walking, easy-going Gary is that you are never sure whether he is there. He sat across the desk from me chain smoking cigarettes taken from attractive girls who “just happened” to drop by. Encased in blue jeans, mustard suede jacket, grey cardigan and imbedded in black zip boots, his face hiding somewhere behind »

CA/REDFERNS

The Walker Brothers on the Ready, Steady, Go! set at Wembley Studios in '65: (l-r) Scott Walker (Scott Engel), Gary Walker (Leeds), John Walker (Maus)



along fringe, sunglasses and a black Stetson, thronged with leather. It gave him the appearance of an evil Boy Scout.

"The hat is called a 'spider'. We bought them from a barber when he went out of business," Gary informed me. He admitted that under all this gear he is not even certain who the real Gary Leeds is!

"The sloppiness is me," he said, flicking his cigarette butt into a shaving mug that seemed to serve as an ashtray. "I like things easy and slow. I wisecrack around to convince my mind that everything is a ball, but the insecurity of showbusiness bothers me. If I start to worry about what happens after The Walker Brothers it gets hairy!"

Enter a young lady looking for her pen or a dog or something.

"Say, I like your socks," said Gary. "You can see the tops and everything... You gotta cigarette?" he says to her. He gets a fag.

In America Gary studied at the Aero-Space Technology College and got his degree. But the leg injury prevented him taking the only job he wanted in the air—a pilot. Gary's father is vice-president of a large company that manufactures perfumes and, incidentally, puts the "flavour" in cokes.

"I tried working up from the bottom in my father's firm," Gary went on. "I worked as a janitor, scrubbing floors and washing bottles for three months. Then I quit. I worked in a factory producing plastic bottle tops after that. I put the plastic in the ovens and cut them out afterwards. I quit and tried hairdressing. I wanted to become a stylist. Cutting hair is

something that still interests me. I cut the boys' hair now when they let me."

Gary enjoys kicking convention in the teeth and one of his ideas is to drive up outside the smallest transport café he can find in a Rolls-Royce. "Sometimes when I eat in a good restaurant and the staff begin to make very unoriginal remarks about our appearance, I like to go up and ask them how much a week they are making with their hair."

It was Gary who was directly responsible for bringing the Walkers to England. He had already spent several weeks in the country as PJ Proby's drummer. "Jim's a great guy but he wanted to go solo and I didn't want him supporting me when I couldn't get a work permit, so I returned to the US.

"I found John and Scott, who were about eight months ahead of everyone else with their long hair outlook, and we teamed up. We got onto a major local TV show regularly, which became nation-wide just after we had decided to come to England. We decided to try and rough it, to get our break in Britain. For the first few weeks we lived on cheese and crackers. A man called Claude Powell, who was backing us, returned to Disneyland. John got pretty restless, but we timed things right. The Beatles and Stones had reached about peak popularity and three Americans with long hair were something new."

Another small interruption here for another young lady to enter with yet another cigarette for him.

Gary got his first real showbusiness experience on a tour with Johnny Rivers while

"We decided to try and rough it, to get our break in Britain"



You're all around me:
The Walker Brothers
in London, 1965

he was still at college. He says he differs from the other two in that he prefers wild rhythm and blues; ie, the big ballads. His friends are mainly those in the business, like Beatle Paul McCartney, who greatly impressed him during a long chat at a London studio recently. Gary shares a bachelor flat in Chelsea with Scott, and at 21 has no thoughts about settling down. "Marriage scares me," he admitted. "I wouldn't consider it unless I had about £10,000 in the bank. It can be a terrible trap with a kid and all."

Enter almost on cue the Walkers' fan club secretary, Lena Sinclair, who flourishes her hand beneath Gary's nose.

"Look, I'm engaged," she said excitedly.

"That's great," drawled Gary, "...to Rodney? ...Congratulations! Do you have a cigarette?" *Keith Altham*

— NME OCTOBER 15 —

JOHNAUSIS is the biggest and most American of The Walker Brothers. His six-foot-four frame filled the doorway and, clad in a white fur coat with face to match, he looked like a polar bear on his hind legs. His mane was slightly awry, and he appeared a little tired. "I start out from my flat in Regent's Park looking lovely," he drawled. "By the time I've walked two blocks for a cab, the wind's got my hair, the rain is coming down, the kids from the park have caught me and I'm destroyed!"

He took off his coat, shivered, realised it was Charing Cross, London, not Inglewood, California, and hastily replaced it before folding himself into an armchair, with his long legs bent around him.

If it were not for that halo of long, fair hair, this tall, broad-shouldered, blue-eyed son of the surf might easily be described as an all-American boy.

"At school I was Mr Athlete!" cracked John. "I played baseball, swam and played 'end' in football, the position you don't get hit. Then one day this guy threw me a 'tremendo' ball and I shot off down the field. This big fella came up behind me and when he hit me I went up and up and thought I would never come down! Oh boy, I flew straight into the air. It was all over! I crashed down and it felt like my back was broken. I got a cartilage injury which still aches in the cold weather, and one tooth pushed permanently behind the others." He smiled to show me.

The doctors informed John he could have an operation for his knee, but it might leave one leg shorter than the other. "I mean, I can just see me walking along with one foot on the kerb!" said John, shaking his head despondently. The accident put paid to his ideas of becoming a professional baseball player, and he threw himself headlong into the one subject which interested him at college—history.

"I did a lot of work on early civilisations. The Greek, Roman and Egyptian periods fascinated me. I have this theory that all great civilisations destroy themselves." He waved his arms. "We're not doing too well, are we?"

John launched upon his musical career in the fifth grade, where they encouraged children to play a musical instrument. "I chose the saxophone and played it for two years," continued John. "I had good taste then. I was 11. I liked the big bands. My musical appreciation has slipped since then."

Benny Goodman became one of John's idols and he turned to the clarinet, but when his sister Judy took up the violin he decided that was what he really wanted.

"It was a mistake, and I threw it in after a year," said John. "Yet it left me with a love of strings, and if Mantovani comes on the TV or radio at home—no-one moves!" The Hawaiian guitar and then the electric guitar followed the violin, and John began buying every rock'n'roll record he could get, to learn the guitar breaks. Chuck Berry was his inspiration, and eventually he and sister Judy formed a beat group, which became quite big in California. "I haven't told

you yet about John Maus, actor," interjected John. "When I was 12 I was making more money as a child actor than I am now as a top group member! They put me in those little suits with a collar and a tie; I was the perfect miniature gentleman!" He looked suitably disgusted with himself about this. "I had a fringe right down to my nose, so I got the 'Are-you-a-girl-or-a-boy?' bit at a very early age. They always cast me as a hick kid. Finally me and my freckles landed me a role in a new TV series with Betty Hutton called *Hello Mom*.

"I was to get 300 dollars a week for this alone. At 12, it was a fortune. At the last minute Betty Hutton refused to do the series, and the shock put me off acting for life."

It was about this time that John first met Scott, who had come to the TV studios with an actor friend who was auditioning for a role. The producer took one look at Scott and insisted he take the part as he was so much like John, whom he had already cast. "We hated one another right off," grinned John. "He thought I was a smug, conceited little!*" and I thought he was a smart, know-it-all little!*"! It wasn't until much later we became friends. It's funny how his career and mine have run almost parallel. Something happened to Scott as a solo singer like happened to me with

acting. He was singing very young as a kind of protégé of Eddie Fisher's. When Fisher went to pieces over Liz Taylor, Scott got screwed up right along with him. It put him right off solo singing."

John met Scott again in Pasadena a couple of years back, and they went into a huddle in a coffee house. They came up with the idea of a trio. "I got this guy called Tiny, who was at college with me, to play drums," said John. "He didn't really fit with our image, though. Not that he was bad looking, but I mean if you ever see a guy who weighs 280 pounds and looks better than Tiny, I'd like to see him!"

Eventually, the Walkers met Gary, who fitted in as a drummer and in image and the next step was

"Hello, England!"

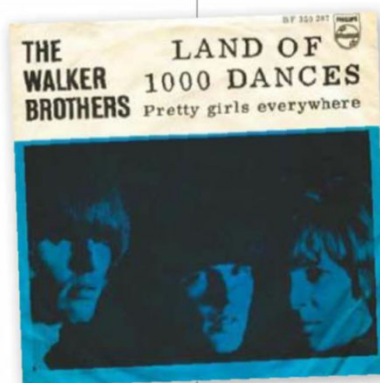
John admits that he is more Americanised than the others, and a few weeks ago found himself so homesick that he had to return for a few days. "You see, I have to protect people like my sister, who has no brains," said John. "She has this sympathy for derelict young men, and I'm the only one who can straighten her out."

His much-publicised marriage recently revealed in the national press worries him from only one point of view. "Kathy is a very quiet and gentle person and I wanted her protected from the kind of showbusiness whirlpool that we get mixed up in. I wanted her to get the peace and quiet of a normal marriage—now that's been spoilt."

John sees his future back in California in five years' time, when he intends to invest in some real estate and retire. As I left, my last view of him was as he walked across to the electric fire, zipped up his coat and began warming his knee cartilage. It looks like a long, cold, successful winter for him. *Keith Altham*

— NME OCTOBER 22 —

HIS MOTHER CALLS him "the madman". His manager, agent and publicist call him all kind of things when he disappears for days without telling anyone where he is going! Photographers and reporters like myself get most irritable when he cancels out of an appointment at the last moment. Scott Engel finally arrived for our appointment last Friday evening just six hours after our original meeting time. He strode in wearing blue denims, fixed his publicist »



"I chose the saxophone and played it for two years. I was 11"

SCOTT—YOUR FINAL

WALKER
A WEEK

HIS mother calls him "the madman." His manager, agent and publicist call him all kind of things when he disappears for days without telling anyone where he is going! Photographers, reporters like myself get most irritable when he cancels out of an appointment at the last moment.

Scott Engel finally arrived for our appointment last Friday evening just six hours after our original meeting time. He strode in wearing blue denims, fixed his publicist with an engaging smile, swept off his dark glasses with a flourish, observed triumphantly: "Hey—I'm on time for this one—aren't I?"

Someone once observed that they wanted very much to hate Scott Engel "but he was so damn likeable!" That

such a beat-your-neighbour-out town place," he explained. "It's too material."

"But you have your extremes! I guess Chase Chetena 'bippies' disgusting. Have you seen the 'Darling'? That about sums them up." Scott regards himself as prima singer. He has had the experience working and talking with men like Nietzsche. This singer and song back in the States.

"I was good friends with

with an engaging smile, swept off his dark glasses with a flourish, observed triumphantly: “Hey! I’m on time for this one, aren’t I?”

Someone once observed that they wanted very much to hate Scott Engel, “but he was so damn likeable!” That about sums up this six-foot paradox, who is the most worried, most confused and most talented member of The Walker Brothers. “I’m the guy they all hate,” agreed Scott with a sigh as he settled into an armchair. “I produce all the records. I do most of the negotiating with the agency and sign most of the contracts. A great deal of responsibility rests on my shoulders, and when the complaints come in, I’m the one who gets it first! I drink too much. Go home to Chelsea in the early morning and get up too late. Sometimes I get depressed and think I’ll throw it all in. But I love the music.

“Sometimes I just have to get away from it all, like last week. I disappeared for two days, and no-one knew where I was. They were on the point of phoning the papers when I turned up.

“I was with a few artist friends. We were having a party. I feel like I left a part of me at Hollywood High where I was studying art. The other evening I nearly got arrested in Knightsbridge where I was staring in a window at this painting. Actually it was four in the morning and I stared a bit too long; fortunately the constable recognised me.”

Gary came in with a hamburger for Scott, who swallowed his first meal of the day. He knows that he is working, living and playing too hard. In spite of the fact that he had just signed a contract with Philips Records as an independent producer and was going into partnership with his agent, Arthur Howes, in a music publishing concern, he told me he was trying to “minimise” the work.

“I’m cutting out as many of the interviews as I can,” said Scott. “You may have noticed that John and Gary have been doing all the press interviews. I wouldn’t have done this one had it not been for the fact I know you and it’s on me. I’ve got to have more time.”

Scott’s parents are separated, although he confided to me that shortly before leaving America for England he phoned his father for a meeting. “It was the first time I’d seen him in 15 years,” said Scott. “He’s a wealthy man in the old business and every Christmas I get two or three grand as a present. He flew all the way from Houston to see me and gave me some money to get through high school. I blew part of it on a motorcycle and banked the rest. I guess he knows what a flake I am. He was in London a few weeks back but couldn’t get in touch with me; I don’t think he knows what I’m doing.”

At high school he had learnt the double bass and majored in music before switching to the electric bass. “Later I tried singing solo,” said Scott. “I sang at a luncheon in Palm Springs. Eddie Fisher was there and kind of adopted me. He took me on 15 or 16 major TV shows with him, but then he got burned up over Elizabeth Taylor and my deal fell through. I’d rather not talk about it,” he added and meant it. “Mom doesn’t understand when I ring and tell her that now I can’t even go out on the streets without being mobbed,” smiled Scott. “I’ve always had a great respect for her – nothing Oedipus! She’s an antique fiend – I’d love to bring her across here for Christmas. She’d love England.”

Contributing to Scott’s other headaches is his dislike of travelling. “I was involved in five write-off car accidents in America,” revealed Scott. “When we come back from a gig, Gary and John are asleep in the car; I’m wide awake, waiting for it. Our driver is good but he has a right-hand drift!” He laughed at himself at the thought.

Unlike John, he does not miss America and his home town. “America is very much a beat-your-neighbour-out-of-town place,” he explained. “It’s totally material. ‘But you have your extremes here; I mean those Chelsea ‘hippies’ are disgusting. Have you seen the film *Darling*? That about sums them up.”

Onstage in the mid-’60s, with John Walker singing and Scott Walker playing bass



Scott regards himself as primarily a singer. He has had the experience of working and talking with men like Jack Nitzsche, Phil Spector and Sonny Bono back in the States. “I was good friends with people like Proby,” said Scott. “I hear that he hates me now. I hope that’s not true. He’s such a talented guy.”

Gary came back into the room to remind Scott that he was late for another appointment. Scott got up, expressing worry that John’s recent marriage may have an effect on the popularity of the group.

“I just don’t know whether I’m going to get through this year,” said Scott, half-joking, half in earnest. Then he went into a long discussion about a trip abroad with his publicist.

I’ve never gone in for giving advice in my features, nor do I believe it is a desirable thing to do so. I should like to make an exception for Scott. As a friend I offer him two words of advice – SLOW DOWN! Keith Altham

— NME DECEMBER 17 —

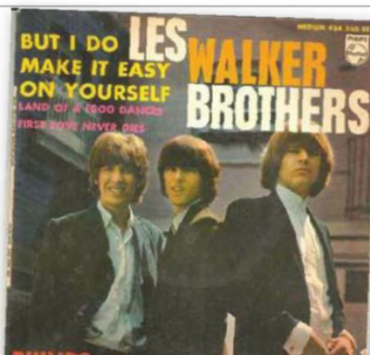
ON THE LARGE green door of their flat, a fan has scraped PJ Proby’s name in large letters. The door knocker disappeared along with the bell some months ago, prey of ardent souvenir hunters. Inside the flat I found – temporarily – Scott and Gary. “They’re throwing us out!” sighed Gary. “A little man came around the other day with a big petition signed by about 100 people who claimed to have heard our last party about three blocks away. Then he began to take an inventory of the fixtures in the flat. He just kept noting down things and repeating, ‘Wall, that’s been destroyed,’ and now we gotta go.”

He ushered me into the living room, which looked rather like Gamages Toyland after a cavalry charge. On the wall hung a six-foot purple scarf which was embroidered with names of Scott, Gary and John. A large Union Jack was spread across the opposite wall and a full-length picture of Opposite Hardy (a property of Scott) was pinned up in one corner. The mantelpiece, floor and odd corners were completely buried with toy animals and gonks of every description that have been given to them by the fans.

Scott was philosophical about their eviction: “We’d just got the place smelling nice and ‘funky’. You like the smell in here, Keith? We put a kipper in the hot-air machine to get that just right about three days ago!”

I was introduced to the new inmate – John Stewart – who is one of Scott’s close friends and has just flown over from California to join him in his newly formed Super Records Company. Scott talked to me about some of the problems he hopes to overcome while producing his independent recordings. “It’s not like Andrew Oldham says, that you have bad studios here,” said Scott. “It’s the approach and attitude to recording which is bad. What I did object to at Philips is that just as we are getting a nice feel on the disc and the atmosphere is

“Every
Christmas
I get two or
three grand as
a present”





Performing on UK TV show *Thank Your Lucky Stars*

right, suddenly everyone gets up as one man and off they go for a tea break. The feeling is completely lost. Also we are expected to record three tracks at every session.

"When I record at the Pye studios next week with an 18-piece band, we'll do one number until it is right—even if it takes eight hours to do it."

"We are also going to record Gary as a solo vocalist next week. He is the only one of us who is not contracted to Mercury Records as a vocalist, and so I can record him independently and we'll sell to the highest bidder."

I asked him if he was happy about their newly released first LP *Take It Easy With The Walker Brothers*. "No I'm not," said Scott, who is his own severest critic. "I don't know why, because everyone else is happy. But I feel that on some of the tracks, like 'Land Of A Thousand Dances' and 'Dancing In The Street', we should have taken more time.

Several of the tracks were rushed and are unbelievably bad. But some things on it are really beautiful. I think you'd dig tracks like 'The Girl I Lost In The Rain' and 'First Love Never Dies'."

As John was not in our company, I asked Gary to give us some news about him. "You know that Bentley John bought?" said Gary. "The one that's the only thing in his life? The one that he's been raving about for weeks? Well... it fell apart! He was driving down the road and the sun roof snapped open forever. Now he gets more snow in the car than there is outside! The windscreen wipers won't work when the rain pressure is too hard and the heater has jammed. Yesterday he told me the door had fallen off."

"Now let me see—what else? Oh yeah, his alsatian pups made their 1,000th puddle on his front-room carpet, they had a little celebration there for that, and they also ate a hole through his bathroom wall."

Scott, meanwhile was interrupted while playing his guitar by the postman delivering a pile of letters.

"Why do Lloyds of London keep writing to me?" sighed Scott. "For the first time in my life I have a bank account with money in it and they keep writing to me to tell me about it."

Meanwhile Gary leapt to his feet and rushed to the window as a van drew up outside: "Thank God," he cried. "It's the TV man," and he disappeared out the door.

"Gary blew the thing up about three weeks ago while trying to get BBC Two," explained Scott. "It took us two weeks to locate who owned the set so that we could get someone to repair it and another week for the man to turn up."

Gary's other claim to fame at present is that he has acquired a genuine front door with "the actual knocker and everything" through which Jack The Ripper passed to murder one of his victims. He has placed it

strategically under his bed. "Hairy, isn't it?" said Gary, delightedly. "I saw the film about the Ripper, *Study Of Terror*, about six times."

From then on things got out of hand. Scott began playing at DJ and hopping around the room alternately to answer telephone calls. He played two albums, by Jack Jones and Wes Montgomery, before playing the new Sinatra LP. "You must hear this track, 'The September Of My Years'," said Scott. "The feeling in his voice is incredible and the arrangements are fantastic. This is my kind of music."

Then Gary took me away in a taxi to their manager's office, where I was enrolled as an honorary member of the fan club by a little blonde in a high skirt called Alex. Gary tried

to borrow £10 (unsuccessfully) from everyone and left to find another taxi to take us back to town. Just as Gary had hailed a cab by the simple expedient of stepping into the middle of the busy high street and jumping up and down, he got what he called "a pastry attack". He returned five minutes later with a box of sickening cakes which I was compelled to consume with him.

As we howled along Bond Street stuffing éclairs, he suddenly donned his sunglasses and leapt from the taxi and into Vidal Sassoon's hairdressing salon. That was the last I saw of him—it was a funny old afternoon! *Keith Altham* •

"It's the approach and attitude to recording that's bad here"

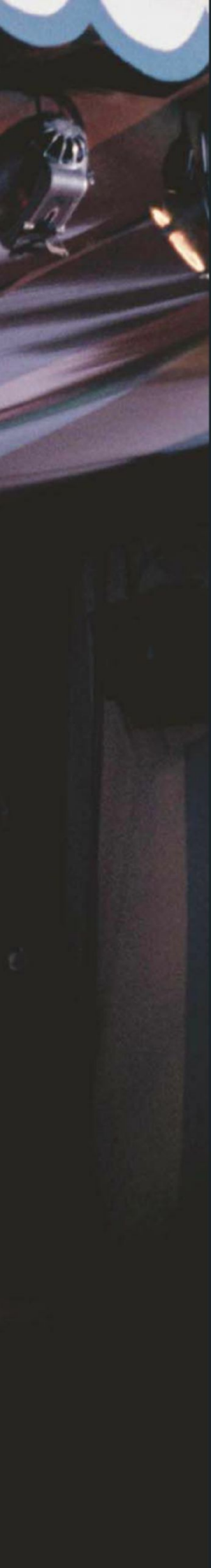
1965

OCTOBER—DECEMBER



CHRIS MORPHEE/REDFERNS

"We should have had a tour here by now": a frustrated Yardbirds perform at the fifth Richmond Jazz & Blues Festival, August 6, 1965



Never mind the rave-ups, it's all satirical revues and Gregorian chants for **THE YARDBIRDS** now. **NME** and **MM** meet a changed band, while their guardian angel **JIMMY PAGE** offers advice to young guitarists: "Keep flogging away at the chord changes."

"We've
left
R&B
behind..."

— **NME** OCTOBER 22 —

IT COULD BE the flop of the year – or it could be the biggest thing in package shows since the invention of the electric guitar. I'm talking about the controversially different tour of Britain that Manfred Mann and The Yardbirds will make together next month. Both these top groups have decided to stake their careers on appearing in a package show that will be as way-out as you can imagine. There will be big names – but the bill won't consist of just a string of groups of singers. It will be a **POP SATIRICAL REVUE!**

To my mind, this is taking a bigger gamble than ever before. Even promoters who have tried to "produce" pop shows have not gone this far. How do The Yardbirds feel about it? I asked member Chris Dreja when we met this week... hanging out of a first-floor window off London's Brompton Road! He and Manfred Paul Jones were posing for a picture.

He was right way up when we got down to the serious topic of the forthcoming show.

Said Chris: "No doubt about it, we are taking a risk. This has never been done before, and we don't know if the fans will take to the idea of having satirical sketches as well as beat. We think they will – that's why we're doing it. But we also hope we'll see some what you might call 'young adults' in the audience, people with the intelligence and sophistication to appreciate what we're doing." »

1965

OCTOBER–DECEMBER

Yardbird Keith Relf strolled into the room and chimed in: “One thing that would spoil it would be screams. You can’t get away with gags and comedy if people can’t hear for the noise. Still, we think the fans will appreciate that we’re trying to give them a good show and at least give us a chance.”

Whatever the reaction, you’ll notice that The Yardbirds place a lot of importance on doing something different. They almost have contempt for groups that turn out the same stuff time after time. Says Keith: “Like the so-called way-out groups that you go along to see, and they’re just doing ‘I’m A Hog For You Baby’, like everybody else.”

Understandably, having both sides of a disc in the chart at the same time is making them almost burst with joy. And they still haven’t adjusted to it. Says Chris: “Ask us our favourite and we’ll tell you ‘Still I’m Sad’ every time. I tell you, if I wasn’t a member of The Yardbirds, it would be my favourite record in the chart! I can’t tell you how knocked out and proud we are of this record. It’s got originality, and that’s what we always aim for. To last in the charts these days you’ve definitely got to be original.”

Just how much importance The Yardbirds place on their music might be shown in this comment from Keith: “Just a few weeks ago we had a letter from a girl who said one of our records made her think of autumn leaves and soft, green meadows. This is just what we want. We like to feel we’re producing an emotional experience in sound.” *Alan Smith*

— MELODY MAKER OCTOBER 16 —

DERESSED AND FRUSTRATED. That’s how The Yardbirds feel this week as their latest release escalates up the chart to No 14. The Yardbirds are now Britain’s most experimental group. While other groups talk about trying to be “different”, The Yardbirds are quietly doing it. But things are happening for them too quietly. They appreciate the occasional pin-up, but they feel they are not getting due credit for their music. Ideas are bubbling out of the group – mostly the inspiration of bassist Paul Samwell-Smith.

It was Paul who wanted to use harpsichord and bongos on “For Your Love”, and it was Paul and drummer Jim McCarty who wrote the most interesting side of their double-hit, “Still I’m Sad”, based on a 13th-century Gregorian chant. “People now expect each of our records to be different,” said quietly spoken leader Keith Relf this week. “But as far as publicity is concerned, it’s completely up the spout, and I don’t even know if it exists for us. We need publicity of a certain kind – about the music we are trying to play.”

Said guitarist Jeff Beck: “The Yardbirds have been going for about 18 months now and nobody has been saying they are going to be the next thing, like they do for other groups. We get very despondent when we try so hard.”

“Something very drastic is going to happen,” promised Keith. “The present mood of the group is one of frustration. But it’s a calculated period of frustration,” he added mysteriously. The Yardbirds are upset with their overall lack of exposure.

“We’re trying to create an emotional experience with music”

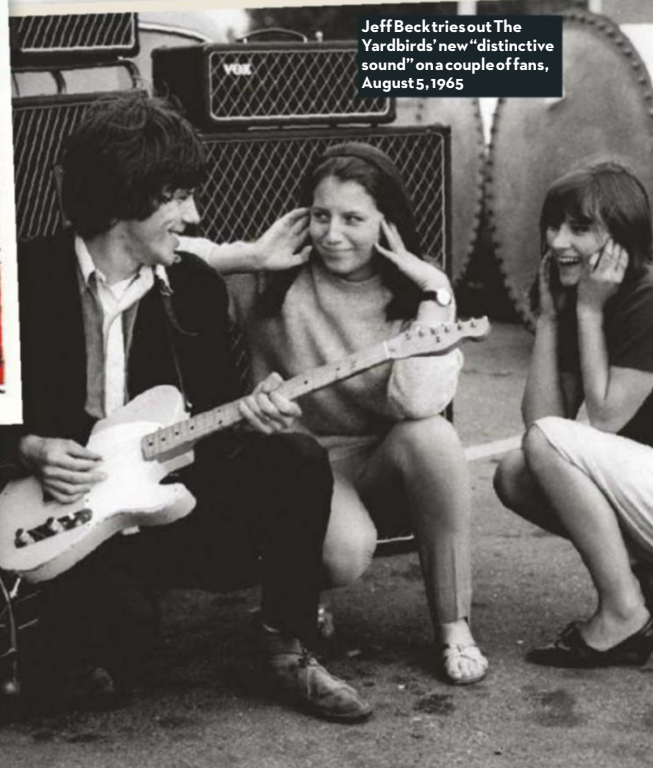
Gomelsky calls “free-form” rock’n’roll. “Our new record is a kind of religious chant. We wanted a distinctive sound and I think we’ve got it. I’m pleased about the record,” said Paul. “I think it stands a chance of making No 1 and holding it this time. I’d rather see ‘Still I’m Sad’ at No 1 than ‘Evil Hearted You’. It was an experiment we tried just for fun. We used seven voices, and one of them is Giorgio.”

“The backing has a six-string guitar, hi-hat and a triangle,” said Keith. “The song is intense and emotional, and I can sing it as blue as I can get it.” As 1965 creeps into autumn, pop people are asking, “Who’s going to be big?” They could take a look at The Yardbirds.

— MELODY MAKER NOVEMBER 6 —

TALK OF FREE-FORM improvisation has been floating round the jazz world for some time, but as yet it has never been applied to pop music. Not until The Yardbirds, that is. The Yardbirds, who startled the pop world with their double-sided hit “Still I’m Sad” and “Evil Hearted You” are applying free-form to their own music.

Lead singer Keith Relf, lead guitarist Jeff Beck and rhythm guitarist Chris Dreja gathered at their manager Giorgio Gomelsky’s flat-cum-office to discuss their musical policies. Keith said: “We’re not really following any one vein of music. Our musical policies are like a tree with branches going in different directions from the main trunk. We’re using different forms of music and getting more and more experimental. We are not falling into any musical category, but we are experimenting all the time and drawing upon all kinds of music. What we’re trying to do on our ballroom and club dates is create an emotional experience, both for us and the audience, through our music. We are trying to attract the audience into the



Jeff Beck tries out The Yardbirds' new "distinctive sound" on a couple of fans, August 5, 1965



SOUND SEEKERS
THE YARDBIRDS MADE A HIT OUT OF A GREGORIAN CHANT—NOW THE SEARCHERS AFTER THE POP TRUTH ARE ABOUT

ballrooms and clubs to experience the emotional benefit that can come from music. We're experimenting with all kinds of free-form in our music, in the same way as jazzmen use free-form for their own expression. To this end, we are drawing on all kinds of music, including, of course, the 13th-century Gregorian stuff that we used on 'Still I'm Sad'.

"We try hard to make each one of our records different from the last. At the start, we used a harpsichord on 'For Your Love', for example, and have tried to be as different as possible each time. We took a big risk when we released 'Still I'm Sad' as an A-side with 'Evil Hearted You', but we felt that 'Evil' wasn't really strong and wanted to put a really unusual, experimental thing on the other side. We spent a lot of time and money recording it."

Chris Dreja chipped in: "The idea started about 18 months ago, really when Paul Samwell-Smith got the sort of 'monk' idea. When we decided to do something like this and go out on a limb by putting it on our new release, Sam had the idea of a ponderous piano effect using deep chords, but this didn't work out. We did it with the voices instead; recording on two tracks of a four-track recording after the backing had been done. When the record was reduced, it produced this weird, multi-voiced effect. It was far better in fact than just double-tracking over and over again. We took a chance making it the A-side, too, but we wanted to do a very unconventional thing on record. For example, we almost used Indian musicians on 'Heart Full Of Soul', but in the end Jeff did the Indian influence on guitar. We wondered if it would get the plugs, but two different publishers handled the sides and there was a lot of competition."

"People have asked us how we were going to do it on stage, but it comes over very well using voices with our own amplification system and we can get the full mystery and strangeness that Sam and Keith first sensed."

Jeff Beck and Keith said that musically what they were aiming for was to portray and create emotion through abstract sounds. "An abstract painter creates emotion through the medium of his painting. We are trying to create the same sort of emotion using our music as our paints," said Keith. "We are overflowing with ideas, perhaps too many," said Jeff. "Many of them suffer from being too vague. When we play to an audience, we are sometimes afraid that by doing our experimental numbers people will laugh and think we're playing a joke. That's why we include the sort of technical numbers, like a guitar boogie piece, to show people that we can play all the ordinary stuff, like the R&B ravers, but are trying to take them a step further experimentally."

"We try hard to achieve this and when we feel we're getting over to the audience, we go wild ourselves, hoping and sometimes succeeding in taking the audience with us."

"We feel," said Keith, that with 'Still I'm Sad' we've opened up the pop music scene to all musical influences. It's important, too, to be able to play your instrument to its limit. Many expert musicians who are brilliant technically wouldn't play like us or do the sort of things we do with our instruments to create emotion—like prolonged feedback, for instance. But I'm sure they'd appreciate what we are experimenting with and trying to achieve. We are applying the principles of free-form improvisation and extemporisation to pop music. I feel we've left behind the R&B school that we used to belong to. We just use R&B numbers—and a lot of others, too—as raw material for our experiments."

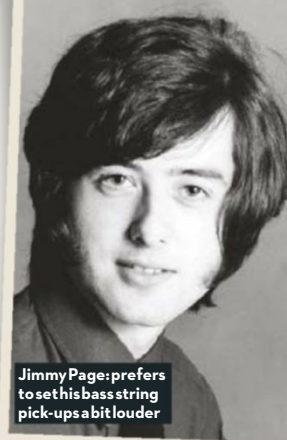
I listened to an acetate of a number which The Yardbirds cut in Memphis, Tennessee during their recent American tour and which is almost certain to be their next single release. "It utilises some of the principles we've been talking about," said Keith, "with the free improvisation of the guitar in the middle. We've been a bit worried about the lyric. We think people might take it for a protest song, which it isn't. It's more of a comment song. We have no intention of climbing on to any protest bandwagon."

The number certainly has some experimental noises, though there's a strain of the Gregorian chant feel about it, too. And it's certainly a new sound for The Yardbirds.

The Yardbirds have a new LP for release within the next few weeks and have already taped about half of it. "One side will be devoted to R&B stuff that the fans want, but arranged in our own way and completely different from the way anyone else has done them," said Jeff Beck. *Alan Walsh* •

"The books start off with a lot of guff about music..."

MM November 6 Sessioneer JIMMY PAGE, the man The Yardbirds call "the guv'nor", offers his advice to aspirant guitarists. "Get in a group..."



Jimmy Page: prefers to set his bass string pick-ups a bit louder

"I KNOW IT DOESN'T help when you're flat broke, but the biggest tip I can give anyone starting to play guitar is to get the best guitar you can afford—even if you can't really afford it!" said one of Britain's top session guitarists, Jimmy Page. "Buy the best you can, because constant 'swapping' will cost you a lot of money in the end. Part exchange usually ends up costing you a fair bit. Get a good guitar straight away. Always buy a guitar with a well-known name. Don't get an obscure foreign make—the neck will probably drop off after one week."

Twenty-one-year-old Page went on: "There are three main points

to watch for when you're buying a guitar. Firstly, make sure the neck is straight. You can look down the body of the guitar to check this. Secondly, make sure the harmonic note

on the 12th fret down is in tune with the open note on the 12th fret. If it is in tune there's nothing to worry about. If not, the neck could be up the spout, or the bridge is out of position.

"Thirdly, try out the guitar's action. You want to look out for a good action—so make sure that when you place your fingers in one of the chord positions you have learnt, the strings don't push your fingers back into the air. The action can be adjusted by altering the bridge, or pruning the neck back by altering the truss rod, at the bottom of the neck. The only other thing is the pick-ups on an electric guitar; make sure these are adjustable in some way or another, so they can be taken up or down. They transmit the sound of your strings to the amplifier, so if one string always seems to be louder than the others, then screw the pick-up pole, under that string, down a bit. I prefer to have my bass string pick-ups a bit

louder, because you're inclined to lose the bass sounds."

Once the beginner has bought a satisfactory guitar, how should he get about learning to play it?

"Personally, I don't think that there is a good guitar tutor book on the market. The books usually start off with a lot of guff about music: 'This is a minim,' and so on. What you want is some basic chord shapes. Music at this stage is useless. No, I think the best thing is to get in with someone who plays a bit of guitar already. Everybody knows someone who plays guitar. When you've got some way, get in a group. There's always someone in a group who can teach you something."

"I think the best tuition is to listen to records. Slow down LPs to 16rpm and learn solos, things like that. Always practise things that you don't already know. It's useless

doing things you can. Try to play things that are above you. They may take a week to get off, but what an accomplishment! If you're really keen, it'll come by itself. Keep flogging away at the chord changes and all that."

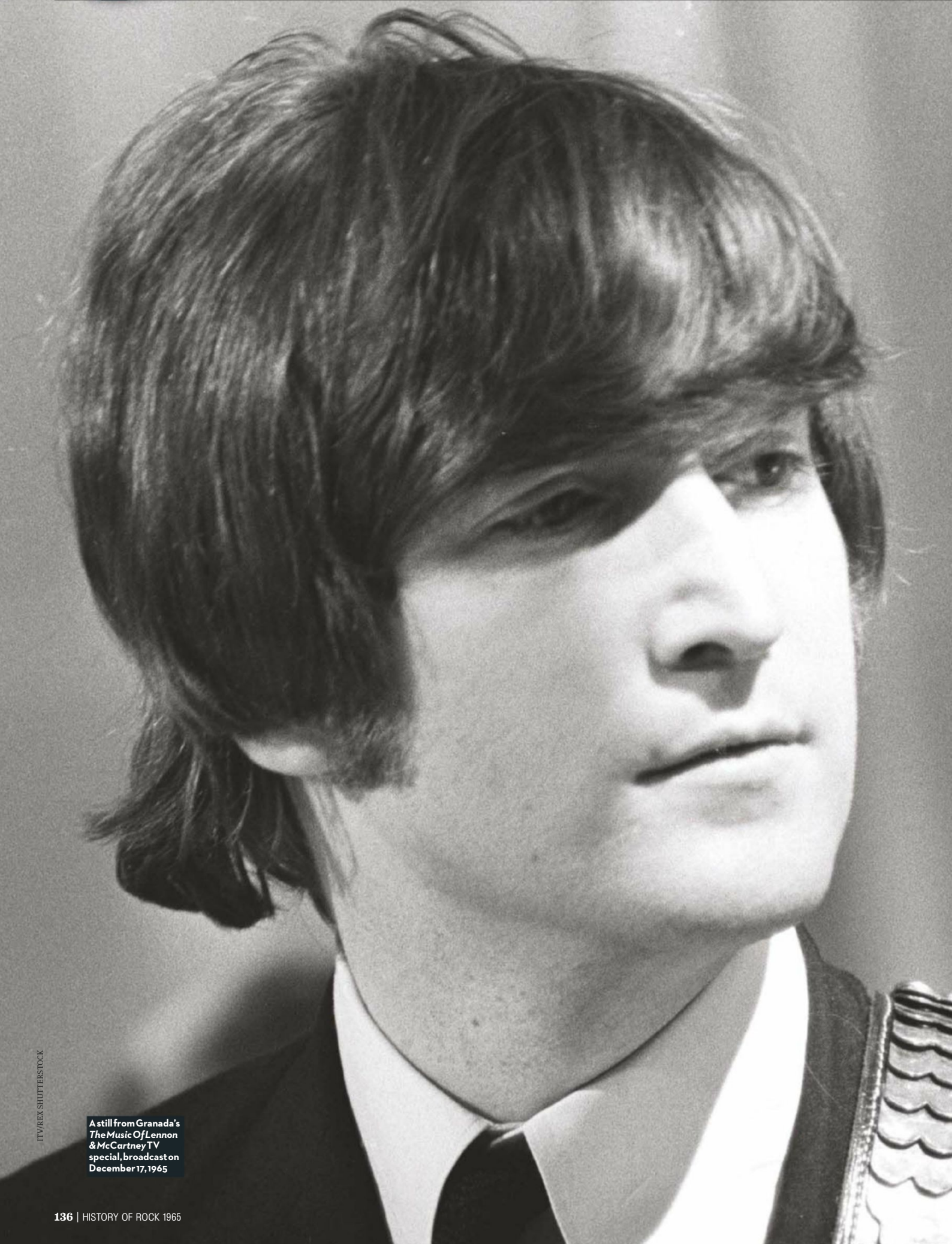
Has Jimmy got any tips for playing blues guitar, a style he is particularly proficient in?

"For blues guitar, the best thing is to destroy the guitar. I hope this isn't too technical but it simply is this: put a 6th string on the 5th; the 5th becomes a 4th, the 4th, a 3rd, and so on. When you get to the top E, use a banjo octave string—which is normally tuned to G or A—and tune it to top E. All the strings are now at equal tension. You'll get a raving authentic blues sound you hear on most pop records with that bending string sound. The only other thing is: learn to read when you've got the elementary stuff under your belt. You'll never get a job as a session guitarist without some reading!"

"Slow down LPs to 16rpm and learn solos. Practise things you don't already know"

1965

OCTOBER—DECEMBER



ITV/REX SHUTTERSTOCK

A still from Granada's
*The Music Of Lennon
& McCartney* TV
special, broadcast on
December 17, 1965



“We
always
worry...
who
wouldn’t?”

A year on, and is Beatlemania dead or alive on the band’s hastily arranged December UK tour? Police presence and broken guitars notwithstanding, the Fabs are all business. MM harvests Lennon’s opinions, while NME discovers how for the band it’s a case of “a big steak, a wash and a press conference”.

— MELODY MAKER NOVEMBER 13 —

Lennon’s eye view on... the Beat Scene

Beat music has been with us for so long, it is stupid to say that it won’t last, at least in some form or another. It has proved that it was not, and still IS not, merely a craze. It can’t disappear – just like that!

I personally haven’t a clue as to how the scene will progress – what, if anything, will replace it. In any case, I don’t like predictions – they were always vague and invariably wrong. If I knew I could make a fortune...!

I find that predictions are usually made by someone with a phoney group that they want to get away. If anyone wants to know what the future holds – why not ask [clairvoyant and astrologer] Maurice Woodruff?

Lennon’s eye view on... protest songs

If there is anything I hate it is labels such as this. The “protest” label in particular means absolutely nothing – it’s just something that the press has latched onto, and as usual has flogged to death! Some of the songs which appear to come under this heading are simply good songs – some are not. But personally I have no time for the “Eve Of Destruction” songs. In any case, the label is so wide. I just don’t believe in it – it’s too wide even to consider. Just like the original Merseyside label. That one even included The Rolling Stones and The Dave Clark Five. How stupid can you get? »

(Paul heard this remark and continued in a stage whisper: “I’m writing a protest song – about John!”)

Lennon’s eye view on... “Yesterday”

This song was around for months and months before we finally completed it. Paul wrote nearly all of it but we just couldn’t find the right title. Every time we got together to write songs or for a recording session, this would come up.

We called it “Scrambled Egg” – and it became a joke between us. We almost had it finished, we had made up our minds that only a one-word title would suit – and believe me, we just couldn’t find the right one. Then one morning Paul woke up – and the song and the title were both there – completed. I know it sounds like a fairytale – but it is the plain truth. I was sorry in a way – we had so many laughs about it. And it has now been issued in America as an orchestral piece by George Martin called “Scrambled Egg”! This was after our version of “Yesterday” – something to do with copyright. Now we are getting letters from fans telling us that they’ve heard a number called “Scrambled Egg” that’s a dead copy of ‘Yesterday’...

Lennon’s eye view on... the new tour

Some people are complaining that the tour is too short – and we would have liked a longer tour ourselves. It’s good for us, make no mistake, and half the time we can get home nights – not like touring America. But originally we didn’t have a British tour scheduled for this year – we just hadn’t the time. We should have started our third film (suggested title *Talent For Loving*), which was to be a cowboy epic. The nearest location for the outdoor scenes was Spain, but it got so late in the year we couldn’t risk the weather, so it was postponed ‘til the spring. Which left us with just enough time before Christmas to play the dates that were lined up.

I’m glad to hear that the tickets are going well [I’d told him that the Finsbury Park concerts were sold out in seven hours]. We always worry – who wouldn’t with all the knockers around? On our last tour, when we got to one Yorkshire town, we were shaken to find there were some empty seats. Then we discovered that the mayor or somebody had stopped the fans from queuing for seats, and insisted on postal bookings only.

I suppose a lot of fans thought they would be wasting their time writing. I personally always have that fear – that perhaps they think the queues would be too big and they wouldn’t stand a chance of getting tickets, and they would stand even less chance if they wrote. If they all thought this way we might conceivably get no-one there!

Then it would be said that we were slipping – but that’s my excuse anyway! *Jerry Dawson*

— NME DECEMBER 10 —

LIKE SOMETHING FROM the world of James Bond and international intrigue, a sleek Austin Princess with black tinted windows headed out of London in the bleak early hours of Thursday morning, streaking with 007 speed in the direction of the English-Scottish border.

Inside the car it was a different story. Slumped cosily in the comfort of four specially fitted armchairs were those most un-Bond-like characters, The Beatles – eating fish and chips from newspaper! This was breakfast and lunch rolled into one for them.

I flew to Glasgow to follow the show for *NME* readers and I have been the only journalist to stay with the four right through until the middle of this week. I will not say it has been the greatest tour The Beatles have ever played. I know the group can do without hypocrisy like that. At the same time, the national newspaper journalists who’ve delighted in playing down their impact could well have their heads examined.

Crazy Beatlemania is over, certainly. Beatles fans are now a little bit more sophisticated than Rolling Stones followers, for instance, and there were certainly no riots at the Glasgow opening night. But there were two jam-packed houses, some fainting fits, and thunderous waves of screams that set the city’s Odeon theatre trembling. At one point I was literally deafened for a time by the surging, screaming waves of sound coming from the audience.

But let me put you in the picture as it happened from Glasgow to Newcastle, on to Liverpool and then to Manchester earlier this week. It was late on Thursday night when The Beatles’ Austin Princess arrived at Berwick-on-Tweed on the English-Scottish border. High-security arrangements had been made for them to stay at a small hotel in the town, and they worked so well that only a few people were there to see them off the next morning!

Friday morning’s drive to Glasgow brought almost the only untoward incident of the tour. It seems that 14 Beatle guitars were strapped to the boot of the Austin Princess, but on a particularly bumpy stretch of road, one of them – a Gretsch belonging to George – fell out and into the path of oncoming traffic.

George told me later: “Around 12 lorries went over it before our chauffeur could get near it. Then one of the lorries stopped and the driver came up with the dangling remains of it and said, ‘Oi, is there ‘ere banjo anyfink to do wiv you?’ Some people would say I shouldn’t worry because I could buy as many replacement guitars as I wanted, but you know how it is. I kind of got attached to it.”

The guitar incident over, The Beatles’ car drove on and eventually arrived at Glasgow’s Central Hotel late in the afternoon. It was the ideal place for them to stay – built like a grim, impregnable fortress, and so big inside you could comfortably use a taxi to get about. Even then you’d need a good driver and a map.

A big steak, a wash, and then the boys were whisked off to a press conference. It was set for 4.45pm, but they’d been told it would start at 4pm. The idea was that they’d be late for four o’clock – but on time for quarter to five. They actually arrived at the conference at 5.10pm. You know how these things are.

Sensation of the press conference: Paul’s massive floral mod tie, bought at Harrods a few days ago! John clowned about for the photographers, wiping his nose on it and making cracks like: “Where did he get it? Leased it from [actor and comedian] Arthur English!” Even one of the hotel’s chefs was taking pictures at that conference (actually in the theatre), but the boys managed to get away in the end.

At last – backstage – there was time for them to relax as they were filing in now and we could make out the screams and shouts of “We want The Beatles!” Outside, the scene wasn’t so enthusiastic. The police were there in force, sealing odd streets around the theatre and on horseback and shepherding the fans. There were so many police about, it was like Saturday night at Dock Green. It was certainly enough to dampen Beatlemania before it started.

Paul told me: “We don’t like it. The police have got to do their job and keep order, but just lately it’s been getting ridiculous. There are so many of them about, it ruins the whole atmosphere of enjoyment.”

As it happened, arrangements by the police were so strict in Glasgow, Newcastle and Liverpool that the theatres were sometimes completely deserted from the outside. Streets around were sealed off. Only ticket holders were allowed through, and even then they were ordered to make their way direct into the theatre. On a happier topic, I asked George how he felt to be on a British tour again after so long (the last Beatles package was late 1964). Did the long gaps between the group’s personal appearances affect them from a music point of view? “Certainly,” George replied. “It’s easy to get rusty when you don’t play together for a long while, but we’ve been doing a heck of a lot of recording lately and it’s helped to keep us in shape. We’ve also put in a lot of rehearsals.”

He began to get ready for the first performance. “What about songwriting?” I asked. “I see you’ve written one for The Hollies. Any plans to step up your songwriting plans in the future?” He turned sharply away from the mirror. “Tell people I didn’t write it for The Hollies,” he said bluntly. “It’s called ‘If I Needed Someone’ and they’ve done it as their new single, but their version is not my kind of music. I think it’s rubbish the way they’ve done it! They’ve spoilt it. The Hollies are all right musically, but the way they do their records, they sound like session men who’ve got together in a studio without ever seeing each other before. Technically good, yes. But that’s all.”

“We’ve been doing a lot of recording; it’s helped to keep us in shape”

It could have been “Yesterday”... Another still from *The Music Of Lennon & McCartney*



A comment to shock Hollies fans certainly – but George believes in honesty whether it shocks or not.

In another corner of the dressing room John was carefully arranging his neat hairstyle into something resembling a berserk haystack. He muttered: “It takes me hours to look this scruffy.” Ringo saw me take a note of this Lennon-ism and he mickey-taked: “John said, ‘It takes me hours to look this scruffy.’ Ho-ho!”

“OK,” I challenged, “you say something sparkling!” Ringo looked straight at me in that usual deadpan way and said: “Schweppes.”

It was a fantastic opening night. As I mentioned earlier, it wasn’t up to Beatlemania standards of a couple of years ago, but you can’t escape the phenomenal impact they still make at live appearances. Anyone who says they’re finished – particularly with “Day Tripper”/ “We Can Work It Out” at No 1 in the NME Chart in its first week – must be out of his head!

One thing that struck me backstage, however, was that The Beatles have become much quieter people of late. There’s a calm, mature atmosphere about them backstage. It isn’t all jokes and drinks and living it up. After the Glasgow show they went back to their hotel, and after a short chat, to bed.

ON SATURDAY MORNING they slept in late and then set off in the Princess (“Everybody calls it John’s Rolls,” said John. “I don’t know why”) bound for Newcastle. Here they booked in at the city’s Turks Head Hotel – Albert Finney and Sir Laurence Olivier were famous guests, although they didn’t meet – before going on to the City Hall late in the afternoon. There are no curtains at this venue, so the show had to be rearranged slightly.

I thought that throwing jelly babies at the Beatles was a bit old hat these days, but the Newcastle fans have other ideas. There seemed to be thousands of the things pouring on to the stage as the group went through the act. Before they went on, The Beatles quickly watched television in a darkened room next to their dressing room. Programmes they saw were *Thank Your Lucky Stars*, in which they made a filmed appearance, *The Avengers*, *Lost In Space* and the play *The Paraffin Man*.

Beatle-cum-TV fans might like to know they switched off *Thunderbirds* because they didn’t like it, and they weren’t too happy about the film of themselves in *Lucky Stars*. Said John: “We did it at the same studios as we made our *Help!* film. We had great ideas for it – we thought it was going to be an outdoor thing, and with more of a visual appeal. I’m not really happy with the way it’s turned out, but it hasn’t put me off this kind of idea for the future. I’ve no objection to filming TV appearances. For a start, it means we can film them all in one day instead of traipsing around the country to do different programmes.”

Comments like that could get The Beatles accused of laziness – but it was manager Brian Epstein’s idea, and the group told me they always intend to stick to his advice through thick and thin. A heavy meal was laid on for The Beatles after the first house spot, and then they returned to watching TV. I didn’t see an alcoholic drink in sight.

The evening ended rather quietly too – back to the hotel and so to bed.

THE BEATLES
WE CAN WORK IT OUT
DAY TRIPPER



“Doing the same thing all the time would drive us round the bend”

George planned to see girlfriend Patti Boyd later in the evening, while Paul spent some time making a trunk call to someone, somewhere. While all this was going on, John talked about this, that and the other with fellow artists on the show *The Moody Blues*. There was also the *Observer* colour supplement to keep him occupied.

Monday was a rest day in Liverpool... seeing old friends and relatives and reviving old memories. The Beatles stayed there until Tuesday, when they left for Manchester for another concert, another press conference and another meeting with film producer Walter Shenson. Walter is the man who produced *Help!* and *Hard Day’s Night* – and he wants them to make the western, *A Talent For Loving*.

John told me in Glasgow: “He thinks we’re still considering that film, but as far as I’m concerned, anyway, it’s scrapped. The original book was great, but the script they showed us turned out lousy. The trouble is, these people try to write something around us, and in the way they imagine we’ll do it. We want something we can do things with, something that’s a challenge.”

Chimed in George: “He’s right, I wouldn’t mind waiting another nine months to make a film. Who is in a hurry? We want the right script.”

Ringo – who’s a big western fan – also had a word to say: “Anyway, I’ve gone off making a western myself. And I say that even though I think the script they offered us gave me the best deal.”

To sum up this first Beatle tour of 1965 in Britain – it’s been capacity audiences, screaming and better-than-ever performances by the group all the way. Beatlemania is over, and there were no riots – but who needs riots when you’re the toast of the world, and when you’ve just got two A-sides at the top of the chart? Paul put it in a nutshell when he told me: “People who expect things to always be the same are stupid. You can’t live in the past. I suppose things would be that some bit wilder if we did big raving, rocking numbers all the time, just like we did at the beginning. But how long could we last if we did that? We’d be called old-fashioned in no time. And doing the same thing all the time would just drive us round the bend.” Alan Smith



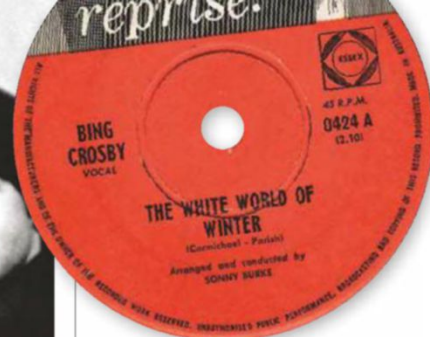
A more muted mania?:
the northern leg of
the group’s final UK
tour, December 1965

1965

OCTOBER–DECEMBER



Ain't she sweet: The Beatles at the Capitol Theatre, Cardiff, December 12, 1965



Alma Colgan

Eight Days A Week (COLUMBIA)

(Lennon looks disgusted) I hate these beginnings. They sound like concertos! Probably have a Roger Williams piano or impersonation of Roger Williams piano coming in a minute. (Voice starts. Lennon leaps in the air laughing) Oh, it's Alma. I've had it now. Sorry, Alma! You'd better stick that in. It's one of those embarrassing ones. She's played it to me before. I like her voice though; it's good when it gets going. I hope it's a hit. She deserves it.

Bing Crosby

The White World Of Winter (REPRISE)

Is it Bing Crosby? I only liked his "Please Lend A Little Ear To My Pleas". Dunno, can't say anything about it. It sounds as if it's written and arranged for years ago. Lousy song and arrangement. Pleasant. I thought it was Val Doonican.

They'll release anything at Christmas. I wonder what they do in Russia. There's no Christ in Russia. I knew I'd get lousy records.

"Turn it up, turn it right up!"

MM DECEMBER 11 John Lennon is this week's Blind Date guest reviewer

REVIEW

Walker Brothers

My Ship Is Coming In (PHILIPS)

I know this, it's out, isn't it? That'll do, I've heard it before, take it off. I think the Walkers are good, but I'm not keen on this type of song. I don't listen to them really. Their voices are good but they overdo the big voice approach. It's a bit all right.

Chris Farlowe

In The Midnight Hour (IMMEDIATE)

What's this? Who's this? Oh, Chris Farlowe. The backing's nowhere near it. The backing's missed it – it's just an impression of the real thing. It's so like the original to be not good enough. Don't take it off yet! If they'd brought it out without the Wilson Pickett being out it'd have sounded great. Chris Farlowe is very good, but they are recording him wrong.

Joan Baez

Farewell Angelina (FONTANA)

It's Granny Baez! Isn't this on an LP? I dunno, I've heard it before.



If you meet her she sings you everything she knows anyway. She seems to be playing guitar with a plectrum. I dunno if it'll be a hit – can't see it as a bit hit

Unit Four Plus Two

You've Got To Be Cruel To Be Kind

(DECCA)

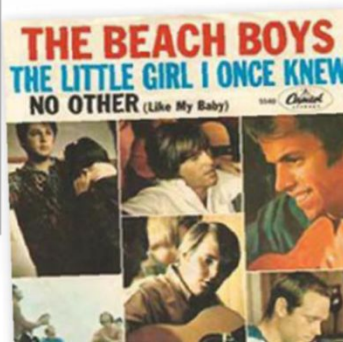
Is it British? I don't know! Is it the Moodies? Oh, those breaks are so British, the recording of them, I mean. Oh, Unit Four. I don't know them very well. It has some nice bits on it. Sounds as though it could be a hit.

Beach Boys

The Little Girl I Once Knew

(CAPITOL)

This is the greatest! Turn it up, turn it right up. It's GOT to be a hit. It's the greatest record I've heard for weeks. It's fantastic. I hope it's a hit. It's all Brian Wilson. He just uses the voices as instruments. He never tours or does anything. He just sits at home thinking up fantastic arrangements out of his head. Doesn't even read music. You keep waiting for the fabulous breaks. Great arrangement. It goes on and on with all different things. I hope it's a hit so I can hear it all the time. Can I have that?



The Applejacks

I'm Through

(DECCA)

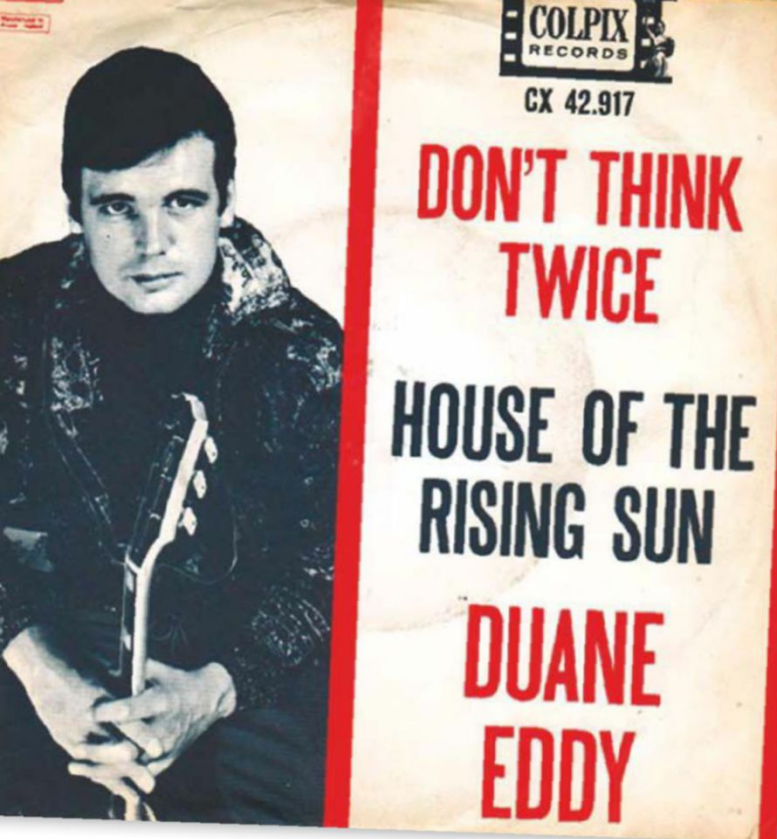
Is it the... oh, The Applejacks. I always liked the tone in the singer's voice. Don't like the songs or arrangements they do, including the one they did of ours. Could be a bit of a hit. It's simple enough. Depends on what else is out. If there's nothing going it'll be all right. Oh-oh, there's the Roger Williams piano again. That's enough, thank you, sir (salutes).

Nini Rosso

Starlight Melody

(DURUM)

Oh, get it off, I can't stand it. It's just... I hate it more than anything in the world. That's not music. I like trumpets, but not when they're played like mouth organs. I don't even like the "Last Post". I like brass but not like that. It should be banned. It's... obscene.



enough people to appreciate this style. It lacks something for the hit parade. I wouldn't mind him having a hit. Oh, he wrote it too. That's good for him.

Val Doonican
Just To Satisfy You

(DECCA)

Is it Frank Ifield? It may sell well because there's nothing nasty about it. But, personally, this style doesn't do anything for me. It could be a Top 20 hit. It's still Frank Ifield style. Val Doonican. Oh!

Wayne Fontana
It Was Easier To Hurt Her

(FONTANA)

(Listens attentively. Stirs tea) I've no idea who it is. It's not bad, you know. Good arrangement, nice backing and voice. The song's not bad, though it's not a sensation. It's good if it's English, mediocre if it's American. Is it Gene McDaniels? Wayne Fontana? It's good then. It's very hard getting a good sound in England, but technically this sound is very good. May be a hit for him. Good luck to him anyway.

Duanne Eddy
House Of The Rising Sun

(COLPIX)

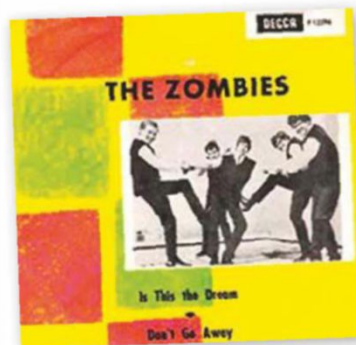
Put that intro on again! Great intro! Pity about the mouth organ. It's "House Of The Rising Sun". Don't like it really. It's not another Jet Harris comeback, is it. It can't be. But there's a good sound on it. Not a snowball's chance in hell of a hit. Duanne Eddy? He's had his day. Instrumentals don't

seem to be making it here, unless they're corny old trumpet ones.

Barbara Kay
Chips With Everything

(PYE)

It's crap. Take it off! I don't even want to know who's doing that. Hate these. Trying to be comedy records when they're not even funny. There's nothing funny about chips. I've heard this sort of thing since before the First World War! There are hundreds of people who are funny on record, but not this. Who? Bob Dylan for one (laughs).



The Zombies
Is This The Dream

(DECCA)

Zombies! I've got a soft spot for The Zombies. I've liked most of their records. I specifically like the electric piano on this. It's quite a commercial song. If it gets plugged, it could get into the 20 or 30. I can't see it being big. I'd like this to be a hit. I mean, I wouldn't think it was there on false pretences. You can tell them, which is a good thing.

"Take it off, it's crap!"

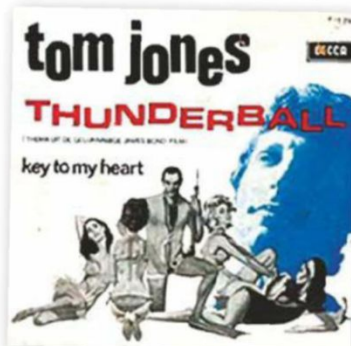
MM DECEMBER 18 The following week, it's George's turn

GEORGE HARRISON BOUNDED into the room, grinning. "I'll sit over here so I can't see the labels," he said, plonking into a nearby chair. "Hope you've got some good 'uns. There's usually a load of crap at this time of year." George listened to all the discs and his comments were swift and sometimes scathing, but delivered with wry Beatle humour.

Major Lance
Everybody Loves A Good Time

(COLUMBIA)

Is it Major Lance? Sounds like a Curtis Mayfield song. It's either Major Lance or someone like him. It won't mean much in England, it's too mediocre. That's enough.



Tom Jones
Thunderball (DECCA)

That's got strains of John Barry's "Goldfinger" in the backing. Tom Jones. It's his new one. I don't like it. I can't see it being a big hit, although it may struggle into the bottom of the Pop 50. Is it from a film? It sounds like it, but it doesn't sound like a hit. That's enough. I prefer Tom Jones on bama-lama-type numbers. He's got a big rock'n'roll voice and I prefer him doing that sort of thing.

Hedgehoppers Anonymous
Don't Push Me

(DECCA)

It's weird. That's enough. It's those Hedgehoppers, it's crap. If I was them, I wouldn't bother trying to get out of the Air Force. The song's nothing. Is it another Jonathan King? Rubbish.

Roger Miller
England Swings

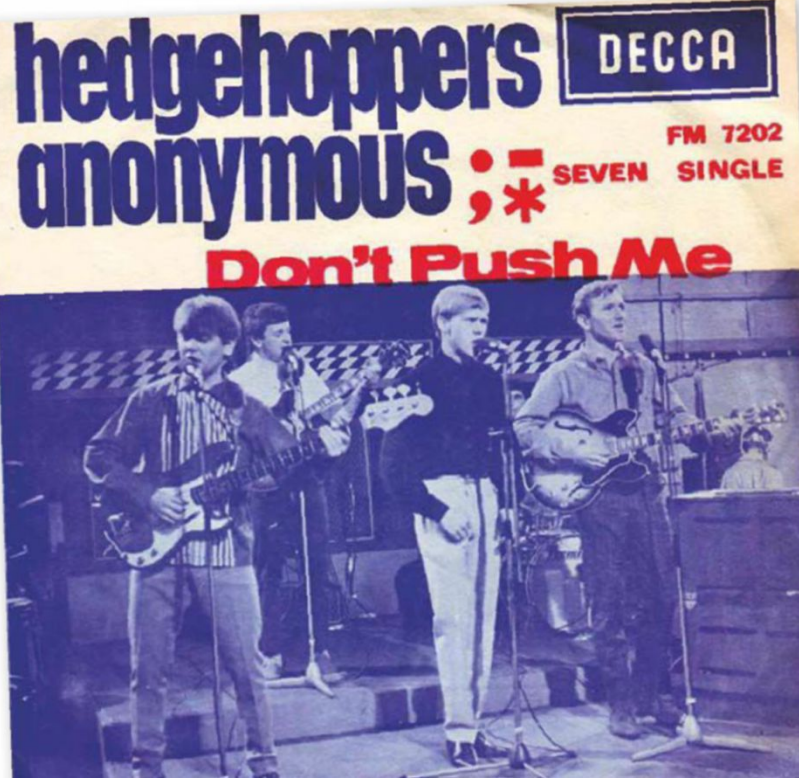
(PHILIPS)

Oh, it's that Roger Miller bloke. Take it off, it's crap! I don't like it at all. It is Roger Miller, isn't it? I didn't like the first hit he had, "King Of The Road", but at least I could see why it was a hit, but this... nothing. Might be good for the country & western fans, but it's no good for the mass public. Sounds like Roy Rogers at the beginning, or Trigger!

Shawn Philips
Little Tin Soldier

(COLUMBIA)

It's a Donovan song, isn't it. It's not Donovan singing. It's off his new LP. Is it Shawn Philips? I like this one, though I have doubts about it being a hit. I think Shawn Philips is good. He's got a good voice and plays guitar well and the song's good. There aren't



1965

OCTOBER-DECEMBER

Beatlemania is back!

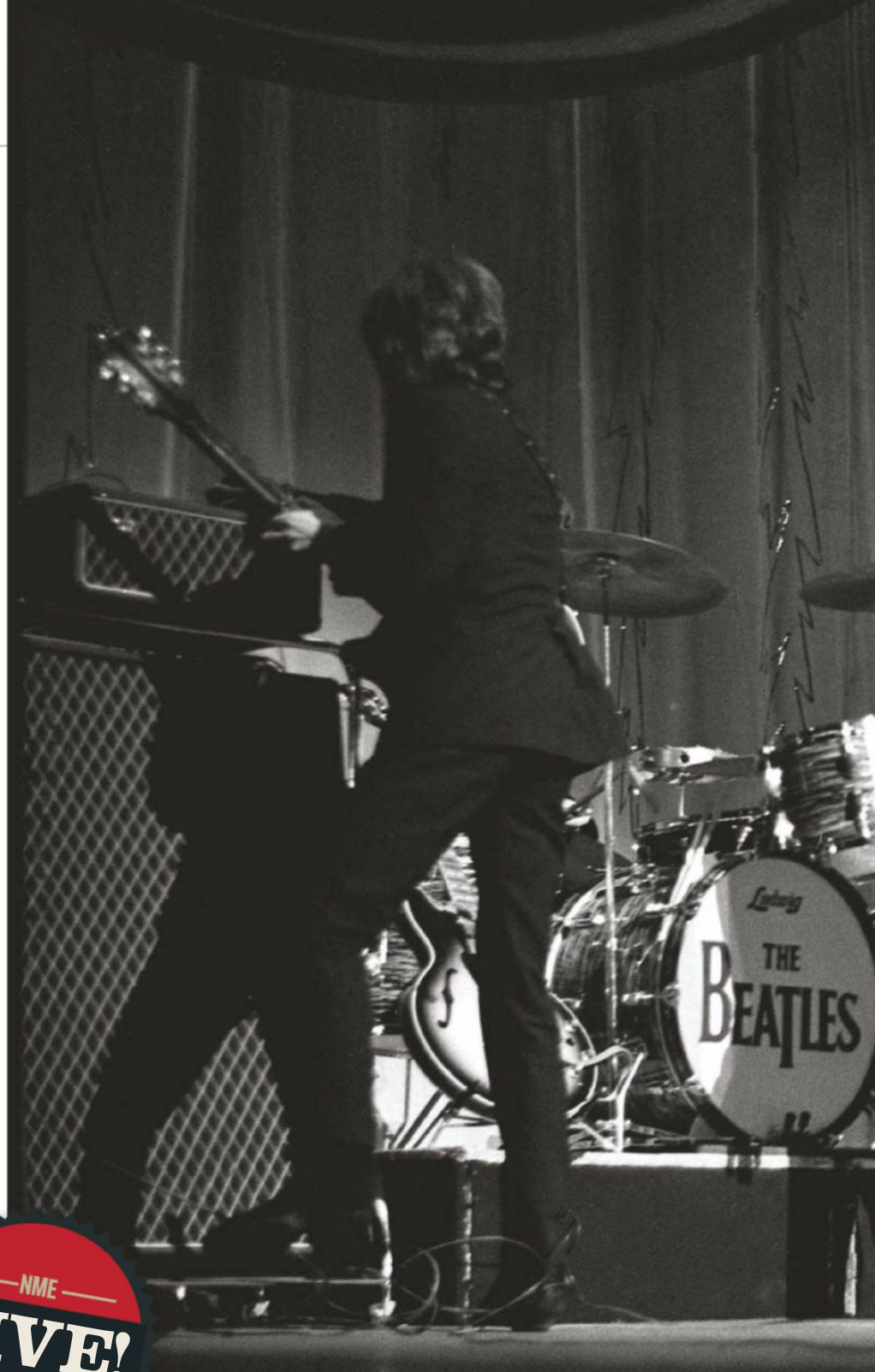
NME DECEMBER 17 A "rip it up" show in North London forces one NME writer to eat his own words

AM WRITING this only minutes after leaving The Beatles' package show at London's Finsbury Park Astoria on Saturday. And I do not really know where to begin. All I know is that this was the wildest, most rip-it-up Beatles' performance I have watched in over two years. Girls have been running amok on the stage chased by hefty attendants. Some were hysterical and I have just seen one girl carried out of the theatre screaming and kicking and with tears streaming down her contorted face.

Finsbury Park Astoria holds 3,000 people and I swear that almost every one of them has been standing on a seat. Now, after the show, some of the seats in the front stalls are battered out of existence. They tell me the hysteria and the fan scenes were even worse at Hammersmith last night. I did not think I could say this again but, without question, **BEATLEMANIA IS BACK!**

Don't get me wrong. In saying that, I have not been swayed simply by the screams. In the *NME* last week I told of the tremendous reception given to The Beatles in Glasgow, Newcastle, Liverpool and Manchester. But these London concerts were different. I have not seen hysteria like this at a Beatles show since the word Beatlemania erupted into headlines! The trend of fainting cases for London (Hammersmith and Finsbury Park) now stands at more than 200 for the two nights - a fantastic number compared to the quieter reactions from fans who saw the show in other parts of the country. I said last week that Beatles fans had become less wild and more sophisticated. I was wrong. They are more sophisticated - but not in London.

George Harrison staggered off the stage soaking in perspiration as he told me: "This is one of the most incredible shows we've done. Not just because of the audience, but because they're Londoners! This is the funny thing. It's always been the other way round... fantastic in the North, but just that



NME
LIVE!
- DECEMBER 1965 -

little bit cool in London. It's... well... incredible. It's happening all over again."

Not that it ever stopped

happening... but I know what George meant. The fans were giving that little extra something - and they had all the stops out. Moments later, John Lennon burst into the

wings and with that dry Lennon wit he said: "What 'appened? Did he win a prize or something?" Between the shows - while the police created barriers and steered traffic slowly through the "danger area" - The Beatles relaxed quietly

in their dressing room and watched TV with their guests for the evening: The Walker Brothers and Helen Shapiro.

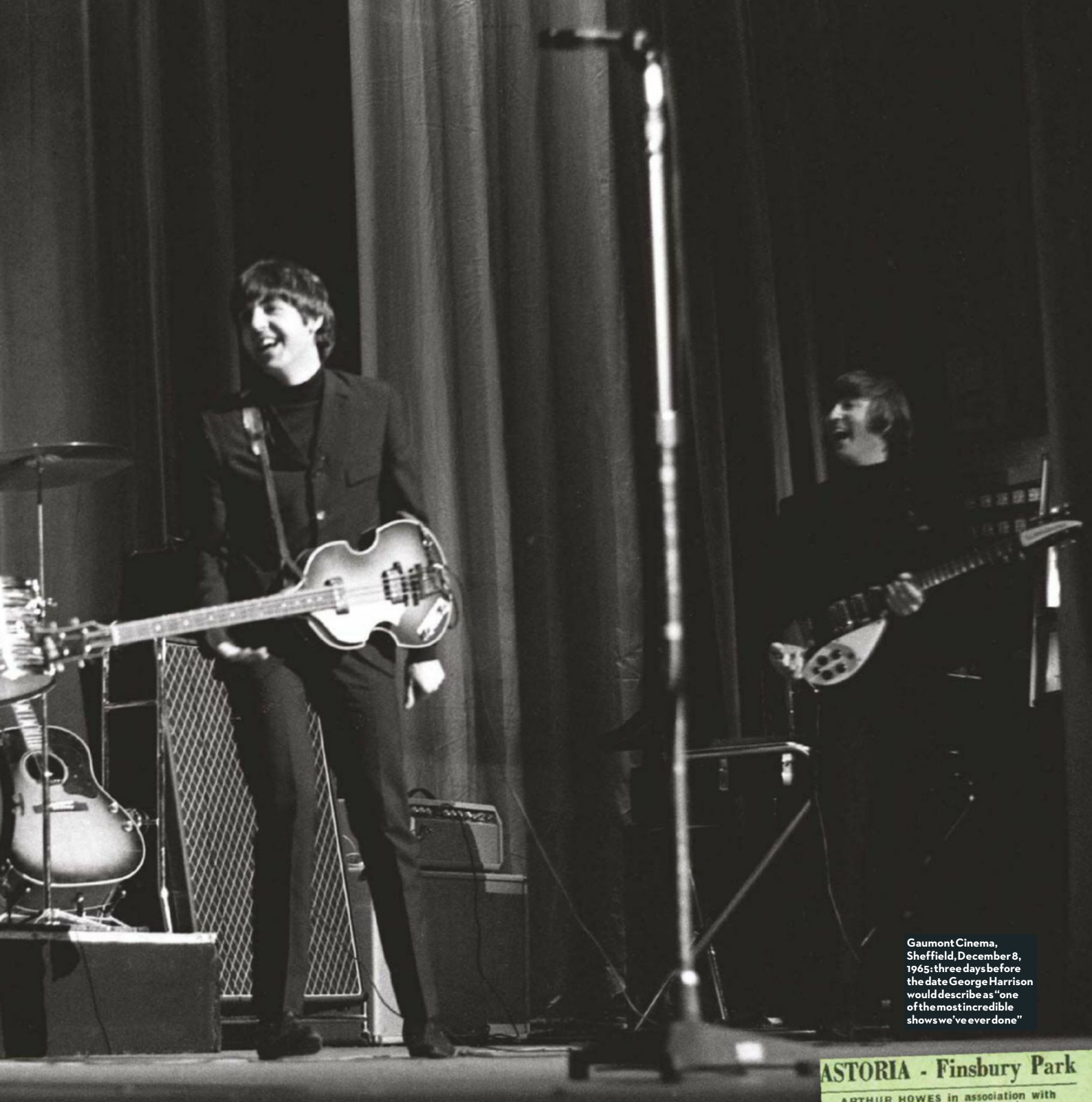
Helen didn't seem to say much. She just sat there watching the characters on the screen mouthing like goldfish. Somebody had turned off the sound. Slumped on a settee were the three Walker Brothers, John Maus' attractive wife and John Lennon. Ringo sat crouched on the floor, hidden by the settee. George went in and out of the room, Paul sat on his own. Mostly it was technical talk about guitars (Walker John smilingly wondered when one of The Yardbirds would pay him for a guitar he'd sold him), until the comedy series *Get Smart* began on BBC.) Then the room filled up and silence reigned apart from roars of laughter from time to time. Ringo seemed to enjoy it the most.

LONDON turns on the BEATLEMANIA

I writing this only minutes after leaving the Beatles' package show at London's Finsbury Park Astoria on Saturday. And I do not really know where to begin. All I know is that this was the wildest, rip-it-up Beatles' performance I have watched in over two years. Girls have been running amok on the stage chased by hefty attendants. Some were hysterical and I have just seen one girl carried out of the theatre screaming and kicking and with tears streaming down her contorted face.

Finsbury Park Astoria holds 3,000 people and I swear that almost every one of them has been standing on a seat. Now, after the show, some of the seats in the front stalls are battered out of existence.

Another tour special by
ALAN SMITH



Gaumont Cinema, Sheffield, December 8, 1965; three days before the date George Harrison would describe as "one of the most incredible shows we've ever done"

Press officer Tony Burrow sat in a corner of the room nursing a cold – the result of a hectic week's travelling with the tour that would have undermined the stamina of a superman. Only The Beatles seemed able to take it. At this point it seems opportune to offer a small word of praise to all the "backroom" people who have been on this fantastically successful Beatles tour – people you'd normally never hear of – like Tony Burrow, and Alf, The Beatles' driver; and Mal and Neil, their road managers. Without them I doubt whether the group would have made many of the venues – because it so happened that the dates coincided with some of the worst weather of the winter.

One example was at Birmingham: the Beatles arrived at the theatre 10 MINUTES after they had been due to go onstage.

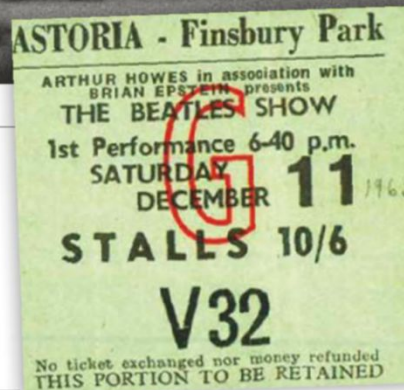
Everyone backstage was frantic. Bad fog had held the group up and all kinds of ruses were being tried to keep the audience happy and unknowing: The Moody Blues extended their set and there were two intervals instead of the normal one!

Eventually The Beatles arrived and found all their stage gear – black suits, boots and polo-necked sweaters – all laid out and ready to be jumped into! With split-second timing they changed, paused to get their breath back, and then rushed on to the stage as if nothing had happened. Their welcome was fantastic. A high-pitched

**"We used to think
Londoners had
that seen-it-all-
before outlook.
We take it back!"**

barrage of screams that might even have driven a bat deaf. But as John Lennon told me: "Even that couldn't compare with all that's been happening here in London tonight. We used to think Londoners had that cool we've-seen-it-all-before outlook. But we take it all back!"

And so do!! *Alan Smith*



1965

OCTOBER–DECEMBER

DON'T LET
UGLY
ACNE.
BOILS.
PIMPLES

SPOIL YOUR FUN

Start using new formula MASCOPI today—MASCOPI, the modern treatment for ACNE, BOILS and PIMPLES, that really works — from within the system where the trouble starts! Give up sticky creams and ointments that only conceal what MASCOPI can heal! Just 2 tiny pills a day. What could be simpler?

TESTIMONIAL No. 1025 from a student in Liverpool: "Mascopi has cured my acne in 2 months, a 2-year treatment at a hospital failed."

Just send an 8/6 P.O. (post free), for your 30-day treatment and descriptive leaflet TODAY. Sent under plain cover.

CROWN DRUG CO

BLACKBURN, LANCES.

Manufacturing Chemists, Est. 1908

ZOWIE 1

FREE TO ALL CAROLINE CLUB MEMBERS
FIRST RADIO CAROLINE CLUB BALL
NEW BRIGHTON TOWER HALL • NEW BRIGHTON • LIVERPOOL
on DECEMBER 8th. 7-11 p.m.

**MANFRED MANN
YARDBIRDS**

**BRIAN POOLE AND THE TREMELOES
FOUR PENNIES**

PAUL & BARRY RYAN

**MARK LEEMAN FIVE THE SUMMER SET
GARY FARR and the T-BONES THE V.I.P.s
RONNIE JONES and the BLUE JAYS**

ALL CAROLINE CLUB MEMBERS WISHING TO TRAVEL
WITH THE GROUPS PERFORMING SHOULD CATCH
THE 12.20 p.m. TRAIN FROM EUSTON STATION

To join THE CAROLINE CLUB please complete this coupon and send
it to the address below together with a 10/- postal order.

NAME

SLIM & easy



At this precise moment, there is nothing, absolutely nothing, newer than the Slim & easy jacket. It comes in navy, dark brown or blue Broad-Rib Corduroy — at only 18 gu. from our Harry Fenton branch.

Why not write for our autumn catalogue. 12, Stationary Ave., London, W.1.

FENTON

Readers' letters

Teenage hysteria, civic duty, the definition of protest and more burning issues



SCREAMING IS SEXUAL, SAYS PSYCHOLOGIST

Dr RV Berry describes some of the social aspects of screaming at pop singers (MM25/9/65). While much of this is doubtless true, it is hard to agree when he says: "I do not believe that it is any form of sexual excitement."

The fact that girls, not boys, scream at male groups; the attempts to tear singers' clothes off; the words of many songs; the obviously sexual movements of some singers; all point to the same conclusion.

Of course, a thorough study would be needed to explain exactly what happens when people scream. But, in spite of what is often said about teenage immorality, we actually live in a sexually very restrictive culture. It is not surprising if this natural basic drive finds a socially acceptable outlet.

Morality, whatever that means, is another matter; it does seem to me that there are rather too many people around telling others what to do.

JOHN RADFORD, Senior Lecturer in Psychology, West Ham College Of Technology, London (MM, Oct 9)



IDOL THOUGHTS

As Mike Hennessey points out, pop artists are, for the most part, neither more nor less immoral than night porters, etc. But pop artists are public figures and, as such, they have a duty to set a good example. It is far worse for fans to read of their idol involved in a scandal than if they read about "Reinforced concrete designer in hotel orgy". **G BURNS, Warrenpoint, County Down, Ireland (MM, Oct 9)**

MAKE IT EASY ON THEM

I'm a great fan of The Walker Brothers, but the way some fans are behaving, I won't be much

longer! I don't know how many times in the last fortnight I've read about them having their clothes ripped off and their hair pulled. Please, please, Walker Brothers fans, leave the boys alone, otherwise you'll find that they've been killed by some souvenir-hunting fans. **SARAH CONNELL, Kingsbury, London (NME, Oct 1)**

HOLLIES' EXPLOSIVE WORDS

A big topic in this week's post is protest songs. In last week's NME, Alan Smith wrote that The Hollies had included the sound of an A-bomb explosion on their new LP. Many readers voiced their opinions.

ALLAN JENKINS of Barnsley writes: So the Hollies believe that there are too many people in the world. They should leave issues of this importance to the world political leaders. Does Tony Hicks really think that a nuclear war to "kill off a few surplus millions" would be a good thing? **(NME, Oct 1)**

MACCA DIFFERENCE

I must protest at Paul McCartney's dismissal as "daft" Paul Stookey's opinion that "I'm A Loser" is a protest song. Lennon's song protests against the injustice of life. **DAVE RODWELL, Manvers Street, Hull (MM, Oct 16)**

WHO WHERE?

So whatever happened to The Who. A great group with an enormous following, just waiting for the right record — but it never came. It has been over four months since "Anyway, Anyhow, Anywhere" was released, and we've not had a peep of pop art since. One fantastic appearance on RSG to whet already starved appetites — is that the only food us Who fans are offered!

I've heard of groups delaying new records to keep their fans on the edge, but the absence of The Who from TV and London's clubs is just too much.

CARL DOG, London NW3 (MM, Oct 16)

STONES: HUNG JURY

In last week's NME, the Stones comments brought criticism of them. Many readers voiced their opinions — here's a selection:

LEE MARTIN, Aylesbury, Bucks, asked: Are the Stones now above criticism? If they had listened to

Mr Jacobs [on BBC music panel show *Juke Box Jury*] they would have heard that he was full of praise for their record but thought that it could have been improved if you could hear the words.

I am not a fan of The Rolling Stones but I'm sure that although criticism is not enjoyed by the receiver it doesn't necessarily mean that it's wrong.

LAVINA DAVIES, of Wolverton, Bucks, strongly agreed with the Stones: In my opinion "Get Off Of My Cloud" is the best record in the chart at the moment. Too many people criticise the Stones, but as far as I'm concerned they are the best and I wish them all the luck in the world.

HAROLD HARRIS, of London NW2, wrote: I was amused to read that Bill Wyman thought their record was the best of several takes. If that was the best I'd like to know what the others were like!

JW EDWARDS, of Lewisham, said: Oh! The poor, unlucky, hard-done-by things. So they don't like David Jacobs' remarks. The Stones should think about the people they have pulled to pieces. "Get Off Of My Cloud"? I wish they'd fall through it. **(NME, Nov 5)**



LOOG-ALIKES

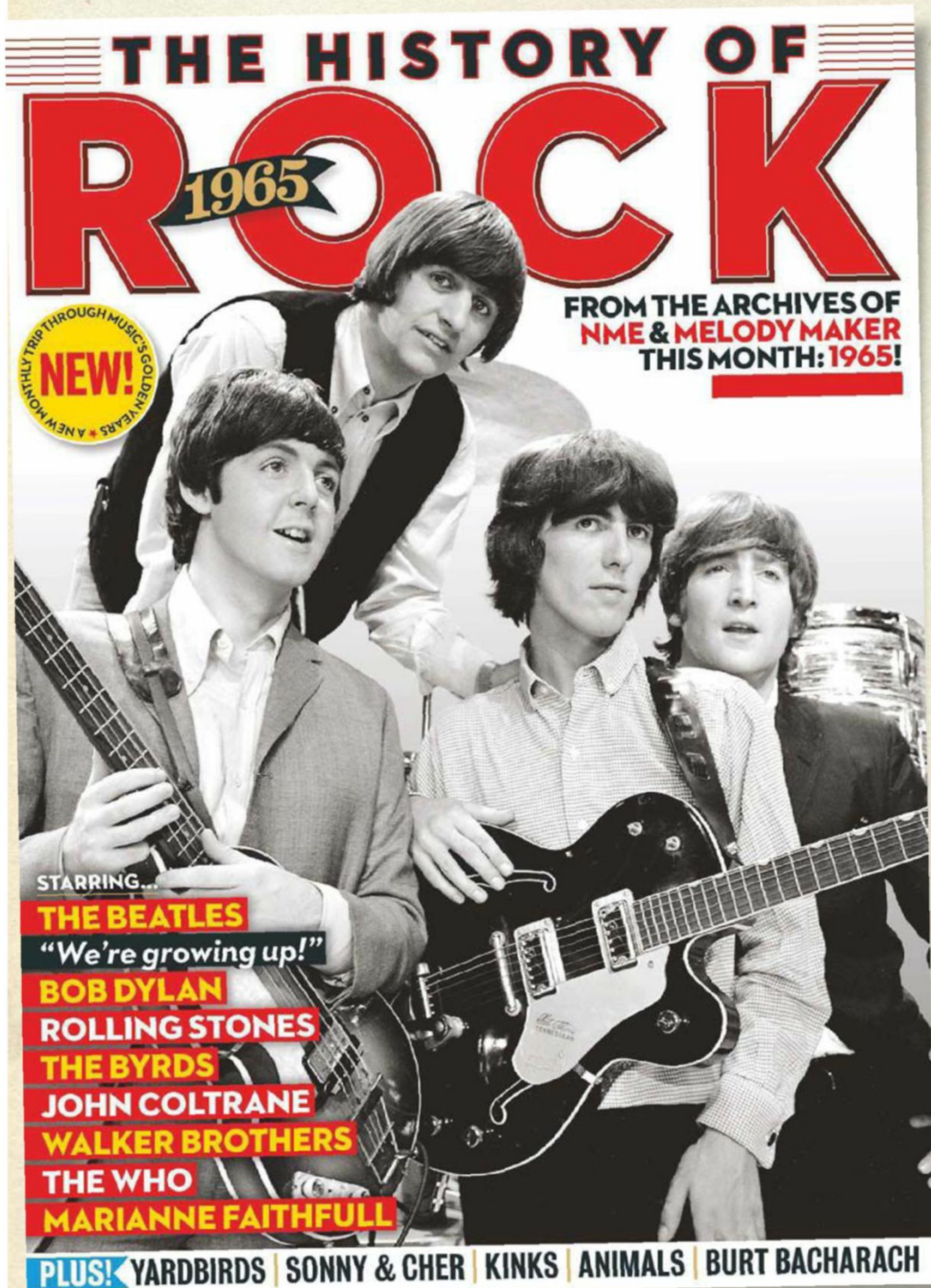
Rolling Stones manager **R**Andrew Oldham suggested last week that the reason for The Walker Brothers' popularity was because they looked like Mick Jagger, Brian Jones and Bill Wyman:

According to Mr Oldham, one cannot like the Walkers without being a Stones fan. The man talks trash! My friends all like the Walkers but can't stand the Stones, and I'm sure this is typical of many. Of course, there must be people who rave over the Stones and not the Walkers. **KRISTINA RYAN, Warrington, Lancashire (NME, Nov 11)**

THE HISTORY OF ROCK

Introducing The History Of Rock, a brand-new monthly magazine celebrating 50 years of THE music that changed the world.

Month by month, it will build up into an unprecedentedly detailed chronicle of the music and musicians we love.



Subscribe
to our
special
launch offer
today!

Pay only
~~£9.99~~
£5.90
an issue
and get every
edition delivered
to your home.

VISIT WWW.UNCUTSUBS.CO.UK/HISTORYOFROCK1965

CALL +0330 333 4555, QUOTING PROMOTION CODE 10C

For overseas orders please call + 44 (0)330 333 4555

1965

MONTH BY MONTH



Coming next... in 1966!

SO THAT WAS 1965... We hope you, like The Beatles, crushed the knockers. But that's not the end of the story for our reporters covering the beat scene beat. The staffers of NME and Melody Maker enjoyed unrivalled access to the biggest stars of the time, and cultivated a feel for the rhythms of a diversifying scene. While in pursuit of the truth, they unearthed stories that have come to assume mythical status.

That's very much the territory of this new monthly magazine. Each month, *The History Of Rock* will be bringing you verbatim reports from the pivotal events in pop culture, one year a month, one year at a time. Next up:

The Beatles

JOHN SOCIALISES IN Weybridge with PJ Proby, old pals from Liverpool and "Pete, the guy who runs my supermarket". Meanwhile, Paul is in town digging Stockhausen and *The Tibetan Book Of The Dead*.

The Rolling Stones

THEIR AMERICAN ADVENTURE continues to yield magnificent results, not least "Paint It, Black" and a reported "£1 million deal". But that doesn't mean you won't find Mick Jagger dropping in to review the singles and otherwise saying what's on his mind.

The Small Faces

THE HITS START coming for Steve Marriott's diminutive group, and they begin to make their long-threatened "bread". But what do his "muvver" and "farver" (spellings reporter's own) think?

PLUS!

The Spencer Davis Group!

Stevie Wonder!

The Troggs!

And... David Bowie!

FROM THE MAKERS OF **UNCUT**

THE HISTORY OF **ROCK**

The complete guide to an extraordinary year of music.

A new monthly magazine that tells the history of rock using revelatory, long-lost *NME* and *Melody Maker* interviews... "Spread the word and you'll be free!"



Relive the year...

THE BEATLES MET ELVIS

**DYLAN UNVEILED
"LIKE A ROLLING STONE"**

THE WHO AND THE KINKS EXPLODED

...and **THE BYRDS**, **WALKER BROTHERS**, **JOHN COLTRANE**,
BURT BACHARACH, **BERT JANSCH** and many more
shared everything with *NME* and *Melody Maker*

More from **UNCUT**...



WWW.UNCUT.CO.UK